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SCENES

IN

THE SUNNY SOUTH:

INCLUDING

THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS

AND

THE OASES OF THE SAHARA IN ALGERIA.

BY

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TO THE

RIGHT HON. EARL GRANVILLE, K.G. &c.

THESE VOLUMES

ARE GRATEFULLY DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

So LITTLE IS KNOWN concerning the present condition of the North-Western portion of Africa, that I shall endeavour in the following pages to represent as fully and as faithfully as I can what I saw myself during my wanderings through the interior; and also to impart the knowledge of the history, geography, ethnology, archæology, and natural history of those States which I have been able to collect from the various English and French authors who have written on these topics.

Those sunny lands of the South have always been invested with high historical interest, for there were organised the mighty armies with which Carthage threatened to wrest from Rome the future sovereignty of the world. And, after the downfall of Imperial Rome herself, those countries long con-

tinued battle-grounds of nations who struggled for the mastery of Europe.

I have also ventured to give slight sketches of countries nearer home and better known, in the hope that a good deal of what I narrate may be new to many. Should I succeed in adding some contributions, however small, to the general stock of information, and in interesting my readers by the narration of the scenes I have passed through, I shall feel amply rewarded for the toil I underwent during my travels, and for the labour I have expended in compiling these volumes.

CHARLES SMYTH VEREKER.

June 15, 1871.

CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

Embarking on board the Cadiz—Bob, a distinguished Fellow-traveller—Sports of the Sailors—Bay of Biscay—View of Cintra—Beauty of Lisbon—Trafalgar—Tarifa—Gibraltar and its lovely Bay—Ride to the Cork Forest—St. Roque—Algeciras—Ride to get inside the Fortress before the Evening Gun . . . . . PAGE 1

CHAPTER II.

Sail across to Tangiers—Uproar of Moorish Porters wading through the Water in the Dark—Jewish Wedding—Music and Dancing—The Bride in State—Greeting of the Bridegroom by the Women—Offensive Odour from the Window of the Gaol—Scanty Toilette of a Moorish Woman . 12

CHAPTER III.

Cadiz—Famous for Ballet Girls, so admired by the Romans—Strange subterranean Noises—Bodegas—Madre de Vino from the Cask 'Napoleon' at Xeres—Carthusian Monastery—Spanish Farming . . 25

CHAPTER IV.

Seville—Lovely Court in Hotel—Beauty of the Cathedral—Roman Columns—Capilla Real—Body of St. Ferdinand in a Glass Case—Gorgeous Figure of the Virgin—Grave of Columbus—Chorister Boys dancing—Belfry—Ringers swung up in the Air by the Bells—Picture Gallery at

the Caridad—Tomb of the repentant Don Juan—The Alcazar—Hall of Ambassadors—Don Pedro the Cruel—Maria de Padilla bathing—Gems of the Red King—Murder of Don Pedro's Brother—Niche for the Siesta of the Moorish Sultans and Sultanas—One hundred Damsels presented annually to the Sultan in the adjoining Chamber—Beautiful Decorations —Murillo's Pictures—The House of Pilate—The Tower of Gold—Ruins of Italica—Moorish Courts of the Houses in Seville PAGE 32

CHAPTER V.

Cordova, once the Rival of Damascus and Bagdad—The matchless Mosque —The Western Mecca—Forest of Columns within—The Mihrab, or Sanctuary—Golden Pulpit of Al Fakem—Alcazar and its wonderful Gardens no more—Site of the lovely Palace of Azzahra, the Favourite of Abdur-Rahman-An-Nasr—Hermitages of Valparaiso—Battle-field of Munda, near Montilla—Rocky Gorges of Hoyo, on the way to Malaga— Off for Granada—'Rock of the Lovers' at Antequera—Archidonna— Chestnut Forests—Loja—The Vega—Irrigation—Duke of Wellington's Estate—Santa Fé, where Boabdil surrendered the Keys of Granada to Ferdinand and Isabella—View of Granada and the Sierra Nevada . 45

CHAPTER VI.

The 'Seedy Swells'—The Gate of Judgment—The open 'Hand—The Alhambra Plateau—View of Granada and the Vega from the Kasbah— Palace of Charles V.—Puerto del Vino—Summer Palace—Court of Myrtles—Murder of Nasr—Court of Lions—Hall of Justice—Works of Art—Vase of the Alhambra—'Hall of the Portraits' of the Moorish Kings—The Sultana Zorayah, the Christian Captive—Murder of the Abencerrages—Newly-discovered Hall of Blasones—Hall of Ambassadors —Former Magnificence—Baths, and Chamber of Couches—Lindaraja and Tocador de la Reina, Boudoirs of the Sultanas—Splendid Views— Apartments of Charles V.—The Mesquita—Tower of the Captive— Water Tower—Roman Masonry—Tower of the Siete Suelos—The Alhambra by Moonlight 54

CHAPTER VII.

The Generalife—Sword of Boabdil—View of the Alhambra—Boudoir of the Sultanas—Court of Cypresses—Faithlessness and Murder of Zorayah —Site of the Palaces of Alijares and Darlaroca—Dar-el-Oued, or Palace of the River—Vandalism of the French—Subterranean Passages— Funeral of a Spanish Lady—Corpse attired as for a Bridal—Lovely Marble-like Features—City of Granada—Cathedral—Daring of Herman

Perez del Pulgar—Capilla de los Reyes—Vault containing the Coffins of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of Crazy Jane . . . PAGE 68

CHAPTER VIII.

Gipsy Caves—Roman City of Illiberis—Cartuja—Pictures of Revolting Tortures inflicted by British Heretics—Fine Swine—Lunatic Asylum—Furiosos—Admirable Nuns' School—Blind Guitar Player—Gipsy Ball—Riotous Behaviour of the young Gipsy Ladies under the Influence of Liqueur—Last Look at the Alhambra—The Alameda on the Banks of the Genil—El Sospiro del Moro—Cruel Taunts of Ayesha . . 75

CHAPTER IX.

Raisin-making at Malaga—Ungentlemanlike Behaviour of an English Officer—Climate delightful—Antiquity of the City—Treachery of Ferdinand and Isabella to the conquered Moorish Inhabitants—Mosque like a filigree Jewel—Xarab-al-Malaki—The Gibralfero—View of Malaga from the Sea 81

CHAPTER X.

Unpopularity of the Duke and Duchess de Montpensier—Almeria—Old Moorish Fortress—Slipshod Sentry—Stonework of Citadel ancient—Ropes made of Sparto Grass—Cartagena—Docks—Old Castle and Lighthouse—Lead Mines—Curious Boats—Sandals worn by Sailors—Beautiful Bay—Republican Passengers—Valencia, the City of the Cid—Bad Road and bad Conveyance—Richness and Irrigation of the Huerta—Valencia a Phœnician and Roman City—Defeat of the Moors at the Sight of the Cid's dead Body on his Charger Babieca—Cathedral—Interesting Relics—A dunning Shoemaker painted as Judas Iscariot—Picture Gallery—Murviedro, on the Site of Saguntum—Perfect Remains of the Roman Theatre 86

CHAPTER XI.

Amphitheatre at Tarragonna—Barcelona—Steamer made here in 1543—Fortress of Monjuich—Cathedral—Vilardell slaying the Dragon—Punishment of his vainglorious Pride—Famous Crucifix and Infant Jesus—Nuns cutting off their Noses to preserve their Virtue—Good Opera—Native Prima Donna—Shrine of Montserrat—Murder of Riquilda by the Hermit Guarin—The Hermit turned into a wild Beast, and captured by the Count of Barcelona—Guarin miraculously becomes a Man again, and resuscitates Riquilda—Beni Carlo—New Part of the Town—Washington Irving's Description of Barcelona . . . 94

CHAPTER XII.

San Filippo—Gulf of Rosas—Cape Creux—Currents in the Gulf of Lyons —Views of the Pyrenees—Marseilles—New Picture Gallery and Museum of Natural History—Fine View from the new Church dedicated to the Virgin overlooking the Town and Harbour — Intense Cold — The Mistral . . . . . PAGE 101

CHAPTER XIII.

Steamer to Ajaccio—Vendetta—Game scarce in Corsica — Blackbirds fattened on Myrtle Berries, a Delicacy—Château d'If, near Marseilles—Powerful Currents—Ajaccio surrounded by Snow-clad Mountains—Abortive Case of Vendetta—Sleet and Hail on Christmas Day—Mouflon difficult to approach, Macchie so thick—Fever—Funeral—English at Ajaccio—Bet with good Results—Spot where Madame Mère escaped—Myrtle Trees—Drive towards the Sea—View of Ajaccio — Road to Bonifacio—Fever rampant in newly-turned Ground — Communication with the Interior interrupted by the Snow—Laricio Forests—Bastia—Seneca's Description of Corsica true—Ajaccio small and dull—House where the Great Napoleon was born—Off for Nice and the Riviera 106

CHAPTER XIV.

Rough Passage—Land-locked Harbour of Nice—Effects of Frost—Mistral —Amphitheatre of Cimies—View of Valley beneath—Temple of Apollo—Roman Baths—Roman Remains on Hill above Harbour—Castle of St. André—Stalactite Caves at Falicon—La Petite Tourelle—Olive Crop—Villefranche—American Frigate—Old Olive Trees at Bellevue—By the Cornice Road to Mentone—Monument to Augustus at Turbia—Mentone —Difficulties at the Italian Frontier—Ventimiglia, Capital of the Intermelians—Palm Trees at Bordighera in preparation for the Holy Week at Rome—St. Remo—Singular Streets—Monaco—Play—Hanging Gardens above the Sea—Cannes—Lord Brougham's Villa—Frèjus—Toulon—Hyères—Back to Marseilles—On board for Algeria—Delay in starting—Pianist—Balearic Isles—Slingers in the Roman Armies—Algiers in sight —Great Bustle on board 118

CHAPTER XV.

Geography of North-western Africa—Principal Features of the Country—History of Northern Africa—Carthage—Punic Wars—Numidian Kings —The Romans—Cato and Basket of Figs—'*Delenda est Carthago*'—Sallust, the Historian, made Proconsul by Cæsar—The Vandals—De-

struction and Havoc—Greek Empire—Belisarius—The Arabs—Sidi Okbah—The Queen of the Aouress—Arab, Berber, and Zenatian Dynasties—The Barbarossas—The Turks—Invasion by Charles V.—Corsairs—Capture of Algiers by Lord Exmouth—French Invasion and Conquest—Attempts at Colonisation . . . . . PAGE 134

CHAPTER XVI.

Description of the Town and Suburbs of Algiers, as seen from the Sea—Uproarious Native Boatmen—Landing—The Djenina, or ancient Palace of the Deys—Midnight Retreat of the Pasha Ali-ben-Ahmed with his Treasures to the Kasba—Marochetti's Statue of the Duke of Orleans in the Place du Gouvernement—Veiled Beauties—Algiers the Roman Icosium—The Djemmâa-Djedid—Architect beheaded—French Part of the Town—Arab Quarter 154

CHAPTER XVII.

Indifferent Meat—No green Crops for feeding the Cattle, and but little Hay—Narrow Ways in the Arab Quarter—Turks compelling Jews to carrry them up the Hill—Embroiderers and Turners—Striking Difference between the Arabs and the Kabyles—The Moors poor in Algiers, but wealthy in Tunis—French Victories over Abd-el-Kader great Exaggerations—The Emir's Troops a mere Rabble—Badly armed—No Stand made, except in Ambuscades and Fastnesses—Interior of the Djemmâa-Djedid—Christian Slave Market—Djemmâa-Kebir—Kadi's Court of Justice—Crowd of veiled Women seeking for Justice against their Husbands—Moslems kissing the Ground—Marks of Lord Exmouth's Cannon-balls—Scaffold-like Pulpit—The Marabouts—Their great Influence—Sidi-Ab-el-Kadir-Djilali—His Miracle of the Slippers—The Patron Saint of Travellers—The Emir called after this Saint . 161

CHAPTER XVIII.

French Accounts of the Cold in the Interior, and their Reluctance to Travel—School for Moorish Girls—Embroidery and useful Acquirements taught—Contrast between Christian and Native System of rearing Women—Habits of Mauresque Women—Their Toilettes—Port of Algiers, Ancient and Modern—Spanish Fort of the Peñon—Kheir-ed-din captured the Peñon by Stratagem—Alarm raised by a Maid-Servant—'All Fools'-Day' 174

CHAPTER XIX.

Boys' Schools—Precious Manuscripts destroyed by the French Soldiery—The Zaouïas, resembling the Monastic Institutions of the Middle Ages—Jardin de Marengo—Mustapha Supérieur—Camels of the Kabyles—Governor-General's Moorish Villa—Birmandraïs—Valley of the Femme Sauvage—Café des Platanes—Life in a Café Maure—Garden of Acclimatisation—Ostriches—Bananas—Palm Avenues—Koubba of the Saint with two Tombs—Mustapha Inférieur—Racecourse—Murder of Mustapha Dey by his Janissaries—Fine Seminary for Catholic Priests—General Yusuf—His romantic Amour with the Daughter of the Bey of Tunis—His Suppression of a Mutiny amongst the Turcos—System of Government in Algiers under the Turkish Rule . . . PAGE 182

CHAPTER XX.

Accommodation for Strangers in Algiers—French System of Drainage—The Kasba—Revolt of Koulour'lis—Wholesale Execution—Rinaldo's Friend, the Philosopher, arrested for Sacrilege—Rinaldo's Interview with the Dey, seated on his Throne of Justice—The Chiaoux—Interior of the Kasba—Decorations—Dark Passages and subterranean Caves—Treasury—Armoury—Mint—Menagerie—Harem—French Line of Circumvallation—Ponce de Balaguer plunging his Dagger into the Bal-el-Oued Gate—Criminals suspended Alive on Iron Hooks—Bureau Arabe—Sidi-Betka and his Brother Marabouts—The Patron-Saint of the Corsairs—Opera—Quarrel between two Singers — Abortive Shooting Excursion — The Metidja—Zephyrs, now Zouaves—Maison Carrée—The Beni-Omnium-Gatherum—Shoeblack Brigade in Algiers — Ball at the Governor-General's Palace 195

CHAPTER XXI.

The Martyr Geronimo—Fort of the Four-and-twenty Hours—Female Marabout—Koubba of Sidi-Yakoub, the Favourite of the Ladies—St. Eugène—Fountains of the Genii—The Soudan Blacks—Heathen Sacrifices to Evil Spirits—The Feast of Beans—Sidi-Belal—Lella Haoua—The Djedeb—Strange Scenes at the Derdebas—Caravans in the Sahara—Question of Slavery—Religious Rite of Circumcision—Interior of Moorish House—Earthquakes—Veiled Figures—Feast—Painful Ceremony—Demonstrations of the Women—Consultation with Mohammed about starting Inland 212

CHAPTER XXII.

Jewish Synagogue—Legends of the Jews—Miracle—Jews' Costumes—Agha under Surveillance—Fort de l'Empéreur—Jealous Rage of a Negress—A whole Battalion slain at the Bivac des Indigènes—Panoramic View of Cheraga—Battle of Sidi-Kralef—Trappist Monastery of Staouéli—Group of Palms—Habits of the Brethren—Essence of Geranium—Visit of the Emperor to Staouéli—Sidi-Ferruch—Miracle performed by the Saint—Arab Prophecy—Intense Cold—Pointe de Pescade—Mirs-el-Debban—Castle of a Pirate Chief . . . . . PAGE 230

CHAPTER XXIII.

Karakouch—Disgraceful Scenes—Round Tower on the Peñon—Village of Isly—Lovely Valleys—Grove of Palms and Plantation of Aloes—Spanish Expedition under O'Reilly—Excursion to the old Roman City of Rusgunia at Cape Matifou—Mahonese Settlers living amongst the Ruins—Explorations for Treasures—Scene of the Seven Sleepers—Park of Artillery in Grief—Kabyles and their Camels 248

CHAPTER XXIV.

Off for the Interior—Boufarik—Francs-Tireurs—Volunteer Ball—Fair at Boufarik—Jews and M'Zabites—Small Mountain Cattle—Oil Vendors—Blida—Lovely Situation—Groves of Oranges and Lemons—Blida, the beautiful 'little Rose,' a Centre of shameless Depravity—Towns walled generally in Algeria—The Hadjoutes—Sacred Grove—Hussar Regiment on native Horses—Convict Station—Gorge of the Chiffa—Ruisseau des Singes—Alpine Pass—Mines 258

CHAPTER XXV.

Summit of the Pass—Medeah—Cold Hotel—History of Medeah—Officers' Mess—Lake full of Leeches—Fighting on the Heights of Mouzaïa—Origin of the Chiffa Gorge—Ruins of Velisci—Review of Spahis—War-harness of their Steeds 272

CHAPTER XXVI.

Journey to Laghouat—Battle won by counting Beads—Boghar—Commanding Position—The River Chelif—Saneg—Religious Peculiarities of the Kabyles—Policy of the Carthaginians and Romans towards the Numidian and Mauritanian Kings—Great central Roman Road from

Carthage to Tangiers—Aspect of the Sahara—The Sahara formerly an Arm of the Mediterranean—Caravanseraïs—Salt Mountain—Smala of Abd-el-Kader—Falconry in the Desert—Nomad Tribes—Roman Station of Djelfa—Celtic Monuments—The Oulad-Naïl—Rare Species of Rat—Two-horned Vipers at Sidi-Makrlouf—Laghouat—Twenty-five Thousand Palms—Animal Life—Wondrous Vegetation—Miraculous Production of Date Palms—Subterranean River—General Marguerite—His daring Bravery—Terror of the Natives . . . . . PAGE 280

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Beni M'Zab—Cities of the M'Zabites—Bribery and Corruption at Elections—Ostrich-hunting at Ouargla—Jews cheated by Natives—Robber Chieftain—Ice at Aïn-Ousera—Merchandise for the Harems at Algiers—Heroic Pestilion—The Scrobæ of Pliny—Filthy Arab Gourbis near Medeah—The Numidian 'Magalia' of the Latin Writers—Insolence of the Diligence Conductor 299

SCENES

IN THE

SUNNY SOUTH.

CHAPTER I.

Embarking on board the Cadiz—Bob, a distinguished Fellow-traveller—Sports of the Sailors—Bay of Biscay—View of Cintra—Beauty of Lisbon—Trafalgar—Tarifa—Gibraltar and its lovely Bay—Ride to the Cork Forest—St. Roque—Algeciras—Ride to get inside the Fortress before the Evening Gun.

ALL MY LIFE I had longed to wander through the bright lands of the South; to visit the happy home of the princely Moors, who so nearly became masters of Europe until hurled back into Spain by Charles Martel; to see the eastern shores of Spain clad in their tropical vegetation; to behold the bright and health-imparting Riviera; to mix with the vendetta-loving Corsicans, and the wild African tribes who, in the palmy days of Carthage, conquered the Roman legions, and almost captured the Eternal City itself.

I was delighted, therefore, to find myself bounding away over the glad waves to the lands of the soft, sunny South!—to the lands of light and beauty!—to the glad shores where the sun ever shines, and where the blighting

blast, the chilling rain, and the choking fog of our northern latitudes, are miseries unknown to the happy race who inhabit those blissful regions.

I found the 'Cadiz,' on which I embarked, one of Hall and Company's steamers, an excellent boat, and the passengers on board agreeable—all, like myself, bound for Gibraltar, except Captain K., who was to leave us at Lisbon, for a couple of months' shooting.

Hall's are the principal boats employed in the sherry trade. They bring a large cargo of sherry every return voyage from Xeres and Port St. Mary's, as well as a large quantity of black cattle from Spain and Portugal for the London market. Taking the latter portion of their return cargo into consideration, I should pray to be excused coming back to England in these vessels, especially as the after-hold, which is devoted to the service of the animals, is just under the cabin door—the rest may be imagined. But, whatever the homeward voyage may be, on the outward run they are comfortable and clean, and the living on board is good. Some excellent sherry is supplied at dinner, at a very moderate price, and the captain takes care to let you know that he is open to supply any quantity to anybody who may stand in need.

One of the passengers was on his way to Monaco, having become the fortunate discoverer of an infallible 'system,' by which he could not lose, and would run an excellent chance of breaking the bank every night. He was much given to hypochondria and delicate health, and had a smileless visage; but on the one absorbing topic of play he entered with a keen relish.

There was also a widower on board, a fine hale fellow of forty-eight, who was about to be married to a young girl of twenty. He assured us, in confidence, that she was deeply enamoured of him; and it is quite possible

that he was justified in his belief, for he had a good income, while she possessed nothing beyond her personal attractions.

Our most distinguished passenger, however, was 'Bob' —an underbred-looking turnspit dog, but a most enthusiastic and successful ratcatcher. He was a well-known street Arab in London, in the vicinity of the docks, and it was his custom to go down every day to the quay where Hall's boats lie, to see if any of them were being prepared for sea; and if he fancied there were rats on board, he booked himself at once for the voyage.

He is equally fond of all the vessels of the company, and also of the crews, never showing a marked preference for any person or ship, and never getting beyond a mere acquaintanceship, no matter what kindness may be shown to him; but he will never embark on a ship belonging to any other company. Such a remarkable character is a curiosity, and I was glad to make his acquaintance, which I was soon able to accomplish, and received as much reciprocity of politeness from him as did the cook, who daily fed him. My setter dog Jack and he did not fraternise at all. Poor Jack only thought of play, but Bob's mind was set upon business, and he considered every moment lost that was not devoted to smelling about for his favourite quarry. He could climb quite well up the perpendicular steps nailed to the sides of the opening going down to the hold, but of course he had to be let down; and then he would pass his whole time scraping and barking throughout the lower regions. One of his happy hunting-grounds was in the ship's boats on deck, where the captain stowed away, under a tarpaulin, a quantity of English cheeses he intended to sell at Gibraltar. Here lots of vermin had congregated, but they concealed themselves so well that poor Bob could make no hand of them.

Running down Channel, we had lovely, calm weather, and the crew amused themselves on deck with games and athletic feats. 'Chalking' was a most laughable performance, in which the player had his heels tied up by a rope to the rigging, when he had to walk on his hands along the deck, as far as the tether of his rope would allow, holding in his mouth a piece of chalk, with which to mark a score at the farthest spot he could reach. But to do this he was forced to lift one hand to take the chalk out of his mouth, and the almost inevitable consequence was that he lost his balance, rolled over, and got dragged back by the rope before he could leave his mark. Then there were wrestling matches; hanging matches, in which each tried to hang by the chin aloft in the shrouds longer than the others; matches in which two men, tied together by a rope, strove to pull each other about, like two dogs struggling for possession of a bone; and many other amusing, though rough, pastimes, such as sailors delight in.

Our fine weather was not, however, of long duration. Soon we found ourselves in the Bay of Biscay, where we encountered the usual boisterous gales and angry sea, which our vessel proudly braved. Indeed, buoyant and light-freighted, she could be taken through any sea without risk.

While crossing the Bay, we passed a bottle floating in the water, and were all most anxious to see the contents, but the captain would not lower a boat, as there was such a heavy sea running at the time. What a tale of danger or suffering might not this messenger have contained, thrown on the sea to take its uncertain course, at the moment when, perhaps, all hope was over!

Away we steamed out of the troubled Bay by Capes Ortegal and Finisterre, past Corunna, the scene of Moore's retreat, so brilliant in execution, but apparently so uncalled for. Here, in the distance, Oporto hove in

sight, then the beautiful scenery in the vicinity of Lisbon. We passed Mafra, that huge bleak pile of palace, standing high up on the bare mountain side, with its flat roof, capable alone of giving accommodation to 10,000 troops! It was built in imitation of the Escurial, by King John V., in the beginning of the eighteenth century, on a scale of great magnificence. Close by is the mouth of the river Sizandra, where commenced Wellington's famous lines of Torres Vedras, which ran across for forty miles to Alhandra on the Tagus.

Then lovely Cintra appears, where charming villas are bowered in shady groves, and nestle beneath lofty mountains crowned with Moorish castles and palaces. These mountains are the Sierra de Cintra, 3,000 feet high—the ancient Montes Lunæ. Well may Byron exclaim, singing of these delicious scenes:—

> Lo! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes,
> In variegated maze of mount and glen;
> Ah me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,
> To follow half on which the eye dilates.

On rounding Cape de Rocca, Cintra is shut out from view, and shortly Lisbon comes in sight, rising beautiful and bright from the waves of the Tagus. After gliding past the Tower of Belem and the Royal Palace, our vessel swung round to anchor in the centre of the splendid river, opposite Black Horse Square, which contains the principal buildings of the city. Lisbon has been compared to Constantinople, Naples, and Stockholm; and its position, enclosed by mountain and sea reminded me of Dublin. Probably Charles V. and Philip II. decided prudently when they selected Madrid to succeed Toledo as the capital of the Iberian Peninsula, on account of its central position, but the temptation must have been strong to take up their abode at such a charming and salubrious spot as Lisbon.

At the entrance of the river a pilot came on board, but he took no part in the navigation of the ship; and, though got up in swell official uniform, he did not think it beneath his dignity to beg for food, for drink, and for tobacco. What Portuguese will not do likewise? The captain complied with all the fellow's requests, but with a pronounced sneer.

Presently the Custom-house authorities boarded us, and with great solemnity took away a few rockets belonging to the ship; but, although they went into the steward's lock-up and rummaged about, they failed to discover either my ammunition or K——'s. Poor K——'s triumph, however, was but of short duration, for he was to leave here, and in passing through the Customs all his cartridges were ruthlessly seized as contraband. When I afterwards met him in the town he was in despair, as the native cartridge cases would not fit his gun, and all his fond hopes of sport were consequently scattered to the winds.

We visited Silver Street and Gold Street, which are the leading thoroughfares; and, at the top of them stands the fruit and vegetable market, which well deserves a visit. However, the great sight of Lisbon is the Church of San Roque, which contains the wonderful mosaic pictures which were brought from Rome, and which vie in richness and in delicacy of finish with high-class oil-paintings. A man, in appearance like a gentleman, seeing the church was closed, offered to fetch the sexton for us, and on his return thankfully accepted sixpence for his trouble.

At length, after several hours' delay, the shipping and unshipping of cargo was concluded, the lighter barges were pushed off, and we returned on board. We glided down along the '*auriferi ripa beata Tagi*,' sad at parting from such a beateous spot, but sorrowing most of all

at the thought that the divine Cintra had to be left unvisited, our stay being so very short.

When out at sea we encountered some rough weather, duly foretold by numbers of storm-predicting porpoises darting past through the water in arrowy gambols. We passed Cape St. Vincent and 'Trafalgar's Bay'—names dear to the British ear—and at night saw the light on Cape Spartel, or the Ras-Achakkar, near Tangiers, where the French Government lately erected a fine lighthouse, kept up at the expense of the Government of Morocco. A light on this headland is of the most vital importance to our trade and to our war fleets, as it indicates the entrance to the Straits of Gibraltar; but with our usual parsimony we would not contribute to the cost, although Sir J. Drummond Hay, our Consul at Tangiers, did all in his power to impress on our Government the importance of the undertaking.

On the starboard side of the ship, the same night, a star flurried our worthy mate no little. As we were chatting on the bridge, a bright light suddenly appeared, which, we both doubted not, belonged to a steamer moving rapidly towards us, but shortly it became detached from the horizon, when we found it was Sirius coming out for the evening.

The ship glided along close under the walls of Tarifa. It is an interesting Moorish-looking town of about twelve thousand inhabitants, and is celebrated for the beauty of its women. It was the Cartama and Tartesia of the Phœnicians. Later, it was colonised by Greeks, and subsequently, under the name of Julia Traducta, became a Colonia Libertina under the Romans, who peopled it with four thousand sons of Roman soldiers, and the same number of girls, who lived together in the bonds of love, but without the additional luxury of marriage. Why the feelings of those youths were thus outraged is not recorded,

but they were doubtless persuaded that they were sacrificing themselves for the welfare of the State.

At Tarifa the Straits of Gibraltar are entered; and, after gliding along the wild and picturesque Carnero Point, the famous Rock comes in sight, rising out of the blue waters.

What a charming bay! On one side the marvellous Rock, jutting into the sea at Europa Point, with the town nestling at its foot, embowered in groves of tropical trees; on the opposite side Algeciras, with its palms and oranges; and, at the end of the bay, the prettily-situated village of St. Roque. Little did I anticipate on landing here that I should be tormented by mine own familiar countrymen about my unlucky guns and ammunition, yet such an ordeal I had to undergo.

Use of fire-arms, except by the military, is strictly forbidden on the Rock, on account of the numerous powder magazines, and also for fear of persons being accidentally struck; therefore great precautions are observed, and the troops are only allowed to fire towards the sea outside the works on the neutral ground. However, on producing my card, and showing that I was a military officer, the Customs' officials politely waived all further difficulty, and ordered the guns to be passed, but the ammunition they retained until I should re-embark.

Judging from the vast quantities of Bass's bitter beer that our vessel disgorged, the consumption thereof at Gibraltar must be on a huge scale. Never did I enjoy a potation of that transcendental liquid more than at the Signal Tower on the summit of the Rock, upwards of fourteen hundred feet above the sea, where the artillery-sergeant in command of the Signal Station supplies from a huge cask some of the best I ever tasted. Hither I had toiled from my quarters at the Clubhouse Hotel in a broiling sun, through the long, excavated galleries whose guns command

the land approaches, and up the steep and endless zigzag pathways covered with coarse stones, which lead to the top, so the interlude of refreshment was highly gratifying.

Having surveyed the distant snowy peaks of the Alpujarras; the Sierra Nevada overhanging Granada; the Atlas Mountains of Africa, across the strait; the mountain range at the back of Algeciras, in the direction of Cadiz, to spy into which latter port General O'Hara built his 'folly,' or tower, on a peak close to the Signal Station, which foolish building was destroyed by lightning as soon as completed; the foaming current which rushes into the Mediterranean from the Atlantic at the rate of two or three miles an hour round Europa Point, contrary to the rules of civilised society, for it ought to rush the other way; the lovely gardens of the Alameda far below; the pillars of Hercules, Calpe on the north, and Abyla at Ceuta on the south; and last, not least, the monkeys disporting and chattering amongst the palmettoes, castor-oil plants, prickly pears, and aloes on the rocky heights, I retraced my steps to the regions below. Here, after passing the stalactite caves of St. Michael, I soon came to the shadowy walks and groves of the Alameda, so tastefully laid out, where a military band performs in the evening, and dark-eyed, mantilla-draped beauties promenade on foot and in carriage to listen to the martial strains, till driven home by the bitter evening blasts of the Levanter, which sweep round Europa Point from the east with blighting malignity.

Arrived at the town, I chartered an Irish jaunting-car, a vehicle abounding here; but alas! not driven by the stereotyped comical jarvey, and started to see the Governor's summer residence, on the eastern side of the rock. On the way I passed the spacious new mole; the new barracks at Europa Point, where the troops suffer much from the sudden changes of temperature, and from

the Levanter; the new works to protect this, the only assailable part of the rock, and other objects of minor interest. The Governor's cottage is unique, situated close under lofty precipices, and only a few yards from the road which overhangs the sea. Further on is a small village of fishermen, in which there is merely space for their cottages to stand, and which was formerly a great smuggling station, the smuggled goods being hoisted up the cliffs from the brink of the sea.

Captain R. undertook to pilot me on horseback to the cork forest, about twelve miles distant, and we had a delightful ride there past St. Roque, where we stopped at a hotel kept by English people, whose daughter spoke her native tongue with a strongly-pronounced foreign accent. She was very good-looking, and was just starting for a picnic as we arrived, for which she was got up to any amount.

St. Roque is the head-quarters of the Calpe Hunt Club, founded by Admiral Fleming more than fifty years ago, and since kept up by the officers of the garrison. The Duke of Beaufort undertook the management of the hunt for one year, and carried on everything in the most princely style. All his horses and hounds went from London in the 'Cadiz.' There are plenty of hares about the country, but not a fence to be met with, and the hunting resembles the galloping up and down the bare and steep hills of the Brighton Downs. Indeed, hunting abroad is almost everywhere of this unexciting character. Our host was the manager of the hunt, and took an enthusiastic interest in the sport, and also in *la chasse aux oiseaux.*

After admiring some large tame green lizards that were climbing over the vine-clad trellis-work round the Moorish court of the hotel, we started again along a bridle path for the cork forest. On our way we must

have passed quite close to the interesting old ruined Carthaginian city of Cartega, which the Captain undertook to show me, but he got out in his reckoning, and I lost the opportunity of seeing it. We had a charming ride among the fine old cork trees, where we saw several people shooting, but with undistended game bags, one or two woodcocks seeming to be the most that fell to the share of any sportsman. There were, however, quantities of green plover through the open parts of the forest, and they were surprisingly tame, often rising within shot. One man wounded a hare, and made a splendid chase after it with his pointers, a species of sport which amazes an English sportsman on going abroad. But I have always found that foreigners are equally surprised that we do not train our sporting dogs to yelp, and charge after all wounded game. I once owned a capital setter, which was taught to retrieve or not as he was ordered. It is, however, rare to find a dog steady when thus trained, and I think our division of labour between retrievers and pointers or setters is the wisest arrangement.

Unfortunately we had not time to continue our excursion through the forest to the Convent of Almorayma, perched aloft on the mountain side, for we had to ride hard to get back to 'Gib' before the gates were closed at sunset, otherwise our 'lodging' would have been 'on the cold ground' for the night, the little Spanish ventas outside the neutral ground being most untempting.

Our way back lay along a grassy plain covered with cattle fattening themselves for the hungry maws of British warriors at Gibraltar, and by the banks of the Guadalmacil, which we had twice to ford, as far as the ferry for Algeciras, and afterwards along the sands, where we galloped at racing pace, in order to get in before the dreaded sound of the evening gun.

CHAPTER II.

Sail across to Tangiers—Uproar of Moorish Porters wading through the Water in the Dark—Jewish Wedding—Music and Dancing—The Bride in State—Greeting of the Bridegroom by the Women—Offensive Odour from the Window of the Gaol—Scanty Toilette of a Moorish Woman.

MY PLAN was to take steam to Malaga, see the Alhambra from there, work on by rail to Cadiz, and take the steamer thence back to Gibraltar, where I could reclaim my ammunition without the difficulty of passing it on to Spanish ground. But the 'Cadiz' was to start in two days for Cadiz, and Captain R. persuaded me to take passage again with him. He assured me there would be no difficulty about my leaving my guns at the Cadiz Custom House until the Spanish steamer started thence for Malaga, where he advised me to join her; and he undertook that his friend, the proprietor of Blanco's Hotel, would see them and my dog put on board and safely started, whereas at Gibraltar, he said, there would be great difficulty on account of these vessels only stopping at Algeciras across the Bay. I had made up my mind to go to Marseilles by this line, as they are the only boats that put in at the Spanish towns on the way; and I therefore, to my sorrow, allowed myself to be convinced by his reasoning.

Having thus a day to spare, I went over to Tangiers, which is interesting to Englishmen from the fact that the nucleus of the British standing army was formed there,

the 1st Royals having been raised by Charles II. to garrison this fortress when he received it as a part of the dowry of his queen, Catherine of Braganza.

I started in the little steamer that plies across the Strait, and returns the following day. On board there was an American family who were taking a long tour through the Old World—an old lady and gentleman, with their niece and her newly-married husband. The aunt was a kind, good body, and blessed with a Yankee twang such as one rarely hears on this side of the Atlantic. A Moorish woman also gave us great amusement when coming on board by her efforts to mount up the side of the vessel, and at the same time to preserve her visage from being exposed to the gaze of the accursed Giaours; but she appeared to be in the sear and yellow leaf, so need not have taken such precautions for concealment.

It was dark when we arrived at Tangiers, and how shall I describe the savage yells and struggles of the Moorish porters who conveyed me on shore? First, there was a frantic combat to get the passengers into boats, in which we had to row some distance, as the ship lay a long way from the land. Then the porters waded alongside the boats, and literally laid hold of me, without leave or liberty. Two fellows now whipped me up in their arms and bore me along manfully for a considerable distance; but presently their strength began to fail, as I am no trifling weight, and for the last few yards before landing they kept jerking me over from one to the other, until at last my feet were fairly immersed in the water. I fully anticipated a hearty sousing; and felt greatly relieved when, with a loud grunt of satisfaction, they deposited me on *terra firma*.

No sooner had I recovered my equanimity, than I heard a terrible commotion, and hastened to the scene of action. I found the uproar proceeded from the elderly

American lady, and from a host of tormentors who were standing round her in a circle. On beholding my figure looming through the darkness, she passionately exclaimed, 'Oh, dear me! What am I to dew? I have not a cent about me, and these dreadful men are tearing me to pieces for money! I guess they're frightening me out of my seventeen senses.' Thinking it a pity that her seventeen senses should thus vanish, I paid the porters for carrying her on shore, and released her from durance vile.

When the rest of the party arrived, Moses, a Moorish Jew, who spoke French, took us to the Hôtel de France, where we were tolerably well put up; and I was given a room with Moorish arches for doorways and windows, and with a honeycombed ceiling. The landlord has a country place, a day's journey in the interior, where he has capital shooting, of which I had previously heard when at Gibraltar from the gamekeeper at the Clubhouse Hotel, who had been there with some officers, and they shot sixty brace of partridges. There are also lots of wild boars there. I was told of some good salmon-fishing in the Omner-Bia, and of good trout in the Sebon; but from my subsequent experience of the waterless beds of North African rivers, I should not put much faith in having successful sport.

I was fortunate in making the acquaintance of Moses, whom I have before mentioned. On my first introduction to him on board the steamer, he was preparing a mess for some co-religionists of his on the ship, and being very hungry, I induced him to allow me to take a helping. This led to some conversation, and I finally arranged with him to be my guide through Tangiers.

Much to my satisfaction, the first visit we determined upon was to a Jewish wedding, which, luckily for me, was to be celebrated that evening. It was a ceremony I

was most anxious to witness, and one which no visitor should omit seeing.

After partaking of a capital dinner, we found Moses ready to accompany us. We all sallied forth, but as the town does not rejoice in gas, nor in any other light, we had to be escorted on our way by men with lanterns. So many of these fellows presented themselves that Moses had to drive off the greater part with choice Arabic denunciations, reserving only two as guides, one of whom was Mohammed, the Arab *commissionaire* of the hotel, who turned out an immense favourite with the Hebrew ladies at the wedding. Threading our way through the quaint old narrow streets, over whose cyclopean and unartistic pavement we frequently stumbled, and brushing past squatting figures in white burnouses, with their chins almost resting on their knees, huddled up against the wall in corners for the night in this original sleeping posture, we arrived at the Sok, or market-place. There the money-changers were seated on the ground with scales for weighing the coins that lay before them in bowls and dishes, the weights employed being pieces of common stone. As they thus sat with the glimmer of their small lamps lighting up their heaps of money and their wild, but passionless faces, they formed a group in forcible light and shade, such as Rembrandt only could pourtray.

Passing by these Tangerine *al fresco* bankers, and the many vendors of bread, cakes, sweetmeats, and other commodities, through whom we had to pick our steps, we entered the bazaar, a narrow passage, on each side of which in little cell-like stalls, squatted weird figures in burnouses and beards, surrounded by their wares, that were within easy reach without the trouble of moving. We continued our way through other intricate winding passages, in width like those at Great Yarmouth, till we arrived at a short flight of steps down which we descended.

After crossing a little court we were ushered into the nuptial chamber of the Hebrew maiden.

The room was crowded with guests who were gazing on the bride-elect as she lay, beautifully dressed, on what, the following day, was to be her wedding couch. She was perfectly motionless, her immense eyes cast down in conscious innocence and modesty, not enough to conceal the brilliancy of their lustre, but sufficiently so to show the length of her beautiful eyelashes, which rested on cheeks covered with roseate blushes (imitation).

On the same couch, placed between her and the company, lay her mother, a hideous old wretch, whose repulsive aspect made a good foil for the beauty of her daughter; and at the foot of the bed stood the bride-groom, overjoyed at receiving the congratulations of his friends and their compliments on the great loveliness of his chosen, and looking on the while with longing and greedy eyes. He was an insignificant, sulky-looking, little fellow, and quite unworthy to possess such a charming bride; but he was rich and she was forced by her parents to espouse him—all for her good of course. Thus it seems that this custom of constraining daughters to marry against their inclination is not confined to our European nations, so blessed with modern civilisation, for here were obscure, humble Jews in a barbarous city in Africa sacrificing their child on the altar of Mammon with as much selfishness and *sang froid* as the most noble and refined British matron.

When our party had sufficiently admired the recumbent beauty, we were conducted across the court to the festive scene of music and dancing that always accompanies Jewish and Moorish weddings in Africa. Indeed, many of the Jewish customs in Africa much resemble those of the Moors, and always have done so since the happy days they lived together side by side in wealth and luxury in

the fertile plains of Spain, before they were banished from their homes through blind and stupid intolerance. But there is this difference existing between the two races, that, while the Moors for the most part have relapsed into their pristine barbarism, the Israelites have become wealthy—the characteristic astuteness of their race having here, as in all climes, developed this great scientific principle.

We were accommodated with chairs, which were squeezed into the room with great difficulty among the squatting musicians and male guests, but the heat was so intense and so stifling, that the elderly American couple who had accompanied the party 'skedaddled' in a few minutes. The oppressive atmosphere of this tiny chamber, however, was not more overpowering than that experienced nightly in the brilliant *réunions* of London, the only difference being that fifty constituted the crowd in one case, instead of five hundred or a thousand in the other. When we entered, the singing was in full force, a musical performance fearfully and wonderfully conducted by three Mahommedan artists. One played a sort of flageolet, another a kind of lute or mandoline, and the third was a toothless, wrinkled old man, who beat a tom-tom and joined in the singing. He evidently thought much of his own powers, for when he sang he tried to get up a heavenly smile, and came out quite in the æsthetical line. In this dismal and monotonous drone Mahommed the guide lustily took part, and appeared greatly delighted with the long string of verses they went through—probably a *piquant epithalamium*. After this ineffectual attempt at pleasure under difficulties, dancing was called for, and a pretty Jewish girl was summoned to descend from a bed at the end of the room on which she and several other young women were crowded. They all had slender, graceful figures, although not wearing

our European appliances for torturing the frame into unnatural symmetry. Indeed, the Jews here do not endeavour to produce obesity in their women, as I found the members of that persuasion do at Tunis, in imitation of the Mahometans. The Jewish maiden began by twirling her handkerchief into the form of a rope, and this she held before her with both hands like a festoon, one hand low down, the other above her head; she then commenced to sway her body about in highly picturesque and artistic attitudes, keeping up all the time a constant elastic motion of her feet, but never moving them from the one spot, except to turn herself round. Loud applause followed the conclusion of the dance, and a small wooden bowl was handed round to receive the contributions of her admirers, the part of collector being ably sustained by Mahommed.

A second slim-waisted, muslin-attired young Jewess was then induced to hop down off her perch on the bed. She went through the same evolutions as her predecessor, and with the same results of admiration and collection, and so on with a third and fourth, until the list of candidates for Terpsichorean honours was exhausted. I found that great rivalry and jealousy existed as to the amount each received, for that seemed the standard by which their success was measured. One ugly little Hebrew always put in a piece of gold, and he informed me confidentially that the money was of no consequence to him, as he was enormously wealthy.

Two Jewesses afterwards danced together, then Mahommed and another man; but this was a very bad arrangement, as the men and women might just as well have paired off together. Mahommed was very good-looking and unexceptionable in his attitudinising, still his performances appeared very insipid after those of the other sex. The fact is these dances are not suited for men, all their charm lying in the sylph-like graceful-

ness of the female form. This impression was confirmed subsequently, when I was among the gipsies at Granada.

A fiery spirit was now handed round, made from raisins, which was not at all bad, but there was only one small wine-glass to drink it out of for the use of the whole company.

Distributing some money to the musicians and to the people of the house, under the guidance of Moses, who would not let us give nearly as much as we intended, we now beat a retreat, having witnessed all the salient points of this interesting entertainment. The good people thanked us much for patronising their festivities, and made us promise to return the next morning and see the bride dressed out in state in her nuptial costume, previous to adjourning to the Synagogue.

Early the next morning, therefore, we were up again and off before breakfast to the Jews' quarters, but not without a stiff skirmish with vendors of native specialities, who waylaid us as we went out. We drove them ruthlessly away before us, but pacified them by promising to go round and visit their warehouses ere leaving Tangiers.

We found the 'ox-eyed' bride arrayed in wondrous splendour. Homer describes Juno as being 'ox-eyed,' so why should not I repeat the expression? He doubtless meant that Juno's eyes were large and soft, in contradistinction to the flashing, passionate orbs of Venus, and to those of Minerva beaming with intellectual expression. However, if all accounts be true, Juno must now and then have darted fire out of her eyes at Jupiter in a way to astonish her rivals for the golden apple. Be that as it may, the eyes of our beauty were enormous and of wondrous softness, so they clearly merited old Homer's epithets, though to-day her compressed eyelids

and long black lashes concealed them scrupulously from view.

She was placed on a throne-like seat, raised above us, statue-like and motionless—so motionless that, were it not for the gentle heaving of her bosom, one could scarcely have believed she breathed the breath of life. Even when a forward fly alighted on her nose or on her rouge-tinted cheeks, etiquette forbade her to brush away the intruder, or even by word or wince to call the attention of her attendants to his presence. A bridesmaid, however, armed with a fly-flapper, performed the office of removal, *ex proprio motu*, which furnished her with constant employment.

As ridiculous this as Sir Isaac Newton ringing for his servant to put out the fire in his room when his foot was being burned, instead of pulling it away from the flame himself.

But to return to our full-dress reception. The bride's toilette was most remarkably picturesque, and well worthy a better description than I can give, for a lady's pen alone could do it justice.

The lower part of her dress was of cloth of gold, and she wore a white lace vest, over which was a jacket of crimson silk, embroidered with seed pearls and gold, and made open in the front. Round her waist was a silk band, a quarter of a yard wide, worked massively with pearls and uncut precious stones—emeralds, rubies, and sapphires. Her earrings and bracelets of gold were immense, and corresponded with her head-ornament; on her head she had a large square of white lace, which hung like a veil over her shoulders in graceful folds. The whole of a girl's fortune is often lavished on her marriage dress, the cost on these occasions sometimes amounting to several thousand francs, even among the poorer classes, and, if the parents cannot afford this outlay, the other near members

of the family subscribe towards it. These costumes are so rich and costly that they are scarcely ever worn in after life, except by the rich, but are kept for some rare celebration, or for occasional exhibition to an admiring circle.

The bride's lovely face was spoiled—at least to our English tastes—by the wholesale manner in which she was made up. Her eyebrows were thickly blackened, and made to meet on her forehead, her face was lavishly powdered and painted, and her eyelids were blacked inside the lashes with kohuhl, in order to give lustre to the eyes, but this made them look dirty and unwashed. For one whole weary week the poor girl had to endure this mummy martyrdom, the only relaxation allowed her being a turn round the inner court of the house twice or three times a-day among the admiring crowd, but even then she was compelled to keep her eyes fixed on the ground.

From time to time the bridegroom made his appearance in the court, and on each occasion was greeted with loud cries of 'Loo, loo,' from all the women; and, when he left, they followed him to the outer door, still keeping up the same incessant din in his ears. This custom I found afterwards among the Moorish women in Algeria, who use it likewise to express their admiration or delight, as we employ cheering.

We must not forget the bridegroom's dress, who wore the ordinary Jewish costume of the African Jews, with the addition of a phylactery tied on his forehead, and which is said to be a passage of the Old Testament enclosed in a small square box, and is supposed to act as a charm against evil. Mills says of phylacteries:—'the writing on the vellum of which they were composed was confined to a certain class of scribes called Soferein.'

When we got out of the dense crowd in the presence-chamber, we had some excellent coffee, prepared for us in

a few minutes, which had a pure rich flavour one rarely meets with in England. This peculiar aroma is said by the Arabs to result from the berries being ground between flint stones.

On parting, the bridegroom and several members of the family accompanied us to the street, and thanked us repeatedly for taking part in their fête; they also expressed great regret at the thought of never more seeing our faces. Kind and worthy they were, though humble! Is it not reviving to meet sometimes with such in our cold walk through life?

The religious ceremony, as far as I could learn, does not differ from the usual Jewish marriage. Sir J. Drummond Hay, the English Consul, makes no allusion to the subject in his 'Tour through Morocco,' though giving information on other matters connected with the Jewish race.

We thence proceeded to the principal mosque, at the vestibule of which were stationed wild soldiery, with quaint old flint firelocks, which could not have given much trouble to the regular Spanish troops in the late war. This vestibule, which was a guard-room, with the arms of the guard hanging on the walls, seemed to be holy ground, for the soldiers, when they entered, took their shoes from off their feet. On another side of the same quadrangle stood the gaol, and we were allowed to look in at the window, through which the prisoners were permitted to speak to their relatives outside; but the stench which came rushing out, on the window being opened, was so disgustingly sickening, that I could not remain to examine the interior as I should have wished. There were many abject wretches walking and sitting about inside, who looked as degraded as any human beings I ever beheld. Outside was a woman waiting to see her husband, who was in the pesthouse. She was dressed in

a dirty burnous, and carried a squalid baby in her arms. Without any intimation, having occasion to give some nourishment to her child, she took a pin out of her burnous, and in an instant she was literally and completely undressed. In England I have often seen women in humble life nursing their offspring in public without any feeling of shame, but I never fancied maternal arrangements could be carried to such a wholesale extent as we saw in the case of this poor, unconscious savage. Of course the American ladies evaporated, in nearly a fainting condition; for is it not written that, at the other side of the Atlantic, a virtuous female will not look at the uncovered leg of a chair or table?

On coming out, we saw the Basha walking across the court in a burnous of the finest possible texture, and of the purest white. He was a very ordinary looking man, and did not impress us favourably by his exterior appearance.

Walking on, guided by Moses and Mahommed, we came to a Moorish school, where the dominie was seated at the end of the little room with his scholars in front of him, all of whom he could reach with a long wand he held in his hand, and which he applied with a will to refractory or unæsthetic craniums. He appeared indignant at his operations being surveyed by the Giaours, so we hastened on. To have entered the precincts would have been an outrage, little short of sacrilege.

Outside the old walls we descended until we came to the market where the camels are assembled, and where I first heard the roaring moans they utter while being laden in a couchant posture. These walls were built by the Portuguese.

On a wild eminence outside this part of the town was gathered together a most heterogeneous collection of the human race, the clothing on many of them being of the most scanty description. The greater part of them were

wild, uncouth beings, and evidently belonged to tribes from the interior. Many of the men were working as smiths and shoemakers, in their little huts. Close by were gardens of a villa which contained some rare and beautiful trees and flowers, but they were not laid out in the cheerful style of our English pleasure-grounds. Our British Consul has lovely grounds, but I had not time to visit them, as the steamer started so early. During our rambles we heard that Sir J. Drummond Hay had killed three wild boars that morning.

The residence of the Belgian Consul is well worth a visit. It is a good specimen of an old Moorish house, and is fitted up with great taste.

Returning through the town we found many natives at work in their stalls making the beautiful gold embroidery on velvet, for which the Moors are so justly famed. We also took a round of the warehouses of our troublesome friends the merchants, which they dignify with the name of bazaars, but found their wares dear. The Americans invested pretty largely, however, in presents for their friends at home. Poor Mahommed was deeply mortified that the shop of his particular friend was not patronised, and, like Achilles, retired aloof to sulk in a corner. But he was such a kind fellow that we soon soothed his sorrows, and restored him to his normal condition of head guide.

After a huge breakfast we again mounted the shoulders of our porters, and plunged through the waves to the ship. Away we steamed, and soon Tândja,—'The city protected by the Lord,'—the Tingis of the Romans, was lost to view. We all agreed it was the most original town we had ever seen, as the numbers of different races and the many novel sights there gave us the idea of having dropped into some fresh world, and deeply we all regretted that our stay had been of such short duration,

CHAPTER III.

Cadiz—Famous for Ballet Girls, so admired by the Romans —Strange subterranean Noises—Bodegas—Madre de Vino from the Cask 'Napoleon' at Xeres—Carthusian Monastery —Spanish Farming.

WHEN the little steamer came to anchor in the Bay of Gibraltar, I hailed the boat which Captain R—— had in readiness for me, and, bidding adieu to my American fellow-travellers, I hurried on board the 'Cadiz,' whose steam and blue peter were up, ready for a start. I found my luggage, guns, and dog all safe on board, thanks to the kindness of the captain, who had made his steward arrange everything for me.

In a few minutes we were gliding away from 'Gib' *en route* for Cadiz.

This visit to Gibraltar had been one of peculiar interest to me, as my father, when a midshipman, was the first person who landed at the relief of the place after the famous siege, having been sent from the fleet in command of a boat with provisions for General Elliott. I have often heard him describe how enthusiastically the General received him, and how he cried with joy at his deliverance, as my father jumped on shore.

It is a pity that some better memorial of that fine old soldier, General Elliott, afterwards Lord Heathfield, does not exist on the spot than the poor statue in the geranium-planted groves of the Alameda, close to that of Wellington, both of which are a disgrace to our national taste.

Arising in the morning from that unventilated abode of martyrdom, my berth, I beheld before me the far-famed city of Cadiz, rising white and bright over the dark blue waves. It has been compared to 'a pearl set in a crown of sapphires,' and the natives call it '*tazita de plata*,' or the silver cup; but I must own to a feeling of disappointment. The high, long sea-walls round the peninsula are monotonous, and no 'hills appear in verdure clad.' The want of height, of background, and of emerald freshness detract from the picturesque appearance of the town; nor is one's admiration increased on landing, for there is nothing worth a visit, every building being modern, and there are not any works of art of importance. Neither is the society lively or intelligent, for, as has been wittily observed, '*ici les lettres de change sont les belles-lettres.*'

What marvellous associations are connected with the old city! The Erythrea and Isle of Juno! the blissful Iberian land of Homer and Anacreon! the Gaddir of the Phœnicians and Carthaginians, by whom a magnificent temple was erected to the Libyan Hercules! Hence Cæsar started for the battle-field of Munda to gain his victory over the armies of Pompey, and hence were exported the lovely and graceful ballet-girls, the '*improbæ Gaditanæ*,' who took the hearts of the Romans by storm.

In the middle of the last century the riches and importance of Cadiz were great, and Adam Smith mentions that then the merchants of Cadiz vied with their brethren in London in wealth. But now, how different! Probably all the merchants of Cadiz together do not own as much capital as one of our great city magnates, for most of the commerce that exists in the district is carried on at Xeres and Port St. Mary's, in the wine trade.

Gloves are made in large quantities both here and at Seville, and are sold at a low price. They are manufactured from the skins of kids which are slaughtered

in large numbers, and the flesh of the animal is sold for a franc and a half. These kids have a half-starved, cat-like appearance.

The Levanter and Sirocco prevail in great force, and yet the climate must be conducive to health generally, for Dr. Francis states that the mean temperature in winter and spring is from two to six degrees warmer than at Rome, Naples, or Pisa, and that the mean diurnal range is ten degrees, being identical with Madeira. Still, with some constitutions the climate does not agree, and the water is bad.

As the 'Cadiz' was going on to Port St. Mary's to take in her sherry cargo, Captain R—— sent me ashore, enjoining me, as arranged at Gibraltar, to look out at the landing-place for his friend Blanco, the proprietor of Blanco's Hotel, who would take all trouble off my hands. Alas! no Blanco was there. What was to be done? To give up my tour through Andalusia was impossible, and there was no one I could rely upon to look after my interests and ship my contraband effects on board the Marseilles vessel. In this dilemma, however, I was assisted through the kindness of a resident whose acquaintance I had made at the *table d'hôte*, and by his influence I was enabled to get my ammunition sent to the Marseilles steamer. I had a long discussion with the Customs' authorities, who wanted to seize it all. Then the captain of the Spanish ship refused to receive it on board, and returned it on shore, declaring he would not take it unless it was enclosed in a fireproof tin-case. As I was to leave the next morning, my new acquaintance came again to my aid, and kindly undertook to have the box made and to ship the whole in time, a promise he faithfully fulfilled.

He also took me to see a street wherein loud noises kept the inhabitants in perpetual excitement during the night. The sounds were as of a number of workmen ham-

mering underground. The city authorities had searched all the adjoining houses, fearing revolutionary conspirators were constructing a depôt of arms, and had sunk deep shafts along the street, but nothing was elucidated. The lower classes attributed the phenomenon to supernatural causes, but others thought the Government themselves were making a gallery for the conveyance of troops into the centre of the town from the barracks outside, in case of need—an opinion in which I myself coincide.

And now farewell to swan-like Cadiz, floating on the azure, sunlit waters. Fair though she be, the reminiscences of my sojourn within her walls are not agreeable, my day having been passed in hunting after and toadying bumptious officials, varied by visits to the few mild lions she can boast of.

I set off by rail for Xeres and its *madre de vino*, along the narrow isthmus, through the salt marshes full of snipes, which the train scared every few yards, and studded with glittering pyramidal mounts of salt, a commodity monopolised by the state. In the neighbourhood of Port St. Mary—anciently the Greek port of Mnesthea, and now famous for its great sherry bodegas—the Guadalete and the salt river of Sancti Petri are crossed.

The great attraction of Xeres being sherry, I drove first to visit the principal exporting houses. I found, as I had done at the gigantic brandy establishment of Hennessy at Cognac, that none of the famous produce is made on the premises, but comes in for sale from the surrounding vineyards, ready for manipulation. All that is done is to mix the vintages of different years together, so as to produce the required flavour.

The first bodega I visited was that of Gonzales, who was making great additions to his already vast premises, and the *employé* who showed me round gave me some

capital wines to taste, but not the famous *madre de vino*, which he ignored altogether. He, however, allowed me to see the extensive distillery for brandy to mix with their wines, a process I always felt certain was resorted to, as I could not believe that any natural wine would be so strong as our ports and sherries.

I next went to the bodega of Domecq, who was most polite and showed me round himself, and when he heard that Messrs. Cockburn and Campbell, the well-known Scotch firm, were my wine merchants, and who are among his best customers, he was unremitting in his attentions. He gave me a liberal potation from his wondrous cask 'Napoleon,' one of three distinguished contemporaries, a hundred and fifty years old, besides endless nips from monster casks of inferior celebrity. The late Duke of Cambridge was so smitten with the charms of 'Napoleon,' and begged so hard for some of its contents, that Domecq was obliged, much against his wish, to give thereout a quarter cask of this delicious wine-flavourer for a fabulous price to the royal suppliant. The price was enormous, but Domecq lost a great portion of his principal stock in trade, for without '*madre*' how could a bodega exist? However, he doubtless filled up the vacuum with nectar number two, and very soon brought matters back to their normal state. Strange to say, Domecq disclaimed all use of brandy, and protested that he exported all his wines in their natural condition.

The other sights of the town were soon done, and I returned to the principal house in the place, dignified with the name of 'hotel,' where I had a bad dinner, badly cooked and dirtily served, and the most execrable wine I ever tasted: but I had imbibed such a quantity at the bodegas that it was no punishment to come out in the total abstinence line. The only recommendation this vile haunt possessed was that it looked out on a

square containing four immense palm trees bearing the first bunches of dates I had ever seen growing.

In the environs are several excursions; one to St. Lucar de Barrameda, at the mouth of the Guadalquiver, a city said to have been founded three thousand five hundred and fifty-seven years before the birth of Christ! which cleverly surpasses the Pyramids, Heliopolis, Nineveh, or anything else in the world in antiquity.

The Cartuja, or Carthusian Monastery, is within sight, which was once the richest religious house in the south of Spain, and whose monks combined religion, love of the fine arts, farming, and horse breeding. Their splendid collection of Zurbarans was scattered over the world at the suppression of the monastery, and the Yeguada or breeding establishment of beautiful Andalusian coursers was broken up in 1836.

Between Xeres and Seville the country is dull and monotonous, the landscape consisting of rounded, bare, and uninteresting hills, which extend for miles without any sort of fence, and whose prevailing tint is a sickly, yellowish brown. A great portion of the country lies fallow, as there is no manure procurable, and the farmers can therefore only work their land every second year. The remainder was being scratched, rather than ploughed, by a little plough drawn by oxen, the ploughman guiding the animals with one hand, and with the other holding a small upright piece of wood with a handle on the top, that was fastened to the plough and regulated its movements. One could easily imagine the inhabitants of San Lucar, upwards of three thousand years before Christ, using this primitive agricultural implement, which is the same that the Moors and Arabs in the present day make use of in Africa.

In our country such farming would produce wretched crops, but in these fertile regions the red and black loams

are so rich that the corn seems determined to grow in spite of the ignorance and perverseness of man.

Captain R—— told me that he had taken out ploughs and other farming implements on speculation from England, but they did not sell, the existing state of things being considered 'good enough.'

Are not these Spaniards thorough-paced Tories at heart, who hold manfully to the old golden rule, that 'what is, is best?' Let us hope that the day is not far off when they will awake from their lethargic slumber, and take their proper place in the scale of nationalities, relying more upon their own sturdy right hands than on visionary day-dreams and chimeras; for they are naturally a noble race, and worthy of recovering their former importance and influence in Europe.

CHAPTER IV.

Seville—Lovely Court in Hotel—Beauty of the Cathedral—Roman Column—Capilla Real—Body of St. Ferdinand in a Glass Case.—Gorgeous Figure of the Virgin—Grave of Columbus—Chorister Boys dancing—Belfry—Ringers swung up in the Air by the Bells—Picture Gallery at the Caridad—Tomb of the repentant Don Juan—The Alcazar—Hall of Ambassadors—Don Pedro the Cruel—Maria de Padilla bathing—Gems of the Red King—Murder of Don Pedro's Brother—Niche for the Siesta of the Moorish Sultans and Sultanas—One hundred Damsels presented annually to the Sultan in the adjoining Chamber—Beautiful Decorations—Murillo's Pictures—The House of Pilate—The Tower of Gold—Ruins of Italica—Moorish Courts of the Houses in Seville.

It was late at night when the train reached Seville, and the omnibus to the town, instead of taking me to the door of the Hotel de l'Europe, deposited me and my baggage in the street a hundred yards distant. The predicament was unpleasant, but fortunately a touting hanger-on appeared through the darkness and summoned the hotel servant to my aid. The hotel I found to have been formerly a noble mansion in the Moorish style, with a large marble court in the centre planted with tall, shady orange and lemon trees in full bearing, and ornamented with fountains and pellucid pools of water filled with gold fish. Storks, hawks, and various other birds, wandered free around this fairy spot, and at one corner a fine wide old staircase, with richly-covered Moorish ceiling—or rather roof—led to the upper apartments. These opened,

as usual, on to a large verandah, and beyond was a flat roof over another part of the house, covered with doves and sundry other specimens of the feathered tribe, for the landlord is an inveterate ornithologist.

In the court a most gentlemanly man accosted me, and conversed with so much intelligence and in such good English about Seville, that I doubted not for a moment he was a fellow-traveller staying at the hotel. Great, therefore, was my astonishment, when he offered me his services, informing me he was a *laquais de place*. He had been educated at Edinburgh, but on his father's death had to return to his Spanish mother. She induced him to embrace her Faith, and he seemed a very devout Catholic.

He corroborated the information I obtained at Gibraltar about the way to Granada, assuring me the only practical road was from Malaga by diligence over the mountains. When I produced my guide-book and map, showing I could get there by rail from Bobadilla, with a short break by diligence, he protested that it was totally impossible for the diligence to run in winter, by reason of the bad condition of the road. 'People call the wretched track a road,' he exclaimed, 'but I call it a lake. The carriage is almost certain to stick in some rut, and you will be forced to walk up to your knees in mud.'

As I retired to bed meditating on this unwelcome intelligence, little did I imagine that it was all moonshine, for who could dream that an intelligent man living so close would be so grossly misinformed!

Early in the morning I went to the world-famed Cathedral, the great marvel of Seville. Fully did it realise my preconceived expectations, with its gorgeous stained glass windows, its glorious, 'dim, religious light,' its Murillos, its lofty aisles and naves, its gilded altars, its side chapels rich in works of art, its vast proportions

combined with unity of design, its simplicity without monotony, and the awe and reverence with which it strikes the imagination. It is truly one of the noblest piles ever raised for the worship of God. One visit is insufficient, for the mind cannot in one glance take in the vastness and beauty of this stupendous work.

The exterior of the building is most striking; you see the vast parallelogram itself, built on the site of the Temple of Venus Salambo, converted subsequently into a Christian church, and called the Basilica de San Vicenta; the Court of Oranges with its Moorish fountains, used of old by the Faithful for their ablutions; the stone pulpit where St. Francis preached; the Moorish entrance and gates cased in bronze; the graceful Giralda or Minaret of the old mosque; the Chapter-House; and the Columbian Library. A great embellishment of the exterior is the open space which extends round, out of which rises the Cathedral on a platform, and along which are set up marble columns that once adorned the Pagan temples of the Romans.

Notwithstanding the chasteness and loveliness of the sacred pile, perfection, alas! has not been attained, and in the interior one weak spot causes a sigh that in this, as in all the other works of man, there should be absent the completeness and faultlessness that characterise the smallest, as well as the mightiest, productions of the great Creator. How few, alluding to the offspring of their genius, would dare to say in the words of Wren's epitaph in St. Paul's!—

'Si monumentum quæris, circumspice.'

Here the marvellous effect is slightly marred by the ends of the transept, which are bare and devoid of the ornamentation so richly lavished elsewhere, so much so that they have an unfinished appearance. The position of the

choir in the centre of the church has also been thought to interfere with the harmonious effect of the whole by blocking up the centre portion; but this, though undoubtedly an architectural fault, seems to be here, as elsewhere, a necessity for the performance of Divine Service.

What struck me as another eyesore was the narrow passage across the transept, from the choir to the high altar, for the clergy to pass by, which is fenced in by low, common, wooden rails. This blemish is certainly removable at any moment, but in the meantime it looks contemptible amidst the majestic, vaulted aisles around.

Yet, taken as a whole, the Cathedral is a structure such as the eye of man rarely rests upon, so let him be thankful. Well might the Capitular Body say, when they determined on rearing it to replace the mosque of the Emir Yusuff and his son Yakub-al-Mansour, which was turned into a Christian church by Ferdinand and Isabella, that 'they were going to erect a cathedral so large and so beautiful that coming ages would proclaim them mad for having embarked in the undertaking.' Much did I regret not having heard the magnificent organ, said to be more powerful than the famous one at Haarlem; but it was undergoing repairs, and I had to be content with an inferior instrument.

An early appearance is necessary to get into the Capilla Real, or Royal Chapel, where is deposited the actual body of King Ferdinand, almost perfect, in a silver and glazed case, under the altar, as is the body of St. Carlo Borromeo at Milan; it is only shown on rare occasions. The king is dressed in his royal robes, wearing his crown, with his sceptre and sword by his side. Here also is an image of the Virgin decorated with the costliest jewels, that were presented by Queen Isabella, and underneath is the vault of the two sons of the Duke

and Duchess of Montpensier, which is fitted up in a style of magnificence unusual, and generally thought unsuited, for such a gloomy spot. Yet, far from being offensive, the effect is decidedly pleasing, and forms an agreeable contrast to the ordinarily repulsive aspect of the last resting-place of those we love. On the screen over the entrance is a fine carved representation of St. Ferdinand receiving the homage of the conquered Moors.

How humble is the grave of Columbus! It is marked by a plain stone in the floor, bearing the simple inscription, 'Columbus gave a new world to Castile and Léon;' though he was honoured with the funeral of a king, after the cruel manner in which he had been slighted in life.

In the sacristy is a cross made from the first nugget of gold brought over by Columbus, and presented by him to the Cathedral, besides many other beautiful and costly specimens of workmanship in silver and gold.

A Festival was at hand in honour of the Virgin, for which great preparations were being made. The columns and walls of the choir and High Chapel, where separated by the transept, were draped in rich crimson, which reminded me of the grand effect produced thus in the Lombard churches, so finely portrayed by Roberts in his cathedral compositions.

But the distinctive feature of the Festival is, that on this occasion alone, the chorister boys dance in the High Chapel with their caps on, before the Altar, a privilege possessed by no other church.

A tolerably fair gathering were present at High Mass, though not a tithe of what one would expect, and among them were many dainty specimens of the true Andalusian beauty, with her black costume, her black mantilla, her jet black hair, and her blue-black eyes—some of the sleepy, and some of the flashing type. No opportunity was vouchsafed me in Seville of judging of their famed Attic

salt and powers of repartee, but I can vouch for the charm and gracefulness of manner for which they are celebrated.

After surveying these belles, I mounted up to see the bells in the belfry. They are all exposed to the air at the sides, though covered over at the top, and are rung by the most active men and boys I ever beheld. They clung to their bell-ropes like cats, and, swung up in the air by the weight of the ponderous masses, caught in their feet the pillars that supported the roof, and then pushed themselves down. Had they once missed their mark, they would have been shot into boundless space. This happened not long before I was there to one of the boy-ringers, who was flung to a great distance, and picked up in such small fragments that his remains were carried off in a basket.

A rare collection of books is contained in the Columbian Library, presented to the chapter by Fernando Columbus, the second son of the great Christopher. The librarian is a stupid old man in his dotage, and when my guide enquired for some of the most interesting books in the collection, the silly fellow, after a long search, coolly said they must be lost, as he could not find them. The guide told me of a visitor who had abstracted one of the priceless illuminated works, and sold it for an immense sum of money. This mis-called custodian lends books to anyone asking for them, and then forgets all about them, until too late. He went off to another party after handing me what I had enquired for, and never demanded it back when I was giving him his fee; so I might have carried it away, had I been so disposed.

And now for Seville itself, that most charming and interesting of towns, which stands on the left bank of the Guadalquiver.

Hence sailed the fleets of Columbus, Pizarro, and Cortes, to discover and conquer a new world.

It was in Seville, too, that during the wars with Napoleon, Soult raised such exorbitant taxes that the city was nearly ruined. He carried off plunder estimated at six millions of money, besides the Murillos which he took to Paris.

I was delighted with the picture-gallery at the suppressed Church of la Caridad, filled with choice Murillos: —'The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes;' 'The Thirst, or Moses striking the Rock for Water;' the 'San Juan de Dios,' in which the saint is bearing an aged sufferer in his arms to the hospital, assisted by an angel; the 'John the Baptist,' and many other lovely specimens of this charming master. 'The Triumph of Time' is a fine allegorical picture by Leal, Murillo's master, setting forth the empty vanity, and the hollow glory and ambition of life. But Leal's *chef-d'œuvre* is his 'Dead Prelate,' in which the face of the emaciated figure has been half-devoured by rats. When Murillo beheld it, he paid Leal the highest compliment in his power by saying, 'One cannot look at your picture, Leal, without holding one's nose.'

Attached to this church is the Hospital for the sick and infirm, built by Don Miguel de Mañara, the prototype of Don Juan, in expiation of his life of folly and crime, where he devoted himself to the care of the inmates, subjecting himself to the greatest privations, and bewailing his former wickedness. He is buried inside the altar, and on his tomb are inscribed the touching words: —'Here lies the basest and vilest of men.' Formerly his grave was outside the chapel, according to his express desire, 'in order that his body might be trodden under foot by all the world.'

The Alcasar, or Palace of the Moorish kings, has been freed from the whitewash that concealed all the delicate plaster tracery and the rich colouring, and has been

restored to almost its pristine beauty in many parts, at an enormous cost, by the Duke of Montpensier, who inhabited it before he removed to his palace of San Telmo, outside the town. It was formerly of far greater extent, and, together with its gardens, formed a triangle, to which the present Xeres gate of the town was the entrance, and which ran down to the Golden Tower, on the banks of the Guadalquiver.

In part of the Patio de las Banderos, Don Pedro the Cruel held his tribunal of justice, seated on a marble chair, in imitation of the Moorish monarchs.

The Hall of Ambassadors, though inferior to the hall of the same name at the Alhambra, is of great beauty and in the purest Arab style. In this hall Don Pedro the Cruel received the suppliant King Bermejo, or Red King, who had usurped the throne of Ismael II. of Granada, and who came in great magnificence with five hundred Moors for his body guard, bearing with him his rare collection of gems. On seeing these latter, the Spanish king could not resist the temptation of appropriating them, and, assisted by his knights, he two days afterwards murdered the ill-fated Moor. Among the jewels which he seized was the largest ruby in the world, which now adorns the crown of England, having been presented by Don Pedro to the Black Prince after the battle of Navarrete.

In the adjoining chamber the king had his own brother, Don Fadrique, murdered, whom he had treacherously invited to witness a tournament, while he himself looked on at the deed of blood through a lattice window above in his mistress's chamber. Of course, the inevitable blood-stain on the pavement, which commemorates this foul crime, is still to be seen.

The oratory and adjoining rooms had been the carocol, or private apartments of Maria de Padilla, the beautiful

mistress of this blood-thirsty tyrant, and underneath were her baths, used previously by the Moorish Sultanas. Formerly these were not enclosed by walls, but by orange and citron trees. Don Pedro and the gentlemen of his court are said to have been always present while Maria bathed; and it was thought the height of gallantry to compliment her on the beauty of her limbs, and to drink with apparent gusto of the water in which she floated. One refractory courtier having refused to imbibe the precious fluid, the king had him *chasséed* ignominiously from the spot. Maria is buried in the Chapel Royal of the Cathedral, amidst the great personages of her lord and master's house.

In a dark and cool recess off the Patio de las Doncellas, the Sultan and his favourite Sultana took their midday siesta, each on a daïs, at opposite corners of the apartment. Unless His Majesty took timely precautions for keeping the partner of his joys out of the way when the hundred young damsels were annually presented to him close to this spot, his indignant Juno must have made her voice echo terribly through these marble (stuccoed!) halls.

One cannot repress a feeling of disappointment on finding that the wondrously delicate and graceful tracery on the walls and the honeycombed domes of the Alcazar and the Alhambra, are but stucco work. No doubt it is very wrong to think thus, and to betray narrow-minded prejudices, yet so it is. You feel they ought to be marble, and they are not. Why should one wish them to be different from what they are? The work comes up to all one's ideas of the sublime and beautiful, especially when decorated with its pristine gilding and soft colouring, and what more should be desired? This my reason tells me is true, though my feelings will persist in insinuating that what charms my eye so much is after all

only imitation. Why such skilful artists as the Moors employed stucco, instead of marble, is incomprehensible.

What a feast are the priceless works in the picture gallery belonging to the town of Seville! Pictures around by Murillo, Zurbaran, Roelas, and all the great Spanish masters in rich profusion!

The 'Virgin de la Servilleta,' or 'Virgin of the Napkin,' was painted on a napkin for the cook of the convent where Murillo followed his profession, who requested a memento from the great man on his departure. The 'Apotheosis of St. Thomas Aquinas,' by Zurbaran, is also a grand composition. It was carried off by Soult, but restored by the Duke of Wellington.

Strange to say, there is not one picture by Velasquez to be seen here, although Seville was his native city; neither has Alonso Cano a single production of his genius in the collection.

The terra-cotta figure of St. Jerome torturing himself by striking his breast with a stone, the work of Torrigiano, the rival of Michael Angelo, is a striking composition in every sense of the word, and the anatomical development of the body is exceedingly fine.

The collection of the archives of the West Indies and the American continent is highly interesting, and as yet very much an unexplored field. The valuable documents here preserved are looked after very differently from those at the Columbian Library of the Cathedral, for a Government official walks beside each party, and does not allow a volume to be touched without a special order.

The Casa de Pilatos, supposed to be an exact copy of the house of Pontius Pilate at Jerusalem, is a great curiosity. The owner, the Duke of Medina Celi, scarcely ever visits it, and the upper portion of it opening on to a flat roof is inhabited by his man of business, who lives there in clover. The mansion was chiefly built by the

first Marquis of Tarifa, on his return from the Holy Land, in the sixteenth century, and so minute is said to be the imitation of the original, that you are shown the exact spots where Pilate sate in judgment, where Peter denied his Lord, and even where the cock crew!

Here the third Duke of Alcalà, ancestor of the present proprietor, and the Mœcenas of his time, was wont to collect artists and *literati*, to discuss with them questions relating to their pursuits, and Pacheco, the painter, wrote the lives of the most distinguished spirits of these *réunions* and painted their portraits. The portraits, unfortunately, are lost, but a copy of the manuscript remains.

The gardens, cut up by overgrown untrimmed box edgings, and planted with umbrageous orange, lemon, and myrtle trees, are kept in very bad order, like most gardens in Spain. However, they produce delicious oranges, some of which were presented to me by the gardener.

The gigantic Government tobacco factory is worth a visit. Of the four thousand work-people employed in making cigars and cigarettes, the greater part are gipsy women from Triana, with whose appearance I was much disappointed, as they have the reputation of being a beautiful race. Most of them were ordinary-looking, the only distinctive qualification being their dirty-looking, swarthy complexions. They were meanly and dirtily dressed, but they are said to get themselves up uncommonly *chique* for bull-fights and other gala occasions.

Along the Alameda of Cristina on the river bank, past the Tower of Gold to San Telmo, is a charming walk. Don Pedro made the Tower of Gold a prison for his discarded favourites, and it was here that his treasures were hoarded, in charge of his Hebrew confidant, Samuel Leir.

Before the Revolution San Telmo was the residence of

the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier, and is a truly princely palace, where its owners kept up regal state. When I was there they lived in a quiet and unpretending manner, and they were in deep affliction on account of the dangerous illness of their son. The Duchess is said to have suffered great mental anguish at her sister's downfall, and at the part which her husband took in it, though under the rose, and her hair has become grey in consequence. In this mansion are several works of art, and interesting relics of the past. The vistas of orange-trees laden with fruit seem endless, and the produce, amounting to 500*l.* a-year, is all given in charity. Unfortunately the day of my visit was wretchedly wet, and I could not go through the whole of the grounds, but they were shamefully kept, and not laid out with good taste. They say in Seville that the Duke spent so much money in getting up the Revolution that his means are greatly reduced.

By all means should the ruins of Italica, or the ancient Seville of the Romans, be visited. According to Appian, Scipio Africanus founded it on the site of the Iberian Sancios, and collected therein all his wounded soldiers after his campaign against the Carthaginians.

Previous to the Revolution, a small yearly sum was allowed by the Government—wonderful phenomenon in Spain—to excavate the colossal amphitheatre, which is in a tolerably perfect condition, and is highly interesting. The passage round, level with the ground, is cleared out and in excellent order, and so are the *sudarii*, where the gladiators prepared for the arena, and the dens of the wild animals kept for combats. A fine mosaic pavement, formerly preserved in good order by a poor monk, has been lost again. The custodian is an old soldier who had fought in the War of Succession, and was pensioned for his services, but his pittance is not forthcoming, and in

lieu the authorities give him the privilege of picking up what he can make from visitors. He lives in a thorough Robinson-Crusoe-like cottage, with a vine-covered trellis over the space in front, which imparts a welcome shade.

On the top of the hill, between Santo Ponce and Seville, on the way back, excellent Val de peñas is given for a few sous, at a small roadside posada. It is a perfectly natural and pure wine, and well worth tasting.

The town of Seville is, perhaps, the most original in Europe, for the private houses are all built upon the Moorish plan of being shut out by a dead wall from the narrow street, while inside there is a marble-paved court filled with shrubs and flowers, amongst which sparkling fountains play. These picturesque courts are all visible from the outside, through open-worked iron gates, and within them, in summer, sofas, chairs, and tables are placed around. Here the family circle and their friends assemble *al fresco*, to enjoy conversation, music, flirting, love-making, and such like national institutions.

Ere leaving this bewitching city, one last fond lingering look at its lovely Cathedral! I often went to view the superb edifice, and each time felt increasing admiration.

I was much disappointed at not seeing a bull-fight; but these barbarous entertainments do not commence before the spring.

CHAPTER V.

Cordova, once the Rival of Damascus and Bagdad — The matchless Mosque—The Western Mecca—Forest of Columns within — The Mihrab, or Sanctuary — Golden Pulpit of Al Fakem—The Alcazar and its wonderful Gardens no more—Site of the lovely Palace of Azzâhra, the Favourite of Abdur-Rahman-An-Nasr—Hermitages of Valparaiso—Battle-field of Munda, near Montilla—Rocky Gorges of Hoyo, on the way to Malaga—Off for Granada—'Rock of the Lovers' at Antequera —Archidonna—Chestnut Forests—Loja—The Vega—Irrigation—Duke of Wellington's Estate—Santa Fé, where Boabdil surrendered the Keys of Granada to Ferdinand and Isabella — View of Granada and the Sierra Nevada.

By rail to Cordova, that relic of the past! That city of the dead! Once the proud rival of Damascus and Bagdad, now silent and deserted. The Moslem is gone, and with him its 'glory is departed.' Yet has the Moor left behind one grand 'footprint on the sands of time'—his hallowed Mosque, to rescue the favoured city from oblivion and contempt. Well says Victor Hugo:—

Cordoue, aux maisons vielles,
A sa Mosquée, où l'œil se perd dans les merveilles.

Cordova was known to the Phœnicians, and it is mentioned by name by Silius Italicus in his poem on the Second Punic war. But we must pass over the history of Cordova until the middle of the thirteenth century, when Ferdinand entered the city in triumph, and, as at Seville, Granada, and all through Spain, drove out the polished,

wealthy, and industrious Moor, thereby spreading poverty and desolation through the land.

Even the matchless mosque—the finest type in Europe of the true Temple of Islam—he ruined in appearance by tasteless interior additions, carried on until the reign of his grandson Charles V., who angrily exclaimed, when he beheld what had been done:—'I was not aware of this, for had I known you intended to touch the ancient portion, I would not have permitted it. You have built here what could have been built anywhere else, and you have destroyed what was unique in the world.' The unæsthetic spoliators might have retorted with a delicate *tu quoque*, when he himself levelled to the ground the winter palace of the Moors at the Alhambra, to clear a site for the hideous, incongruous, quadrangular building he erected for his residence, but never occupied.

This wondrous Moslem sanctuary, now the Cathedral, and dedicated to the Virgin, was built on the site of the Roman Temple of Janus, as is indicated by an inscription on a Roman milestone, and it replaced a Christian cathedral which stood on the spot before. At first the Moors allowed the Christians to worship in their cathedral, but as the population increased, they were forced to take possession of half of it to be converted into a mosque, and after some time by amicable arrangement they acquired the whole, the Christians receiving liberal payment, and being allowed to rebuild all their other churches.

Abdurhaman I. now commenced the present pile, which he determined should be more splendid than that at Bagdad, and which should be a Western Mecca, pilgrimages to whose shrine should be of equal efficacy with those made to the Tomb of the Prophet: and his ambition was amply gratified. The vast extent, the originality, the simplicity of design, the forest of marble columns, strike the eye with wonder and admiration.

What a dazzling scene must this structure have been when its far loftier roof was glittering with gold and glowing colours, from which thousands of golden and silver lamps were suspended, while rich lacework of stucco, in patterns like the shawls of Cashmere, decorated its walls, and its horseshoe arches were studded with precious stones!

The twelve hundred monoliths of differently-coloured marbles, jasper, agate, and porphyry, which form the columns, came from the ruins of Seville, Tarragona, Nimes, Narbonne, Carthage, and Constantinople, from which latter city the Emperor Leo sent a present of one hundred and forty. Such is the effect of the labyrinthine vistas produced by these masses of pillars, that it has been truly said the church resembles a roofed-in forest.

But the great marvel is the Mihrab or sanctuary, which has fortunately escaped the hands of the destroyer. In this heptagonal recess reposed the copy of the Koran made by Othman, and marked with stains of his blood. It was kept within a box covered with cloth of gold, worked over with precious gems, and it rested on a lectern composed of aloe, and studded with golden nails. The box itself was enclosed inside the famous golden pulpit of Al Hakem II., which was without parallel in the world. It was composed entirely of ivory and of the rarest woods inlaid with precious stones, and in its construction none but gold and silver nails were employed. It cost the fabulous sum of a quarter of a million of money—equal in value to about a million sterling at the present day! It was around the recess wherein this precious relic stood that the Faithful performed their pilgrimages, and the marble flooring has been imperceptibly worn away by the feet of the thousands who have passed. During the feast of the Rhamadan this Mihrab was illuminated by a gigantic chandelier, in which blazed fourteen hundred lights, and

there were several more such in the outer part of the mosque, besides thousands of minor lamps. How lovely must the mosaics on the walls have been in this blaze of light, giving to them all the softness and richness of velvet and of cloth of gold!

The Sunday I went there was the celebration of the Feast of the Virgin, and the cathedral was thronged—a strong contrast to the deserted aisles at Seville.

The Alcazar and its gardens were wonders of art, but are now no more, the only object of interest remaining being the picturesque bridge which was originally constructed by Augustus, but rebuilt by the Caliphs of Cordova. A short distance from the town stood the famous palace of Azzahra, erected by Abdurahman Annasir in honour of Azzahra, his favourite Sultana. This wondrous edifice was constructed of the costliest marbles, jaspers and agates, and was decorated with the most gorgeous magnificence. In the harem were six thousand three hundred women, and they had three hundred baths for their use. The Sultan had a body-guard here of twelve thousand soldiers, and thirteen thousand pounds of meat were consumed daily within the palace. Ten thousand artificers and labourers, whose pay averaged a pound a-day, and three thousand camels, horses, and mules, were constantly employed for several years. The Sultan was so engrossed with the progress of the works, that for three Fridays he neglected to perform his devotions at the mosque, for which omission of duty he was hauled over the coals by the Mahometan clergy, and threatened in public with everlasting flames of torment if he repeated the offence.

Scarcely a vestige now remains above ground of this fairy scene, said by Al Makkari to have cost upwards of fifty-two millions of our money, and to have swallowed up annually a third of the revenues of the State.

Near here, amid rose gardens and forests of pines, chestnuts, and olives, are the hermitages of Valparaiso, where the system of solitary seclusion from the world was introduced by Bishop Hosius from Egypt; but the religious inmates of these lonely cells did not fall into the extremes, recorded by Gibbon, of the Eremites in the African desert, amongst whom young men and virgins proved their powers of continence, and their ability to resist the temptations of the Wicked One, by living together in the bonds of brotherly and sisterly love, yet without sin. In 'Greater Britain' an interesting account is given of a religious sect in America, whose members of both sexes live thus with each other in a state of purity, and the author believes that they are perfectly sincere in acting up to their professions of chastity.

Next day, when starting for Granada, I unluckily took my ticket by the train for Malaga, by the advice of the guide at Seville, having a holy dread of his 'lake' before my eyes if I went by the Bobadilla line. I learned on my journey from a fellow-traveller, who spoke English, and was a most agreeable old gentleman and an inhabitant of Malaga, that my lake friend at Seville had utterly misinformed me, for the Bobadilla route was now the only one, the diligence over the mountains having been discontinued since the opening of the railway. However, as my luggage was registered for Malaga, I determined to take advantage of my ticket there and return to Bobadilla in the morning, in time for the train to Archidonna, on the way to Granada. Passing by Montilla, famous for its Montilla wine, employed to flavour sherries, he pointed out to me the battle-field of Munda, 'the Waterloo of antiquity,' where 'mighty Cæsar' triumphed over the sons of his powerful rival, when on the point of defeat, and became master of the world. The actual spot has been decided by the commis-

sioners appointed by the late Emperor of the French, when writing his 'Life of Cæsar.' My travelling companion was a large shareholder in, and director of, the railway, and felt much disgusted at the small returns, after the enormous outlay caused by the heavy cuttings and tunnels in the rocky district of Hoyo; but, like all speculators, he lived in hope, and had great faith in a mine, that *refugium peccatorum*, which he believed will bring enormous traffic to the line by supplying the south of Spain with coal, which now is imported from England.

He likewise showed me the Genil, or Singilis of the ancients, the river 'that flows fast by' the Alhambra, and the mountain road leading to Teba, where are situated the estates of the ex-Empress of the French. He was most anxious that I should see to advantage, by the clear moonlight, the great difficulties overcome by his company in passing through the wild gorges of the Hoyo, and the romantic pass where the Guadalmedina rushes down through overhanging precipices; and he made me jump about from one side of the carriage to the other to enable me to see them in all their grandeur, as we were whirled past.

On emerging at Allora from this wild scene, we came into the most lovely vale I had ever beheld—like the happy valley of Rasselas — irrigated so as to present the most delicious richness and verdure, and planted with fruit-laden orange-trees, pomegranates, and citrons, fenced with hedge-rows of cypress. Here and there picturesque villas and cottages peeped out, and the surrounding hills were clothed with luxuriant vineyards, which produce the famous Malaga raisins.

Arrived at Malaga, I was delighted to meet my faithful dog Jack, who had come safely round from Cadiz by sea. I afterwards discovered, when in Africa, that I had given myself much unnecessary trouble about him, for

had I known what a good house-dog he is, I would have taken him with me in all my journeyings.

In the morning, after a few hours' rest, I set off at sunrise to catch the Malaga train at the Bobadilla junction. The scenery I had passed through at night was doubly beautiful by daylight, and the clusters of golden fruit on the trees most tempting, especially the windfalls, which lay about in profusion, unheeded.

After I had partaken of an excellent *table-d'hôte* breakfast in the refreshment *buffet* at Bobadilla, where a showy Spanish woman made herself very remarkable and very offensive to all the ladies present by her conduct, the train for Archidonna started.

The first station of importance—the town is not visible from the rail—is Antequera, the Roman Anticaria and the Moorish Antikeyràh, where a few Roman remains are to be seen. A short way from the town the line passes a large rocky height called *La Peña de los Enamorados*, or the 'Rock of the Lovers,' from the romantic circumstance of two faithful lovers, a Spanish knight and a Moorish maiden, having flung themselves from its summit into the yawning abyss beneath, locked in each other's arms, when pursued by the followers of the girl's enraged father. The tale, however, does not record that the outraged parent stood upon the beetling cliff in frenzied agony, calling, like Lord Ullin, on the name of his daughter. This incident is immortalised in Southey's ballad of Leila and Manuel.

At Archidonna the railway terminates, and I screwed up my courage for the passage in a lumbering omnibus through the slough of despond; but nothing of the sort appeared. Still I must own the road was bad—excessively bad; in fact, an aggregation of ruts and boulders, and the omnibus diligences, three in number, were cruelly rough and stiff-springed, so that had any jolted

and battered passenger been afflicted with dislocated bones, they must inevitably have been jerked back into their proper places by the rattling motion produced in the body of the sufferer. Up-hill and down-hill we bumped and thumped, the postilions displaying considerable ingenuity in avoiding the numberless ruts and stones. The road lay through olives and vines, and forests of chestnuts and oaks; across foaming torrents, through which we galloped, dashing up the water in showers of spray; and over wild mountain scenes, where no tree was to be seen. At the summit we passed a long convoy of scowling political prisoners, handcuffed, and escorted by only three gendarmes, who unceremoniously urged them forward.

At length welcome Loja hove in sight, where our martyrdom was to cease. As a pounded and bruised French lady well observed, we had been in a worse plight throughout the journey than St. Catherine, for she was a martyr on only one wheel, whereas we were martyrs on four wheels.

While awaiting the train on the platform, there was a lovely view of the picturesque town of Loja far down in the valley below, crowned by its fine old Moorish castle, and surrounded by fertile gardens of fruit trees and mulberry trees, watered by the dashing waves of the Genil; while the background of the picture was formed by the Periquetes hills. Loja was the Roman Læcivis, and the Moslem Lauxa, and was a cherished haunt of the Moor, who carried out in its valleys, as well as in the Vega of Granada, a most perfect system of irrigation, which, wonderful to relate, is still perpetuated by the lazy Spaniard.

The line runs through the Vega, and it is truly surprising to see with what skill the industrious Moor succeeded in running watercourses so as to obtain a fall

over miles of an apparently level plain. The ingenuity displayed is even more striking than in the plains of Lombardy, where a never-failing supply of water flows down from the eternal glaciers of the Alps, and, trickling through between the rows of corn, gives life to the thirsty land.

In this fertile Vega lies the splendid property bestowed on the 'Iron Duke' for his services to Spain. It is said to bring scarcely any return to the present Duke, owing to gross mismanagement, though they say in Granada that it ought to produce a good five or six thousand a-year.

At a short distance from the railway the town of Santa Fé is passed. It was built in eighty days by Ferdinand and Isabella as a winter quarter for their armies during the memorable siege of Granada. Here was signed the final capitulation of Granada by the unlucky Boabdil, 'El Rey Chico,' who had previously handed over the keys of his town to the victorious conquerors.

The grand snow-clad range of the Sierra Nevada now appears on the right, and in front Granada, lying at the foot of the towering Alhambra; while, alas! for poetry and the manes of the Moslem, our noisy train puffs and snorts into the prosaic terminus.

CHAPTER VI.

The 'Seedy Swells'—The Gate of Judgment—The open Hand —The Alhambra Plateau—View of Granada and the Vega from the Kasbah—Palace of Charles V.—Puerto del Vino—Summer Palace—Court of Myrtles—Murder of Nasr—Court of Lions—Hall of Justice—Works of Art—Vase of the Alhambra—'Hall of the Portraits' of the Moorish Kings—The Sultana Zorayah, the Christian Captive—Murder of the Abencerrages — Newly-discovered Hall of Blasones — Hall of Ambassadors—Former Magnificence—Baths and Chamber of Couches—Lindaraja and Tocador de la Reina, Boudoirs of the Sultanas—Splendid Views—Apartments of Charles V.—The Mesquita—Tower of the Captive—Water Tower—Roman Masonry—Tower of the Siete Suelos—The Alhambra by Moonlight.

LET none indulge the vain expectation that I am going to describe and rush into passionate ecstacies about the wonders and beauties of Granada. Of Seville and Cordova I have spoken freely, because comparatively little is known of them by the public at large beyond their salient point of possessing lovely cathedrals; but who is not familiar with the enchanted precincts of the Alhambra? Who has not dreamed the dream of the happy Moor, cradled in luxury and magnificence, his life gliding smoothly away in the glittering halls of his mountain home?

Bearing these reflections in mind, I shall merely take a touch-and-go canter through the fairy scene, lightly sketching the impressions I received.

Though perchance weary and bone-sore on arrival, halt not in the town beneath, but ascend the steep streets, and through the shady nightingale-harbouring groves above, to one of the capital hotels adjoining the Alhambra, whence, without trouble or fatigue, the palace can at any hour be visited.

The hostelry I patronised was the Hôtel de France, alias the *Siete Suelos*, or 'Seven Storeys,' so called after the tower through the gate of which Boabdil passed to meet his conquerors. But the English and American visitors, following the sound of the words in Spanish, christened the house the Hotel of the 'Seedy Swells,' and turned it into such ridicule that the distracted landlord has now conferred on it its present unromantic cognomen.

It was so late and the night was so dark when I arrived at the 'Seedy Swells,' that it was impossible to see anything with distinctness; therefore, on awaking in the morning, I rushed to my window expecting to behold a sight that would remind me of the days long past. Imagine my amazement and disgust on seeing a little unwashed, unkempt professor in spectacles—'a learned pig,' engaged in writing a literary work on the Alhambra, and evidently one of the 'seedy swells'—seated at the door of the Washington Irving hotel opposite, and amidst an admiring audience, exercising his talents in selling two tomcats and a spiteful dog, with an enormous toy spider at the end of an elastic string, which spread out its long legs and caught their noses when they jumped up after it.

Sic transit gloria mundi.

I started early for the Alhambra, and went in by the principal entrance—the Gate of Judgment. Many of the great untravelled imagine the beautiful courts and

halls with which they are so familiar constitute the entire of 'the Alhambra,' and expect to rush at once '*in medias res*,' finding themselves instantaneously lost in labyrinths of magic magnificence. But this is a most erroneous conclusion. It is, in fact, making the part, by poetical license, stand for the whole. For 'the Alhambra,' or fortress of the Red Towers, extends over a large elevated plateau, which rises abruptly out of deep woody ravines, whereas the summer palace, or 'Alhambra' known to fame, occupies only a small portion of the fortified enclosure. The remainder is covered by the Kasbah, the Emperor Charles V.'s palace, the Church of Santa Maria, the suppressed convent of San Francisco, open spaces, private residences and gardens, towers, and other fortifications and buildings. In the time of the Moors, so numerous were the villas, gardens, and military defences which existed, that when the adjoining height of *El Çampo de los Martires* was joined to it, and the whole space was enclosed within one fortified circuit, it was looked upon as a city, and called Medina Alhamra.

But to return to the Gate of Judgment.

It was here that the Sultans of Granada were wont to hold an *al fresco* court of law, as has always been common in the East, and to dispense justice to their subjects. But the Kadi, or Judge, often represented the Sovereign. Above the outer side of this gate, called in the Arabic inscription over it 'the Gate of the Law,' and 'a Monument of eternal Glory,' is sculptured the open hand, so dear to the Arabs still, as a charm to keep off the evil eye. On the second arch is a sculptured key, symbolical, according to some, of the power claimed by the Prophet to open and shut the gates of heaven; for, say they, in the Koran it is asked—'Did not Allah give him the keys, with the rank of doorkeeper?' But it would seem more probable, judging from its position, that the key alludes

to the tortuous and narrow passages at this spot being the key to the possession of the fortress, because there is an inscription above, saying 'May God make this a protecting bulwark,' and there was a prophecy amongst the Moors that as long as the hand maintained its position outside, the key inside should never fall into the power of the invader.

Emerging from this strong line of defence, the Alhambra is entered. The Al-Hamrà, or Red Towers of the Moors, was so called from the colour of the outer walls, produced by oxide of iron in the tapia-work of which it is built. The large open space in front is the *Plaza de los Algibes*, or Place of the Cisterns, so named from the immense reservoirs: which stretch under the whole of this court, and which are filled by the waters of the Darro carried over the ravine below by an aqueduct.

On the left is the Kasbah, or Moorish citadel of the fortress, from the highest tower of which a splendid view is obtained, across the Darro and the deep wooded ravine it intersects, of the still Moorish-looking town of Granada mapped beneath, having hollow squares filled with fountains and orange trees in the centre of its secluded houses, with shady verandahs running round, painted in gay colours, but without any window or aperture looking towards the outer world.

On one of the towers of this stronghold the maidens of the town and the neighbouring villages assemble on the anniversary of the fall of Granada, for the purpose of ringing the great bell that hangs at the top, which process is considered a certain means of securing a husband to the fair bell-ringers.

On the right lies the hideous unfinished palace of the Emperor Charles V., so utterly out of harmony with the graceful structures around, and raised on the site of the winter palace and harem of the Moors, which were

mercilessly rased to the ground to make room for the tasteless edifice.

Also on the right is situated the *Puerta del Vino*, or Gate of Wine, one of the finest works of the Saracens. It was the entrance gate to the extensive wine stores, now destroyed. The inscription over the arch, in Arabic, says: 'I flee to God for protection from Satan, the pelted with stones.' Was it into the cellar, or out of it, that the Faithful were to flee for protection? These wine cellars are a curious feature in the precincts of the abstemious Moslem, so also are the paintings and sculptures in the summer palace; but in all probability the wine was a royal monopoly, and stored here for exportation to the Christians in the northern parts of Spain.

Passing round the corner of Charles V.'s Tuscan palace, you come to the church of Santa Maria del Alhambra, built by Philip II. on the site of the ancient mosque. The mosque was erected by the Sultan Mohammed Abu Abdallah, who devoted the taxes levied on Christians and Jews to its erection, and sold some large estates to endow it. In Ibn-ul-Kattib's glowing description of its decorations, he says: 'It is ornamented with Mosaic work and exquisite tracery of the most beautiful and intricate patterns, intermixed with silver flowers and graceful arches, supported by innumerable pillars of the finest polished marble.'

And now we behold the wondrous summer-palace—the Hadhira, or Court of the Kalifs—the pearl and glory of the Alhambra.

On ringing a bell at a mean insignificant door down a narrow lane, a government official admits you into the beautiful Court of the Blessing, called also the Court of Myrtles. In the centre of the pavement is a pellucid sheet of water, fed by a sparkling stream. It is filled with countless gold fish, and fringed with myrtle

hedges, from which it takes its name, and on its unruffled bosom are reflected the red walls of the Tower of Comares rising above the roofs round the court. Through this court, by an entrance now blocked up, lay the original and truly regal approach to the palace. The shield of the Moslem Caliphs is carved around, bearing the motto, 'There is no conqueror but God,'—the sahlil, or war cry of the Moors.

In most of the halls and courts of the Alhambra dark deeds of revenge and bloodshed have been perpetrated, and amongst the rest this court is distinguished by its traditional crime. Mohammed III., having heard that his rival, Nasr the Usurper, had died here in an apoplectic fit, was surprised, on arriving at the Alhambra, to find that Nasr had unexpectedly recovered. He, however, had Nasr instantly arrested and placed in close confinement, until he could conveniently be brought back to this court, where he was executed, and his body thrown into the fish pond in the centre, with every mark of contempt.

Of all the objects of attraction in the summer palace, the Court of Lions, with its lion-supported fountain in the midst, is most universally known to fame. The airy lace and filagree work, *percée au jour*, of the structure above, through whose walls the azure sky is seen, gives a peculiar charm to its cloistered sides, and to the delicate and graceful pavilions that adorn either extremity. In short, it is a perfect specimen of the *patio* architecture of its founders, and, as well as many other portions of the palace, has been admirably repaired and restored, with the exception of the roof of the Council Hall of Justice at the south-eastern extremity, the tiles of which are too bright and gaudy, and harmonise badly with the perfect taste everywhere else displayed. Still, it does not follow that they are exaggerations, for the painted tiles in use in the

days of the Moors, being enamelled at the back, and thus uninfluenced by the atmosphere, long retained their freshness and bright colouring.

Around the open Court of Lions are the Council Hall of Justice on the south-east; the Hall of the Abencerrages on the south-west; the Hall of the Shields on the north-west; and the Hall of the Two Sisters on the north-east.

In the Hall of Justice the Sultan himself presided, and gave judgment on the law cases brought before him, a custom universal still in Mahometan countries, and previously amongst the Jews from the days of Solomon. This hall is a long gallery, divided into compartments, which are ornamented more delicately and profusely than any other part of the palace. The back of the central saloon is considered unequalled in the Alhambra, so light, feathery, and dreamy is the gossamer work in which it is enveloped.

But the remarkable speciality here is the delineation of animal life, especially of Man, so strictly prohibited in the Koran by Mahomet, after the example set by the Levitical law, which forbids the Jews to 'make to themselves any graven image.'

More instances of figures being introduced occur on the ceilings of the other divisions of the Hall of Justice, where are depicted lakes: woods: fountains: castles from which damsels issue to receive the homage of mailed knights: maidens held in captivity by wicked enchanters, whom armed champions come to release: women holding couchant lions in chains: and others trying to separate knightly combatants. 'These paintings,' says Owen Jones in his 'Alhambra,' 'are of bright colours, but in flat tints, and were first drawn in outline in a brown colour. They are painted on skins of animals sewn together and nailed to the wooden dome, a fine coat of gypsum forming

the surface to receive the painting. The ornaments on the gold ground are in relief.'

In a small recess off this hall stands the famous vase of the Alhambra, splendidly enamelled and painted, in the best style of Moorish ceramic art, which dates from the beginning of the fourteenth century—the first period of Moorish porcelain manufacture. When discovered, it was full of gold. On this vase several animals are portrayed.

The lions under the fountain in the court outside, are a third illustration of the infringement of the Prophet's injunctions not to make a likeness of anything on earth—an injunction so scrupulously observed in general by his followers; and near the Court of Lions, on a sarcophagus of the Moorish kings, an attack on deer by lions is also sculptured. These curious works of art are chiefly remarkable for the discussion they have given rise to as to whether or not they were productions of the Moslems. Marmol, in his 'War of Granada,' says, that though Mohammed II. built the Alhambra, it was afterwards considerably enlarged by 'ten of his successors, whose portraits may be seen in one of the halls.' The same assertions are made by Argate de Mollinas and other Spanish writers, shortly after the downfall of the Moors; and in the archives of the Alhambra, the Cuarto de los Retratos, or Hall of the Portraits, is named. Now, in the central compartment of this Hall of Justice, there are portraits of ten bearded Moors, who are sitting cross-legged on cushions, with their heads covered up, and their double-edged swords in their hands. Is it not, therefore, almost certain that this is the Hall of the Portraits, and that the paintings above are the likenesses of the Moorish kings? And is it likely that the conquerors would take the trouble of perpetuating the memory of the Mahommedan monarchs? Had they done so, some

of the Spanish writers alluded to would have been sure to record the circumstance.

For my part, I am strongly inclined to agree with my late lamented friend Mr. Ford, who thought it highly probable that Abu Hassan was induced by his favourite Christian Sultana, Zorayah, his black-eyed 'Morning Star,' to gratify her by placing around her the refinements to which she had been accustomed previous to her captivity, and that she introduced some Spanish artists for that purpose. Powerful indeed must have been the spells with which she fascinated the autocrat, when she prevailed upon him to murder all his own offspring by Ayesha, except Boabdil, whom his mother saved by stealth; and also to slaughter the Abencerrages, because they harboured his own son and defended his rights.

The 'Sala de los Blasones,' or Hall of the Shields, is also richly encrusted with decorations, which have only been discovered recently under superincumbent coats of whitewash, and the rich stalactite ornamentation of its roof brought to view on the removal of the ugly ceiling by which it had been hidden. It is probable that this was the banqueting hall of the palace.

The Sala de los Dos Hermanas, or Hall of the Two Sisters, derives its name from two white marble slabs, exactly alike, which form part of the flooring, and are called 'the Two Sisters.' This hall is one of a suite of rooms which formed part of the private apartments of the Sultanas, and in the centre of it stands a marble fountain.

According to Owen Jones, 'nearly five thousand pieces enter into the composition of the wondrous stalactite roof, and though they are mostly plaster strengthened here and there with pieces of reed, no part of the palace is, in the present day, in a more perfect state of preservation.' Around the walls are amorous inscriptions—suited to the

habitation of dark-eyed Houris, most of which are translated in Owen Jones's work.

The remaining hall of this group is the Sala de los Abencerrages, or Hall of the Abencerrages, so called from its having been the scene of the murder of the warlike Abencerrages, or Beni-Serra, who were here sacrificed to gratify the revengeful jealousy of the Sultana Zorayah. Their heads were cut off over the marble fountain in the centre, and the irrepressible blood-stains still remain at the bottom on the spot where the gory heads fell. Along the watercourse of white marble that runs into the fountain in the Court of Lions, the same marks of blood also appear, where the dyed stream trickled down. Some assert that the weak monarch Boabdil caused these brave warriors to be slain, but in his case such a senseless outrage against his true partisans and friends would, in the words of Fouché, have been 'worse than a crime, it would have been a blunder.'

In this square, lofty-domed hall, round which divans and couches were formerly placed, latticed windows enabled the concealed beauties of the harem to see all that happened, and to listen to the soft strains of music below, as I have seen them do in Algeria.

But the largest and most imposing hall in the palace is the Sala de Embajadores, or Hall of Ambassadors, where the Sultans gave audience to distinguished strangers, seated on the royal throne, which was placed opposite the entrance from the ante-sala, or Hall of the Boat—so designated from its shape—round which runs a poem inscribed on the wall, composed in amorous strains of oriental gallantry.

The ceiling of the Hall of Ambassadors is made of alerce, or *arbor-vitæ* wood, selected for its great durability, and it is decorated chiefly in white, blue, and gold, arranged to represent stars, crowns, and other patterns.

From the windows overlooking the glen of the Darro, the balcony on the outside of which was added by Charles V., Ayesha is supposed to have let down her son Boabdil to the friendly Abencerrages. Charles V. is reported to have said, as he leaned out of this window to survey the lovely prospect, 'Ill-fated the man who lost all this!'

The roof of this hall, which is also called the Sala de Comares, beautiful as it is, was only a substitute for the original one of stalactite work, part of which was decorated with mother of pearl, jasper, and porphyry. The floor was of alabaster, and in the centre was an alabaster fountain of icy water from the mountains. This wondrously beautiful hall was erected by the Caliph Ibn-l-Ahmar. It is the loftiest, the largest, and the most magnificent in the Alhambra, and its walls present the appearance of being covered with shawls of delicate guipure lace.

The suites of bath-rooms underground are admirably constructed, and give a good insight into the manners of the Moors. Here are seen the white marble baths of the kings and their harems, with the water apparatus still remaining, and the recesses in which cushions were spread for the luxurious inmates of the palace to recline upon after the bath. In the roof are lumbreras, or openings in the form of stars, to admit light. Round the Cuarto de las Camas, or Chamber of the Couches, runs a gallery, where musicians played and sang, while the royal bathers reposed beneath.

The Mirador de Lindaraja, a boudoir of the sultanas, and its antechamber, possess some fine specimens of arabesque work.

Beneath is the garden of the Lindaraja, with a shell-shaped Arabic fountain in the centre.

From the Tocador de la Reina, or principal boudoir of the Sultanas, a splendid view is gained of the Generalife

on the opposite hill-side, with the Darro beneath, and the snowy ranges of the Sierra Nevada in the distance. It has been decorated with allegorical subjects by the Christian kings, a style which harmonises badly with the rest of the building. In a corner of this small apartment is a marble slab, in which sixteen holes have been pierced, for the purpose of admitting sweet perfumes from beneath while the royal lady was engaged at her toilette—as important a feature in the day's occupations of these secluded fair ones as though, like our modern belles, they were the admired of crowds of beholders, and 'the subjects of all verse.'

In the Mesquita, or Mosque of the Palace, converted into a chapel by Charles V., when he resided in a few small apartments in the Alhambra, the ceiling is still splendid, and repainted in parts by Ferdinand and Isabella. On the right, at the entrance, is the beautiful niche which contained the Koran. Here, as elsewhere all through the Alhambra, are numerous inscriptions, among which occur, 'Be not one of the negligent;' 'The glory is God's,' 'The power is God's,' 'The empire is God's; there is no conqueror but God,' and others similar.

In the gardens formerly attached to the Convent of San Domingo is the royal chamber where the Sultans retired and lived in seclusion during the fast of the Rhamadan. It is now private property, and quite detached from the Summer Palace. The interior is decorated in white, green, and purple, and white lilies abound, covered with golden scrolls.

Besides the towers in the Kasbah already mentioned, there are several along the wooded slopes overhanging the Darro on the west, and the shady glen of the Alhambra gardens on the east, the principal of which are the following:—The Tower of the Infantas, formerly the residence of the Moorish princesses, and beautifully

decorated, in which is the inscription, 'Glory be to our Lord the Sultan Abu Abdillah, the contented with God.'

The Tower of the Captive is supposed to have been the prison of the beautiful Donna Isabel de Solis, whom Abu Hassen afterwards made his favourite Sultana, his beloved Zorayah; or else the spot where the other fair Christian was placed in confinement, whom Abul Walid Ismaël carried away from the harem of Mohammed Abu Ismaël after the siege of Mastos. The internal ornamentation of this tower is also extremely rich, and in the style of the Hall of Ambassadors, and contains an inscription in which the doctrine of the unity of God is opposed to that of the Trinity.

The Water Tower is so called from the aqueduct that here crosses the valley from the high ground on which stands the Generalife, conveying to the Alhambra and its courts and gardens the delicious icy water abstracted from the Darro by watercourses commenced high up in the mountains. This tower is built of square solid stonework, as are likewise the aqueduct and all the ruined buildings around, and they bear every resemblance to Roman workmanship, whereas the walls and towers of every other portion of the fortress, even where less impregnable by nature, are of *chinarro*, or red earth baked in the sun, whose bright colour originated the name of 'Al Hamra' or vermilion towers. As the Romans built the large city of Illiberis in the immediate vicinity, it is highly improbable that they would have neglected to take advantage of such a strong natural fortress as the Alhambra, surrounded on all sides by ravines and difficult approaches.

The last tower I shall allude to is one of high dramatic interest, the Tower of the Siete Suelos, through whose gateway—still existing, though blocked up—unhappy Boabdil, the last of the Moors, rode out to humble him-

self, and to annihilate his dynasty and nation at the feet of the haughty Ferdinand.

The Alhambra by moonlight is a sight never to be forgotten. The bright lights, and deep, deep shadows give wondrous grandeur and solemnity to the airy fabric, and each moment one expects a turbaned Moor or a veiled Sultana to flit across the silent courts.

On roaming through its gorgeous but deserted halls, fully were my preconceived notions realised, and amply were the toils of my pilgrimage repaid. What I beheld seemed like a beautiful poetical dream, some dazzling scene from the Arabian Nights, some palace of Aladdin called into existence by the magical lamp of the Genii, and enveloped like a bride, in folds of the richest lace. Brilliant enamel, and higher up, delicate shawl and lace patterns of raised work deck the highly-ornamented walls, while resplendent gilding and skilfully-harmonised colouring give a soft and subdued richness to the lofty and elaborate domes on high. Among the Moorish remains in Spain it is unrivalled, and nowhere, at any period, has the perfection of its decorations been surpassed. It was indeed a suitable abode for the voluptuous Sultans who ruled so long over the terrestrial paradise of Granada.

Luxury, softness, refinement, and repose are the striking characteristics of this lovely abode of bliss :—

> 'The glaring sunbeams pierce it not,
> Yet it beams with mellowed light,
> As if angels' feet had touched the spot,
> And left it for ever bright.'

CHAPTER VII.

The Generalife—Sword of Boabdil—View of the Alhambra—Boudoir of the Sultanas—Court of Cypresses—Faithlessness and Murder of Zorayah—Site of the Palaces of Alijares and Darlaroca—Dar-el-Oued, or Palace of the River—Vandalism of the French—Subterranean Passages—Funeral of a Spanish Lady—Corpse attired as for a Bridal—Lovely Marble-like Features—City of Granada—Cathedral—Daring of Herman Perez del Pulgar—Capilla de los Reyes—Vault containing the Coffins of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of Crazy Jane.

THE Generalife, a charming summer villa of the Moorish kings, and crowning a hill opposite the Alhambra, is only shown by an order of the agent of the proprietor, who resides at Genoa, and never comes near this lovely spot. The agent consequently is master, and he has shown his power by whitewashing out all the rich decorations that once adorned this fairy palace. When his brother handed me my admission ticket, I could scarcely refrain from expressing my candid opinion of the worthy agent's vandalism in imitating the destroyers of the Alhambra, whose dense coatings of plaster it now takes such labour and skill to remove. However, he showed me the magnificent sword of Boabdil that was of so little service to that feeble monarch in his own cause, besides many other interesting relics of the past, which partly atoned for the fraternal misdemeanors.

This palace is decidedly inferior to the Alhambra, and little remains to justify the enthusiastic encomiums lavished on it by the poets.

The way up is past the built-up gate of the Siete Suelos and the ruins of the stables belonging to the Moorish life-guards, and along an avenue of ancient cypresses, through enclosed gardens watered by murmuring streams.

On entering, a pretty garden lies before you, through which arrowy watercourses run between hedges of yews cut into fanciful shapes, and on the left extends a long colonnade commanding a singularly lovely view of the Alhambra, the city, the Vega, the mountain ranges, and all the charms of the amazing panorama around and below.

The only portion of this enchanted palace which remains at all intact is the Boudoir of the Sultanas, a most charming specimen of arabesque work, the ornamentation on whose walls is thought to resemble the pierced leaves of a lady's fan.

The square Court of the Cypresses, which has a small sheet of bubbling and sparkling water in the centre, surrounded by hedges of roses, is famous for the row of huge cypress trees it contains, which date from the occupation of the Moors. A legend narrates that within a hollow in the largest one the fair Zorayah concealed herself when surprised here with her lover by the fiery Abu Hassen, who dragged her out from her hiding-place and hewed her to pieces on the spot.

Higher up, on the now deserted hill, stood the magnificent Moorish Palace of Alijares, infinitely greater and grander than the Alhambra.

Here also stood the Darlaroca, or Bride's Palace, in the midst of lovely gardens, and towards the mountains the famous aviary in the Dar-el-Oued, or Palace on the River, so called from its proximity to the Genil.

All these latter sumptuous remains, however, are now no more, the French having blown them up in rage and

fury during the Peninsular War, as they also destroyed a large portion of the Alhambra before evacuating Granada.

Descending again from the Generalife, I turned off the road to look at the aqueduct which passes across the narrow gorge which here severs the Alhambra from the hill that slopes up to the Generalife. When examined closely, this work has every appearance of being Roman, so also has the water tower adjoining, both being formed of massive stone-work. Close to the aqueduct is the entrance to a long subterranean passage which I followed for some distance, and which is said to open far away upon the Vega. Probably this may have given rise to Bulwer's description, in 'Leila,' of the underground communication by which the Jewish traitor had access to Boabdil from the city. From the nature of the ground, Bulwer must have exercised considerable poetical license in his description, for no way could well be made under the Darro to the city beyond.

Passing by some men at the Hotel Washington Irving, who were milking goats between their hind legs into a pail held behind the animals, I was descending through the dark shady groves of the Alhambra, when I beheld a *cortège* advancing at a rapid pace up the steep ascent, preceded and surrounded by men bearing lighted flambeaux, which shed around a 'sickly glare' through the 'verdant light' of the forest. My guide informed me it was a funeral, and thinking it was advancing towards me, I did not hurry on to meet it. When it reached the Fuente de los tres Picas, however, a large fountain in the main avenue where the three roads branch off for the Gate of Judgment, for the town, and for the Cuesta de las Cruces, it turned sharply up the branch avenue to the right, leading to the latter road, and I had to run hard to overtake it before it disappeared over the hill. But I was well repaid for my exertions on coming up with this

rapid-paced funeral party, for one of the most extraordinary sights presented itself that I have ever beheld.

It was the funeral of a young unmarried Spanish lady. First came a man, in front of the torch bearers, carrying on his shoulders a slender and common deal coffin, which my guide told me was for the interment of the deceased. After him followed a low, open hearse, with a dome-shaped canopy, drawn by one small horse. In the centre of the canopy was a garland of white roses, from which floated long streamers of white ribbon held with one hand by young men, relations and friends of the family, who wore white scarfs and gloves, and in their other hands carried thick, lighted wax candles. They walked on each side of the hearse, bearing their flambeaux aloft. The whole canopy was richly adorned with festoons of lovely flowers, and looked bright, gay and joyous,

Beneath this graceful canopy lay, what I believed to be a waxwork representation of the dead, with the head resting on a pillow edged with rich lace—a mode of ornament so common in Spain. In a moment I perceived that no work of art could imitate nature so truly, and the dreadful truth burst on me that this was actually the corpse of the unfortunate but lovely girl, exposed thus to the gaze of the vulgar, and taking a long journey to her last home.

There she lay 'in the pride of youth and beauty,' attired to all appearance as though for her bridal morn, with a 'wreath of orange blossoms' and jasmine 'upon her snowy brow.' She wore a white muslin dress with a sash of broad white ribbon round her waist, and on her tiny feet were white satin boots, her hair being dressed in the newest Parisian fashion.

A cross was suspended from a gold chain which hung round her neck, and on her breast lay a bouquet of choice and fragrant flowers between her folded hands.

Snowy, forsooth, was her cold and placid brow, and a sweet smile of peace and resignation reigned over her calm and delicate features. What loveliness, what innocence, what goodness were portrayed on that marble face! Poor young thing! How horrible it was to see one, who a few days before had been in the enjoyment of health and strength, thus bumped and jerked about, as the hearse passed over the inequalities in the road.

Would that I had followed the procession on to the cemetery, for I should have beheld the most marvellous, but most revolting, sight that could take place in a Christian country! I heard afterwards from several authorities that when the body reaches the side of the grave, the etiquette is for the friends and relations to retire and allow the low class of gipsies, who attend for the occasion, to strip everything off the wretched remains of humanity, when a shameful fight and scuffle invariably ensue over the subdivision of the spoil. As soon as these harpies have finished their wrangle, the poor denuded body is stuffed into its wretched shell coffin and hurriedly covered up without further ceremony.

When I re-entered the Alhambra gardens, which I had quitted to follow the funeral procession, men were climbing up to the very tops of the lofty elms like monkeys, and sawing off large boughs, that fell to the ground with a loud crash. This spare timber was their perquisite, so they lopped away mercilessly, to the discomfiture of the shade-seeking loungers in summer.

On my way down my guide told me that what I had witnessed was the ordinary mode of interment for unmarried girls, and that young men, too, were carried to the grave, similarly exposed to public view.

Passing under a large gateway, formerly one of the entrances to the Medina Alhambra, or town of the Al-

hambra, described above, I entered the steep streets of the city of Granada.

Here, descending towards the cathedral, are the vast bazaars of the Moors, still richly ornamented with stucco-work, but deserted, where they carried on their extensive trade in the silk grown in the Vega, before the stupid and suicidal Spaniards drove these industrious citizens out of their country.

The fine old cathedral, built on the site of the Great Mosque of Granada, and intended by its architect to be inferior to no church in the world, 'except perhaps St. Peter's,' contains many objects of interest.

There are inside some fine pictures by Giuseppe Ribera and Alonso Cano, also portraits of Ferdinand and Isabella by Rincon, which are said to be faithful likenesses of those sovereigns.

In the Capilla de la Antigua the image on the altar is the actual one which the Catholic monarchs used in the camp during the memorable siege.

The chapel of the Sagrario, formerly the Spanish church of Granada, until the lofty cathedral was built above it, and as it were swallowed it up, is interesting, as it occupies the exact site of the old Moorish mosque whose naves were supported by pillars of jasper, and ornamented with a profusion of rich carving. It was on the door of this mosque, next the present Chapel Royal, that a tablet was nailed up during the siege, by Herman Perez del Pulgar, on which were inscribed the words 'Ave Maria.' To perform this achievement, he boldly entered the town alone, and departed afterwards in safety, amid the hearty acclamations of the Moors, who nobly forgave the insult to their Faith, in admiration of the courage and daring displayed by the Christian champion.

But the great feature of the cathedral is the Capilla

de las Reyes, or Chapel Royal, the burial place of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of Philip and Juana.

Round the cornice runs an inscription recording the conquests of the two former sovereigns, and how 'they crushed heresy, expelled the Moors and Jews from these realms, and reformed religion.'

Most interesting bassi-relievi represent the surrender of Granada. Queen Isabella is riding on a white palfrey, between the king and Cardinal Mendoza, who is mounted on a mule, while Boabdil advances on foot, and presents the keys of the city.

The centre of this chapel is occupied by the lovely and highly-artistic sepulchral monuments of the four sovereigns, in alabaster, laden with ornamental decorations and statuettes, a rare triumph of art.

In the small vault beneath rest the four plain coffins of these royal personages, with merely the initial letters of the occupant's name on each. Here lies the proud conquering Ferdinand and his faithful Isabella, whom Bacon describes as 'an honour to her sex, and the corner-stone of the greatness of Spain.' Beside them are placed the remains of crazy Jane and of her beloved husband, from whose corpse she refused to part in life, but with whom she now rests in peace at last. The coffin in which he lies is the same which she took everywhere with her, and so often watered with her fond and passionate tears.

In the sacristy are exhibited the sword and sceptre of Ferdinand, as well as the silver-gilt crown and missal of his Queen, together with some embroidery which she worked with her own hands.

CHAPTER VIII.

Gipsy Caves—Roman City of Illiberis—Cartuja—Pictures of Revolting Tortures inflicted by British Heretics—Fine Swine—Lunatic Asylum—Furiosos—Admirable Nuns' School—Blind Guitar Player—Gipsy Ball—Riotous Behaviour of the young Gipsy Ladies under the Influence of Liqueur—Last Look at the Alhambra—The Alameda on the Banks of the Genil—El Sospiro del Moro—Cruel Taunts of Ayesha.

On the steep hill facing the Alhambra, on the opposite side of the Darro, is situated the gipsy settlement. These house-abhorring vagrants have compromised their abjection to fixity of tenure, by scooping out underground residences for themselves in the rocks, and these well repay the trouble of a visit. I entered three of the cool, cavernous abodes, and found them clean and neat to a degree, reminding me of those in the cliffs along the seashore at Marsden Rocks, in the county of Durham, and far superior to those formerly at the eastward of Hastings.

The high hill above these grottoes is covered with hundreds of prickly-pear bushes, or cactus, the fruit of which the gipsies sell for a large price. But most of them earn their livelihood by other means; the women spin outside the doors of their cellar dwellings, and the men follow various trades. One favourite occupation, naturally enough for the gipsy race, is poaching. Along the roadside were many decoy red-legged partridges in baskets, which are taken by their masters to the cultivated

parts of the Vega, to entice their brethren within reach of shot and net.

This gipsy settlement is outside the city; a little beyond it, and higher up the Darro, are the remains of the old town walls, but they are of such massive workmanship that they seem to bear the impress of Roman origin. The important city of Illiberis, built by the Phœnicians, and enlarged by the Romans, and which was the former capital of Granada under the latter people, stood somewhere in this locality, and one would naturally think in this very spot, as it is so strong a position. I could not gain any information on the subject from the guides, but some persons pretend that the site of Illiberis is under the Sierra Elvira, at some distance from Granada.

The church of the Cartuja, once a Carthusian convent, is considered a lion here, but in reality there is little to see. The only attractions are a painted cross, so well represented that the birds are said to be often deceived by it, and to try to perch on what they think is a block of wood. There is also a long series of paintings round the old cloisters, in which Carthusian monks are represented as undergoing frightful and revolting tortures at the hands of rejoicing and exultant British heretics. Thinking the pictures crude and out of drawing, I told my guide I did not like them, and he, attributing my disapproval to annoyance at being found out, shrugged his shoulders, and slyly said he could well understand my dislike to see these barbarities of my countrymen 'illustrated.'

Returning to visit the lunatic asylum at the Plaza del Triunfo, near the gate of Elvira, I passed a herd of many swine feeding upon corn laid on the bare ground before them, and they were so heavy and lazy that they would not rise, but ate as they lay. They were prodigiously fat certainly, and a great contrast to every other

Spanish animal. What an insult to the memory of the Moor to allow the abhorred swinish tribe to wander through his beloved haunts!

The lunatic asylum is a portion of the Hospital Real, or Royal Hospital. I was most agreeably surprised to see, not only this department, but the whole of the hospital, so well managed. Everywhere scrupulous cleanliness was observed, and great kindness shown to the patients, except in the bad cases; but there was an entire absence of any endeavour to amuse and occupy the minds of the patients, as in our asylums. There were some dreadful specimens of 'furiosos,' or dangerous lunatics, and these were confined in small cells, with iron gratings above the doors for ventilation. In one of them the wretched inmate had climbed up over the door, where he hung like a monkey, grinning and chattering through the iron bars. When the keeper advanced to the door of his cell, the miserable creature insulted him in the most outrageous but most practical manner, which incensed the keeper to such a degree that he called for a big stick, and, flinging open the prison door, he ordered the unfortunate madman to come down and be flagellated. For a long time the shivering and jabbering maniac would not descend, but at length he sprang into the remotest corner of the cell, and crouched down amongst the straw litter, with his brown blanket wrapped round him—his only covering by night and by day—clasping his hands and humbly imploring mercy and forgiveness.

When I went out into the court a crowd of patients collected round me for coppers to buy tobacco, amongst them one fellow having the most comical face I ever set eyes on. His grimaces amused me so much that I gave him double what the others got, on which he burst into alternate fits of hysterical laughter and devout prayers for my welfare.

In another wing of the hospital is a girls' school, admirably managed by the nuns. The worthy ladies, who were most gentle and kind to the little children, and apparently much beloved by them, put them through a long and most gratifying examination, after which I was taken to the Superioress, who displayed a large case of lovely lace, all worked by the children, of which I gladly purchased a specimen.

The first evening I passed at the 'Seedy Swells,' my guide introduced a guitar player, who was quite blind, but who produced the most lovely tones I had ever heard from that instrument. He played not only Italian operatic airs, but any other kind of music I asked for, with so much pathos and spirit that I was quite fascinated, and continued calling for more pieces, until he diplomatically reminded me that I was trespassing by touching his fingers and wincing, as though from pain.

The next night some visitors joined me in giving a gipsy ball, my guide having undertaken to produce several gipsy men and women, under the command of their 'captain' or king, to perform the ancient dances of Cadiz, handed down from the time the Gaditanian girls so charmed the masters of the world at Rome.

The large room at the hotel was decorated and lighted up for the entertainment, and as soon as we had been ushered to our places in regal style the dances commenced. Only the three men wore the Spanish costume; the girls were well dressed, however, and had their hair tastefully done up with ribbons and flowers. Their figures were most lithe and graceful, and they started off with great spirit to the music of the guitar, which was played by their captain. Their performances were immensely superior to those of the Jewish girls I saw when at Tangiers. One of the men also displayed much dexterity at the beginning, but the principal fellow made

much of himself, and waited to be pressed by the young ladies. He was the heir presumptive to the gipsy throne, having been elected to succeed the captain, and he evidently, in consequence, thought himself something out of the common run. However, after a great deal of coaxing from the girls and many remonstrances from the captain, he condescended to commence, and soon warmed up to his work so well that his chief was obliged to stop him, and explain to him that the *Ingleses* did not approve of the exhibitions in which he and the young ladies were indulging; in short, that although, according to Palmerston, we were Roman citizens, we, unlike our Roman forefathers, did not care to live up to all the privileges of our ancestors.

Between the dances the captain sang some capital songs, accompanying himself on the guitar; one of them, the *diligence* song, in which he imitated the neighing of horses, barking of dogs, ejaculations of *postilions*, and all other noises incidental to the road, was a great success.

The men took copious libations of Val de Penas, but the ladies went in for quality rather than quantity, and partook largely of a powerful liqueur made from raisins. After sundry potations the whole party waxed exceedingly lively, and it required all the authority of the chief to keep them in order.

One of the most elegant performances was the way in which the girls saluted us, to thank us for the entertainment. At intervals, in one of their dances, the four filed past us in a half-gliding, half-swimming movement, and as they went by they put their arms gracefully round us, when each gentleman was expected to reciprocate by putting his arm round the fair dancer's waist.

Soon the bright illusion was dispelled, for they came round to beg for extra money, although it had been expressly arranged with the captain that the sum we

stipulated for was to cover every charge; so, finding the young ladies were becoming noisy and troublesome, we beat a retreat, and brought the proceedings to an abrupt termination.

One more look at the Alhambra before my departure. Would that I had not gone! During my former visits my whole attention had been rivetted and concentrated on the marvellous ornamentation and elegance of the fairy scene; now, unluckily, I looked around with a less prejudiced and more truth-eliciting eye, and perceived the small proportions of those lovely courts and halls which had so fascinated me before. I found that the famous Hall of Ambassadors, though of great height, is only thirty-seven feet square, and every other part is small in the same ratio; in fact, the Alhambra is a miniature—a beauteous one, certainly, but still only a miniature.

With a sorrowing heart I turned away, for I should have liked to retain my first impressions, that I might have dreamed of the Alhambra for the rest of my life as the perfection of art.

A drive to the Alameda, with its badly-kept flower gardens, along the banks of the Genil, and its splendid view of the Sierra Nevada, and a glance at the distant spot called 'El Sospiro del Moro,' or Sigh of the Moor, where the unlucky Boabdil turned in tears on his way to embark for Africa at the harbour of Motril, across the Alpujarres, that he might take a last fond look at those beloved regions, and listen to the cruel taunts of his mother Ayesha, reproaching him because he wept for what he had not the manly courage to retain, and my long-sighed-for pilgrimage to Granada was over.

CHAPTER IX.

Raisin-making at Malaga—Ungentlemanlike Behaviour of an English Officer—Climate delightful—Antiquity of the City—Treachery of Ferdinand and Isabella to the conquered Moorish Inhabitants—Mosque like a filigree Jewel—Xarab-al-Malaki—The Gibralfero—View of Malaga from the Sea.

When I entered the train to depart, I found myself *vis-à-vis* to the French lady who had endured such tortures in the diligence, en route to Granada. Her husband was a highly amusing companion, and was well up in everything connected with the Moorish occupation of Spain. We both agreed that even if Boabdil, instead of being a coward, had been as brave as a lion, he could not have averted the downfall of his dynasty and race, for the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella had united in one the whole of Christian Spain, while the Moors were broken up by internal dissensions, and their crumbling Empire was but awaiting the final blow, when the conqueror appeared.

When paying for my table d'hôte dinner at the railway refreshment room at Bobadilla, the waiter made two attempts to cheat me: first by pretending that a doubloon, or Spanish piece of five duros, equal to a guinea of our money, which I gave him, was a Napoleon; and secondly, by passing off a bad peseta on me. In the latter attempt he was successful, but I got rid of it again at the buffet when purchasing something I wanted. The proprietor of the room refused at first to accept it, but when I told him

that his own waiter had given it to me, he took it without another murmur—merely observing that 'they were always passing bad coin off on him.'

Here I again met the Spanish gentleman from Cordova, who accompanied me to Malaga on my former journey. He expressed great pleasure at travelling with me once more on the same road, as he would point out to me his vineyards where he made raisins, which the darkness had rendered impossible during the former journey.

He bore a strong resemblance to the late Daniel O'Connell, which I told him to his great delight, as he was very proud of being like a public man of whom he had heard and read so much.

His vineyards ran along a hill-side parallel to the railway and close to Malaga. He showed me the large wooden frames, with a dip to the south, on which the grapes are spread out in the sun to be dried into raisins, and beneath these frames are hollow spaces into which they can be emptied on the approach of rain. The whole affair is like a gigantic melon frame, with wood on the top instead of glass.

On arriving at the hotel at Malaga, I made a most annoying discovery. The *commissionaire* coolly informed me that he had taken my setter Jack out to hunt without my permission, and seemed to pride himself much on having shown so much solicitude to give him exercise. After some cross-examination, I discovered that he had been into the woods and hunted the dog there—ground utterly unfitted for game dogs to work on, as they are trained to beat over the open only under one's eye. The fellow was perfectly astounded at my rebuking him, and urged in his defence that there was an English military officer out shooting with him, who he thought knew all about sporting matters, and in that conclusion he was correct, for Captain V. must have well known that he

was guilty of an ungentlemanlike action in hunting my dog the way he did.

My next vexation was to find that, unfortunately, I had so concealed my letter of indication from my bankers among my things that I could not find it, and their correspondents, in consequence, refused to cash a letter of credit for me. This was a dreadful annoyance, for the Spanish steamer for Marseilles was in the harbour ready to sail the next day. In this dilemma I appealed to the tender mercies of our worthy consul, who, although I was personally unknown to him, kindly got his bankers to give me the money I wanted.

I found the climate of Malaga most delightful, dry, and exhilarating; and after subsequently visiting all the other health stations of the Mediterranean, my conviction is that none of them can approach Malaga for salubrity. Still, the north-westerly winds are said to be trying, and care must be taken here, as elsewhere along the shores of the Mediterranean, to avoid exposure to the deadly cold dews at sunset.

Malaga is mentioned by Strabo as one of the earliest Phœnician settlements in Spain, and, as well as Cadiz, was famous for its exportation of salt fish. It has also always been celebrated for its trade in fruit.

It was besieged by Ferdinand and Isabella, and submitted after a gallant defence. The wretched Moorish inhabitants were required to pay a ransom of thirty dollars each, and those who could not raise so much were brutally condemned to slavery, in defiance of the pledge given that their lives and liberty should be safe. However, Isabella atoned for these abominable treacheries by presenting to the jasper-and-marble-pillared mosque, which was like a filigree jewel, a bit of the True Cross and two bells, after it had been purified and converted into a Catholic church.

The Arabian historians were loud in their praises of this favoured spot, and Al-Makkari calls it 'the centre part of the Moorish necklace of cities in Spain, a land of Paradise, the polar star, the diadem of the moon, the forehead of a bewitching beauty unveiled,' and lavishes on it other flowery encomiums which could only occur to an Oriental imagination.

The same historian, speaking of the famous Malaga wine, or *Xaráb-Al-Malaki*, relates how a dying Moor, when urged by the priest to pray to God, confined his devotions to exclaiming:—'Oh Lord! of all things which Thou hast in Paradise I only ask for two. Grant me to drink for ever of the Xaráb-Al-Malaki and the Zebibi of Seville.' For a wine-abjuring Mahometan that was a modest dying request. He appears to have altogether forgotten about the Houris, or perhaps he thought the Prophet had those bright beings in readiness for him, and that it was superfluous to allude to the subject.

The view from the Gibralfero, a high fortress which is the key to Granada from the sea, well repays the slight trouble of ascending. It was a strong position in the time of the Phœnicians, the Romans, and the Moors. The foundations of the walls are supposed to be Phœnician.

On enquiring at the office of the 'Guadiana' how much the passage money was to Marseilles, I expressed my astonishment in strong terms at the charge, for it was exorbitant. The chef de bureau, however, refused to abate a single real, thinking that every Englishman was naturally predestined to be victimised. I therefore went to make enquiries on board the 'Darro,' a steamer belonging to another Spanish company on which I could have sailed for half the amount, but there were no berths, and I should have had to sleep on a sofa couch. This mild martyrdom I shrank from, having once rashly tried the

experiment on board a Rhine boat from Rotterdam to Cologne before the days of railways. There was then no alternative but to take my passage in the 'Guadiana,' and right glad I was at my choice during the voyage, for I found the captain and saloon passengers unexceptionable, and I had every comfort and luxury on board. I experienced some difficulty in locating my dog Jack, but the captain made a capital place forward for him, and he was comfortably housed in a small covered space under the forecastle.

There was a lovely view of Malaga from the sea, as we steamed away from this delightful spot.

CHAPTER X.

Unpopularity of the Duke and Duchess de Montpensier—Almeria—Old Moorish Fortress—Slipshod Sentry—Stonework of Citadel ancient—Ropes made of Sparto Grass—Cartagena—Docks—Old Castle and Lighthouse—Lead Mines—Curious Boats—Sandals worn by Sailors—Beautiful Bay—Republican Passengers—Valencia, the City of the Cid—Bad Road and bad Conveyance—Richness and Irrigation of the Huerta—Valencia a Phœnician and Roman City—Defeat of the Moors at the Sight of the Cid's dead Body on his Charger Babieca—Cathedral—Interesting Relics—A dunning Shoemaker painted as Judas Iscariot—Picture Gallery—Murviedro, on the Site of Saguntum—Perfect Remains of the Roman Theatre.

AMONGST the passengers was a most gentlemanly young officer of the Spanish navy, who spoke French perfectly. We had several conversations about the state of affairs in his country, and he confirmed what I had previously heard of the feeling against the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier, but more especially the latter. He said the whole of the navy were favourable to the young Prince of the Asturias, and felt their duty led them to assist in placing him on the throne. He also confirmed the report I had heard that the Duke of Montpensier had the game in his hands at the moment of Queen Isabella's flight, if he had followed the Napoleonic principle of '*Frappez vite et frappez fort*;' but like Cæsar, when offered the crown, he lost his chance of success by pretended modesty, and by ill-feigned reluctance to grasp the coveted prize.

Our first halting-place was Almeria, called by the Moors Al-Mariyat. It is situated at the end of a deep bay, and occupies a most commanding and picturesque position. The high hill at the back of the town is crowned by extensive fortifications—the remains of a fine old Moorish fortress, constructed of the prevailing red-baked clay. The outer defences are in nearly a perfect state, but most of the buildings in the interior have gone to decay.

As soon as I could get on shore, I ascended through the terraced streets of the town to the entrance of the castle, but was stopped by the sentry at the gate, who was got up in free-and-easy style with the sandalled shoes of the country upon his bare feet, and who stated that admission was impossible without an order from the Governor at the other end of the town. Being pressed for time and having strong faith in the power of a peseta, I opened negotiations which instantly resulted in his calling out the guard, consisting of one other buskin-footed comrade, whom he despatched to the Commandant for authority to let me pass. The stockingless mercenary soon returned with permission, and conducted me up the steep and narrow way that led to the top. We came out on a large plateau, on the right of which was a battery, with only a few guns in it, commanding the town and roadstead, and on the left there was rising ground which sloped up towards the citadel. All over this open space were extensive ruins of constructions both under and above ground, and all the walls were loopholed or pierced with embrasures.

The citadel on the summit was of quite different work from the rest of the fortress, being of solid stone-work. The stones were all square and rough hewn, and had the appearance of being Roman, certainly long anterior to the time of the Moors. The towers were square and

massive, and the entrance, instead of being flush with the outer wall, was at the side of a projecting tower, so that one entered at a right angle. The view from the highest tower was very fine, and embraced several large mountainous heights round the town, where ancient mines have been re-opened and are now being worked.

At the back of the fortress there is a deep valley, on the opposite side of which stands another fine old Moorish fortification with similar red walls. The two castles are connected by a high embrasured wall with a walk along the top, part of the former town fortifications. The Commandant turned out to be only a serjeant, and there was but one soldier with him, so that the entire garrison consisted of only four men.

Along the beach were extensive rope walks where grass rope was made, a large quantity of which was shipped on board our vessel for exportation. It seems to be very strong, and is said to be manufactured from a kind of bent called sparto grass.

The agent of the vessel came on board with his young bride of only sixteen, and we were all greatly amused at the innocent way in which the child ran about the ship, investigating every part and making highly original remarks at which none laughed more heartily than the husband. However, when some of the passengers paid her compliments in French, which she spoke well, but which he could not understand, his enjoyment seemed considerably lessened, and he proposed a return to the shore. He was most pressing in his invitation that I should accompany him to see the country and wait until the next steamer, offering to place all he possessed at my disposal, but I knew too well that it was only a bit of braggadocio, and that if I had availed myself of his proffered hospitality, I should have been considered an unwarrantable intruder.

Cartagena was the next spot the steamer touched at—the principal naval station of the Spaniards on the Mediterranean, as Vigo is on the Atlantic seaboard.

Five docks exist there still, but they are sadly empty of shipping.

On the hill surmounting the centre of the town are the dilapidated ruins of a fine old castle, which, sad to say, is used as a quarry. Piles of large square stones are heaped up ready to be taken down into the town for building purposes, many of them covered with carvings, rude certainly, but highly interesting from their great antiquity; they will soon be plastered over by the trowel of the ruthless builder. These ruins are either Roman or Carthaginian, and occupy a considerable area.

On another eminence close by stands the shell of a most curious old lighthouse, up the interior of which there is just room for a man to climb, and in the walls are holes where the woodwork was inserted by which the ascent was made. At first I thought there must have been a spiral staircase, but there was no space for it. This singular erection was about five-and-twenty or thirty feet in height.

At the back of the town is the site of the lake of Almajar, whose exhalations formerly made the town so unhealthy, but which is now drained nearly dry, although here and there some humid portions remain. Beyond this a vast plain extends, covered with farms and villas to the foot of the distant hills near Murcia.

All round the harbour the hills are covered with rich mines in full work, from which large quantities of minerals are exported. Our vessel took a large shipment of lead on board, as we had previously done at Almeria. The *scoriæ* of the mines worked by the ancients yield a large proportion of ore, and well repay working up again.

This land-locked harbour, with its narrow opening to

the sea, is a most original and antique looking spot, carrying back the thoughts to the days of the Carthaginians.

The boats at Cartagena, with their high prows gaily painted in fancy patterns and devices, and rowed by men shod with the ancient sandal, complete the illusion, and almost make an enthusiastic beholder imagine himself amongst the old Carthaginian settlers and miners.

The lofty hills around the bay looked highly picturesque, being chiefly crowned by Moorish fortresses, and the reflection of the rich landscape in the unrippled shining water was lovely.

Here we took in several passengers who had arrived by railway, amongst them a number of Republicans just released from gaol, and who were on their way to Barcelona—that hot-bed and centre of republicanism. Many of them had villanous countenances, and evidently belonged to the very dregs of society.

The young Spanish officer now left us, and was replaced by another equally agreeable; but we found him extremely bitter against the republican party, and he was so much enraged at the language of a democrat who talked unlimited revolution and communism in the cabin with the unreasoning vehemence of a lunatic, that he would not come down to take his meals until we had all finished.

Our steamer passed Alicante without stopping, which I regretted, as I wished to visit its suburb of Elche, so highly prized now as a health station, and so famous for its palm trees. It is supposed to have been the Illice of the Romans.

Valencia, the city of the Cid, was the next port at which we touched. The port is two or three miles from the town, to which it is joined by a railway. As a train was not to start at once, I decided on going by road to save time; but I made a bad hit, for the only equipage to

be had was a springless sort of covered cart with the driver sitting on the shaft, and, as the road consisted of a succession of mounds and ruts, the man would not go out of a snail's pace. The country I drove through—the Huerta which encircles the city—is extremely rich, teeming with orange, citron, flax, carob-tree, mulberry and palms. The system of irrigation in this rich plain dates from the time of the Moors, as does the Tribunal de las Aguas, an elected tribunal for arranging all matters connected with the water supply of the district.

Many of the cottages on the road side were thatched, and reminded me of 'Old Ireland.'

Valencia is supposed to have been a Phœnician colony, and Livy says, was granted by Junius Brutus to three veterans of Viriatus. It was subsequently destroyed by Pompey, but rebuilt by Sertorius. In the beginning of the fifth century the Goths took it, from whom the Arabs conquered it in the beginning of the eighth century. The Cid captured it from the Moors at the end of the eleventh century, and reigned here, a cruel despot, until his death. On his decease, the Berber princes formed a league and marched against the city, which could not hold out against them; but the garrison cut their way through the besieging host by placing the dead body of their hero on his favourite charger Babieca, at the sight of which the Mahommedans became so terrified that they opened their ranks and let the Christians pass through unharmed.

Irreparable injury was done here by the senseless expulsion of the industrious Moors by the Christians.

The fine old cathedral is built on the site of the Moorish mosque, which in its turn replaced the Roman temple of Diana, erected by the Scipios.

In the Relicario is a chalice, said to be the identical one used at the Last Supper; also some fine embroideries

in cloth of gold, bought at the sale of Catholic ornaments in St. Paul's, London. But the most interesting object in the Reliquary is a small female figure carved in wood, which has every appearance of being an ancient heathen idol. The priest in attendance told me it was of the very highest antiquity, and it certainly resembles exactly the idols represented on the ancient sculptures of Syria.

There are some fine paintings in the church of the Patriarch. One of the best is a 'Last Supper' by Ribatta, in which a dunning shoemaker, who grievously tormented the artist, is represented in the foreground as Judas Iscariot. The picture gallery in the town ranks next to those of Madrid and Seville, and contains some fine specimens of the Valencian school, among which are good works of Ribatta, Juanes, Espinosa, Orrente, and other artists. The subject of a picture by Orrente is highly original. It represents St. Dominic being tried for the murder of a man whom he had restored to life, when he is acquitted by the evidence of the man whose life he had saved, but whom he was supposed to have killed.

An hour and a quarter from Valencia is Murviedro, or Mures Veteres, where once stood the Roman city of Saguntum, formerly on the sea, but now three miles distant. Here were made the beautiful red earthenwares called by Martial, Calices Saguntini. The town was originally built by the Greeks of Zante, and it stood a siege by Hannibal, which is amongst the most famous in history, from the obstinacy of the defenders.

The theatre is reckoned the most perfect of its kind in the world, and all the minutest details of internal arrangement are still quite perfect. Much did I regret not being allowed time by the steamer to visit this most interesting monument of the Roman occupation of Spain;

but there is a capital model of the theatre in the picture gallery, which enables one to judge thoroughly of its attractions.

To the south of Valencia is the large lake of Albufera, on which there is excellent duck-shooting.

Steamers leave Valencia for the Balearic Islands, and also for Oran in Algeria. Here we took in another consignment of unwashed and rabid Republicans. One of them soon fell asleep on the deck with his mouth wide open, from which the most tremendous snores issued. My dog Jack apparently mistook him for a bale of goods, and committed some overt act which quickly aroused the sleeper. He had his long knife out in a moment, but was too fatigued to bring it into requisition, so quietly subsided again into his somnolent condition.

CHAPTER XI.

Amphitheatre at Tarragona—Barcelona—Steamer made here in 1543—Fortress of Monjuich—Cathedral—Vilardell slaying the Dragon—Punishment of his vainglorious Pride—Famous Crucifix and Infant Jesus—Nuns cutting off their Noses to preserve their Virtue—Good Opera—Native Prima Donna—Shrine of Montserrat—Murder of Riquilda by the Hermit Guarin—The Hermit turned into a wild Beast and captured by the Count of Barcelona—Guarin miraculously becomes a Man again, and resuscitates Riquilda—Beni-Carlo—New Part of the Town—Washington Irving's Description of Barcelona.

THE little steamer 'Darro,' belonging to the opposition navigation company, and which steadily overtook us wherever we stopped, was to call at Tarragona, while ours, unfortunately, passed by that most ancient and interesting spot. Under the Romans, Tarragona or Tarraco became the capital of Spain, and in the wars between Pompey and Cæsar it sided with the former, but was spared by Cæsar after his victory over his rival. The city was filled with magnificent edifices, amongst which were a fine amphitheatre, upwards of twelve hundred feet long by two hundred and seventy wide, and the palace of Augustus, approached by a large flight of steps from the lower town; but there are few vestiges now remaining, everything having been destroyed by the Goths and the Moors.

In the War of Succession the city was taken by Lord Peterborough, and in 1813 it was captured by Suchet,

although a strong garrison held the place and an English fleet lay in the harbour.

Our next touching place was Barcelona, where we remained a whole day discharging and receiving cargo. The harbour is immense, and was crowded with shipping. Many vessels were coming in and going out, the absence of tide always allowing ingress and egress.

Barcelona is a highly ancient city, supposed to have been founded by Hamilcar in the beginning of the third century.

In the Middle Ages it was famous for its troubadours, and latterly it has been equally distinguished by its republican proclivities.

It was here that Columbus was received by the Catholic princes on his return in the splendid manner so graphically described by Washington Irving, yet there is no record of the circumstance in the archives of the city.

Here, in January 1543, a vessel of two hundred tons was made to be propelled by steam, the description of the machinery corresponding exactly with that of our modern steam-engine. A trial was made before commissioners named by Charles V. and Philip II. which was perfectly successful; but Ravago, the royal secretary, threw cold water upon the hot-water apparatus, and the king decided not to profit by the wonderful invention, although he liberally rewarded the inventor. But with him the secret died, to be revived again in our 'tight little island,' and to raise her to the highest rank of wealth, power, and fame.

Barcelona is a large manufacturing town, without the smoke and other drawbacks of our factory districts. Indeed the air is so pure and healthy, that the city is considered one of the most salubrious spots in the Mediterranean. Above the town stands the imposing fortress of Monjuich, which commands it and the harbour.

This strong position was taken by Lord Peterborough in the reign of Philip V., and (I think) by Lord Cochrane in our wars with Napoleon.

The present cathedral is modern, but the former one was very ancient. The Moors converted it into a mosque, and it was again restored to a Christian church by Count Ramon Berenguer I., but, being too small for so important a town, it was pulled down, and its successor begun in 1298. It is a good specimen of the florid style of the fifteenth century, when it was completed, but it is not of much interest.

A relievo over the portal represents in rude sculpture the legendary conflict between Vilardell and a monstrous dragon that infested the neighbourhood, and which was let loose by the Moors. The hero was forced by this monster to abandon his castle of Valès, but God appeared to him in the guise of a pauper, and gave him a miraculous sword, with which he cleft the dragon in twain. However, in joyous exultation at his chivalrous performance, he unluckily exclaimed, 'Well done, mighty sword! Well done, mighty right arm of Vilardell!' Instantly he felt some drops of the dragon's blood fall on to his arm from the reeking blade which he thus held up in impious exultation at his own prowess, forgetting to give God the glory, and this blood being of the subtlest poison, he died on the spot in frightful tortures.

The stained-glass windows are of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and are amongst the finest in Spain.

Behind the apse is the famous crucifix called the Cristo de Lepanto, because it was carried on the prow of Don Juan of Austria's flag-ship during the battle of Lepanto, in which it received its present inclined posture from bending down to avoid the bullets of the infidels.

There is also an infant Jesus, which Ferdinand II. of Spain made a Field Marshal of Spain.

On the altar of the church of Los Martires knights used to make a solemn asseveration, before going into single combat, that their swords were not enchanted, and that they would not make use of any supernatural agency to obtain an undue advantage over their adversaries.

The church of San Pedro de las Puellas was formerly a nunnery, and when the nuns were in fear of being carried off by the Moors, they are said to have disfigured themselves by cutting off their noses, in order that they might not be taken away to the harems of the invaders. However, either the Moors could not have been very particular, or sufficient of their noses could not have been removed, for most of them were led into captivity by the victors.

In the Casa de Disputacion, or House of Commons, of Catalonia, abolished by Philip V., St. George is represented defending a maiden from a lion, as well as fighting a dragon.

The only works of the Romans remaining are the Cloacæ, or city sewers, attributed to the Scipios, through which it is said a man can ride on horseback. Many ancient buildings existed, but they have all perished.

I went to hear a very good opera at the Lyceum, which theatre is considered by Spaniards to be larger than the Scala or the Carlo Felice. The performance was highly creditable, the prima donna being a Seville girl, who sang capitally, and was vociferously applauded.

A most interesting excursion can be made from Barcelona to Montserrat—Mons Serratus, or the Jagged Mountain—which would take a long day by rail and road. This is one of the most celebrated shrines in Spain, whither sixty thousand pilgrims often repaired yearly, especially in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

In the beginning of the ninth century, according to the legend, Bishop Gondemar discovered in a grotto the

statue of the Virgin, which is there at present, and which is said to be the workmanship of St. Luke, and to have been brought into Spain by St. Peter.

A chapel was erected on the spot, and left in charge of the hermit, Juan Guarin, whom the Wicked One determined to lead astray by temptation.

An opportunity was soon afforded in the person of Riquilda, the lovely daughter of Wilfred, Count of Barcelona, into whom the evil spirit entered, and refused to depart until ordered out by the holy anchorite. Her father thereupon took her to the hermit, and left her in his charge, that he might expel the foul fiend. This was just what Satan wanted. Instead of departing from the fair Riquilda, he craftily made her his instrument to implant a sinful passion in the breast of the holy father, who, finding he could not resist the allurements of the fair temptress, drew his sword, and cut her head clean off, even as St. Kevin, in a similar moment of trial, flung the loving Kathleen into the sky-lark-killing waves of Glendalough.

Horrified at the cruel deed, Guarin fled to Rome to obtain pardon from the Pope, who absolved him, but ordered him to return to Montserrat, and to live and feed like the beasts, not daring to utter a word, nor to look up towards heaven. On arriving at Montserrat, he became literally a wild beast, and was captured by the count's huntsman while following the chase, who took him to the palace. Here he remained, until one day at a banquet, where he was exhibited for the entertainment of the guests, a little child exclaimed: 'Arise, Juan Guarin, thy sins are forgiven.' In a moment he recovered his human form, and having obtained the count's pardon for his crime, he pointed out the spot where he had buried Riquilda, after having murdered her. Although she had been interred for eight years, when they exhumed her

they found her quite lively, with her head joined on again, and merely a red rim round her neck, showing where the wound had been inflicted.

Count Wilfrid founded a convent on the spot, and made his daughter abbess, with Guarin for her spiritual adviser; but after what had occurred, it would appear unwise to have placed them thus in temptation again.

The treasures presented to the Virgin at this shrine were of enormous value, consisting of thousands of diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and other precious stones, but they were all plundered by the French under Suchet, when they garrisoned the monastery.

Barcelona is also famous for its wines. Beni-Carlo is exported in large quantities to France, where it is used for loading light clarets for the English market. Malvasia, the old Malvoisie, and other wines of the district are worth tasting.

On no account should a drive to the new town, past the university, be omitted. It is being laid out in the French style in long boulevards, and the houses look bright and gay, and seem to be well planned. The view from the rising ground on which this suburb stands is beautiful, and a more healthy, agreeable spot for a residence could not be found anywhere, nor one combining more comforts and advantages.

January is the only month during which cold, unhealthy winds prevail. With bitter regret I walked down to the landing-place after the opera, to take a boat for the 'Guadiana,' which was to sail at midnight; for not only was I about to part from Barcelona, but this was the last time—at least during my present trip—that I was to set foot on the lovely and classic land of Spain, where the memories of the past are ever rising before one's eye in magic succession, and where all is beautiful and bright.

Well might Washington Irving exclaim, on departing

from Barcelona: 'I leave this beautiful city with regret. . . Indeed, one enjoys the very poetry of existence in these soft southern climates which border the Mediterranean. All here is picture and romance. Nothing has given me greater delight than occasional drives with some of my diplomatic colleagues to those country seats, or *torres*, as they are called, situated on the slopes of the hills, two or three miles from the city, surrounded by groves of oranges, citrons, pomegranates, with terraced gardens gay with flowered fountains. Here we would sit on the lofty terraces overlooking the rich and varied plain, the distant city gilded by the setting sun, and the blue sea beyond. Nothing can be purer, and softer, and sweeter than the evening air inhaled in these favoured retreats.'

Cervantes with truth called Barcelona 'the flower of all the most lovely cities in the world, and the glory of Spain.'

CHAPTER XII.

San Filippo—Gulf of Rosas—Capè Creux—Currents in the Gulf of Lyons—Views of the Pyrenees—Marseilles—New Picture Gallery and Museum of Natural History—Fine View from the new Church dedicated to the Virgin, overlooking the Town and Harbour—Intense Cold—The Mistral.

AT the gateway of the town leading to the landing place, several boatmen were lying in wait for victims, and set up a chorus of rival claims the moment I hove in sight. After a severe wrangle, in which I succeeded in somewhat reducing their extortionate demands, I stepped into a boat and bade adieu to Barcelona. The fellows took me to two steamers before we reached the right one, and to a large American steam frigate, whose sentry challenged me in the dark with a rich nasal twang.

In the morning, when I awoke, we were far away. Once more we stopped at a small place called San Filippo, a great *entrepôt* for corks from the woods on the southern slopes of the Pyrenees. Here we took in a large quantity of manufactured corks, and put out a great deal of raw material which had blocked our decks during the whole voyage, having been shipped at Algeciras from the cork forests.

San Filippo is a small village, with merely an open beach, on which two or three good-sized vessels were being built.

Shortly after going out of the Gulf of Rosas, we rounded Cape Creux, and then entered the formidable

56915

Gulf of Lyons. Strong currents were running in the sea far and near, but there was not much wind, and we had an excellent passage. At Cape Creux the whole range of the Pyrenees came in sight, clothed in winter garb, and stretching away westward as far as the eye could reach. I was very glad to see the Eastern Pyrenees, as I had been all through the western portion some years before.

After a most propitious sail through the Gulf, we at last arrived at the magnificent harbour of Marseilles, formerly the famous Massilia of the Romans and capital of Provincia Romana, afterwards Provence—the land of love and song in the days of the Troubadours.

We dropped into the Jolliette, the portion of the harbour allotted to steamers, which was full of magnificent vessels belonging to the *Messageries Imperiales* and other companies. Here small boats in the employment of the company came alongside, and carried off the passengers and their luggage to the Custom-house free of charge. I then took leave of the captain and my fellow-passengers, and went on shore.

As soon as I had settled myself at the Grand Hotel de Marseille, in the *Rue Cannebière*—the Regent Street of Marseilles—I proceeded to claim my ammunition, which had been sent on from Cadiz, but on going to the agent's office to whom it had been consigned, I was told that it had not yet been landed as 'there were difficulties' in the way. On enquiry at the Jolliette I heard that the vessel had left again for Spain, doubtless with my tin box on board. This, however, I found to be a mistake, as the vessel was still in harbour, and being painted. One of the porters, who was an intelligent fellow, took the matter in hand, and notwithstanding the assurances on all sides of the utter impossibility of ever having 'contraband goods' restored, he finally obtained an order

from the agents of the ship to give me up the tin case, and I went to the captain and succeeded in getting it at last deposited on the quay. But here another difficulty arose: it must be examined by the Customs' officers; so while my guide went to seek one, I sat down on the box to rest. At this moment the captain and a friend came on shore, and the latter said to his companion, 'How happy you must be to get rid of that engine of destruction! what a frightful catastrophe had it blown up!' The captain, instead of laughing at such silly nonsense, concurred, and said his mind was never more relieved than when he got it off his vessel. Then, seeing me seated philosophically on the engine of destruction, he exclaimed, 'Good God, look where that man is sitting! Who but an Englishman would be guilty of such madness?'

Having paid the small duty demanded, and escaped a search, I took my precious charge to the hotel, but here they guessed at the contents and refused to let it in, until, after a long parley with the manager, the matter was arranged.

The following day I went to see the magnificent building in course of erection for the picture gallery and the Museum of Natural History. You ascend by two flights of stone steps between which rushes down a large cascade of water, round which are fine statues, carved bulls, groups of wild beasts devouring deer, tropical plants, and other embellishments. The whole is surmounted by an extensive colonnade, terminated at one end by the picture gallery, and at the other extremity by the museum. At the back of the colonnade are extensive gardens belonging to the town, which are well laid out and neatly kept.

The works were not quite completed when I was there, but the whole was a very great ornament to the city, and

reflected great credit on the local government. A large Zoological Garden adjoining had been bought by the town, and, when planted and completed, was to be thrown into the present pleasure grounds. The city was ready to purchase the animals, but the company, thinking they were sure of their purchaser, asked an exorbitant price, which the authorities refused to give, as they did not want the bulk of the collection until the gardens were ready. They have, however, an elephant, two or three camels, leopards, and a number of birds, but the greater part of the animals have been dispersed.

The portly, uniformed caretaker of the pleasure-grounds told us it was impossible to enter the Zoological Gardens during the alterations; but my coachman took me round to the workman's entrance at the back, where I slipped quietly in, and smiled triumphantly over the wire fence at the discomfited functionary.

On the top of a high hill, dominating the city and harbour, a splendid new church is being built, dedicated to Notre Dame de la Garde, from which a magnificent view is obtained of the country for miles round, studded with the villas of the wealthy Marseillaise merchants, and bounded by a fine range of bold hills.

The church is filled with pictures of miraculous escapes —brought about through the intercession of the Virgin— from shipwrecks and various other misfortunes. Numerous models of ships are likewise hung up on the walls, or suspended from the roof, as votive offerings to the Madonna in gratitude for her aid. The situation of the building is very grand, and the ascent is exceedingly steep, but carriages can notwithstanding get up to a spot near the top, after which one must mount by a precipitous flight of ancient steps, which led to the original church, and previously to the fortress which it replaced, some ruins of which still remain.

On the way down, on my return, I passed through some picturesque public gardens, well laid out, through which large cascades descended.

All the time I was at Marseilles a bitter Mistral, or northerly wind from the mountains, prevailed, which was trying in the extreme after the balmy, sunny air of Spain in which I had been luxuriating. I therefore longed to get off to Corsica, where I had planned to pass the greater part of the winter; and I took my passage in the first boat that sailed, glad to escape from the intense cold to what I hoped to find a warm and genial clime.

CHAPTER XIII.

Steamer to Ajaccio—Vendetta—Game scarce in Corsica—Blackbirds, fattened on Myrtle Berries, a Delicacy—Château d'If, near Marseilles—Powerful Currents—Ajaccio surrounded by Snow-clad Mountains—Abortive Case of Vendetta—Sleet and Hail on Christmas day—Mouflon difficult to approach, Macchie so thick—Fever—Funeral—English at Ajaccio—Bet with good Results—Spot where Madame Mère escaped—Myrtle Trees—Drive towards the Sea—View of Ajaccio—Road to Bonifacio—Fever rampant in newly-turned Ground—Communication with the Interior interrupted by the Snow—Laricio Forests—Bastia—Seneca's Description of Corsica true—Ajaccio small and dull—House where the Great Napoleon was born—Off for Nice and the Riviera.

On board the wretched little steamer to Ajaccio, I met some agreeable fellow-passengers, and amongst them a gentleman and his charming wife, who, on comparing notes, I found was a connection of mine by marriage. They had been staying for some time in Ajaccio, whither I was bound, and he thoroughly disenchanted me in regard to the sport that is to be had in Corsica. A few years ago the island abounded with game, as the police would not allow the natives to carry arms, on account of the dreadful vendetta spirit; but the Corsicans having become more toned down and more civilised, they are permitted generally to use fire-arms, and on Sunday the whole country turn out for sport to shoot the *gros gibier* and the *petit gibier*, the former answering to our ideas of game, the latter comprising blackbirds, thrushes, and all small birds—down even to robins.

Captain S. told me that blackbirds were a great institution in Corsica. They migrate in large flocks from the mainland to feed on the berries of the wild myrtle with which the *macchie*, or scrub, abounds that covers the country. After living on this dainty food for some time, they are considered a great delicacy, and usually form the *roti* at dinner.

As to the wild boars and the mouflons, or wild, horned sheep, at which I expected to have such sport, he told me there were none to be had without going far inland, and he feared no expeditions could be undertaken at present, on account of the heavy fall of snow which had blocked up all the roads.

This was a contingency for which I was quite unprepared, as I should have thought snow in Corsica next to an impossibility, after the glowing descriptions I had read of the delicious climate for which the island is famed.

The scenery outside Marseilles is very grand—on the left hand, wild jagged mountains, stretching away as far as Toulon, off which we passed, and on the right a little island, the Isle d'If, on which stands the Château d'If, immortalised in 'Monte Christo.' The castle appeared to rise right over the sea, but we did not run near enough to judge whether the famous leap in a sack could actually be taken from its windows.

On getting outside into the open water, the strong currents were very apparent, which often cause such a tremendous sea in the Gulf of Lyons when opposed to a heavy gale. The immense evaporation and the heating of the water in the southern parts of the Mediterranean cause the currents, in the same way as the evaporation and heating of the water at the equator give rise to the Gulf Stream, which now strikes on our Irish and Scottish coasts from the Gulf of Mexico, producing the genial temperature of those parts, but which Lyell proves, by

the remains of tropical vegetation discovered, was formerly directed on the shores of Greenland, while Scotland was covered with glaciers.

When I came on deck in the morning, on entering the lovely land-locked harbour of Ajaccio, the whole truth was apparent. The entire range of mountains surrounding the town in a semicircle was enveloped in snow from top to bottom, and the cold was intense.

However, every one said such bitter weather was exceptional, though there was never much travelling in the interior before the month of March. As usual on landing, I had a disturbance about my ammunition, which by this time I had learned to detest heartily, especially as I found there would be so little need for it here. After a long wrangle, however, with the douaniers, and a severe examination of my receipt from Marseilles for duty paid, they allowed me to go through with a muffled protest.

On passing up the street to the Hôtel de France, I came in for a furious brawl between two natives, which promised to turn into 'a very pretty quarrel,' and to foreshadow vendetta for generations still unborn, but a meddlesome gendarme ruthlessly separated the enraged combatants before they had time to distinguish themselves, and forced them to walk off in opposite directions. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* To this has vendetta fallen!

Although prepared to find the *chasse* a myth, I took out a *permis de chasse*, or game license, with a description of my person, in old passport style, appended, certifying that the colour of my cheeks was natural, and giving other interesting and useful information as to my outer man. S. said that my reason for taking out my license was to get an excuse to fire away some of my ammunition, which I was getting horribly tired of carrying about with me. He had a *permis* himself, but then he was a resident, and took excursions inland when the fine

weather came. He had likewise paid the price of a license for his son, a fine young boy, but the authorities would neither give the license nor return the money. They said the lad was too young to carry fire-arms, but that was a fault that would mend, and when the proper time came they would accommodate him. It was a thorough swindle, of course, but what could he do? He was looking forward to the appointment of British Vice-Consul at Ajaccio, on the resignation of the present official, and did not want to have any quarrel with the local 'jacks in office.'

The weather continued wet, stormy, raw, and sometimes intensely cold; and thick wraps, waterproofs, and umbrellas were in constant requisition. On Christmas-day there was a smart shower of sleet and hail, and the large wood fires indoors scarcely kept one warm. Our only consolation was hearing that it was equally cold all over Europe. Even at Nice the ice, we heard, was an inch-and-a-half thick, where frost is scarcely known. As to England and the north of France, the snow, frost, and bitter winds were said to be fearful. So, if not better off than our neighbours, we felt we were not worse, and at the Christmas dinner I ate with S. and his charming wife we consoled ourselves with this reflection and some champagne. The society was delightful, but of the dinner itself I am bound to speak truth, and to say that, with the exception of the champagne and the blackbirds, it was execrable. The Corsican meat is detestable; the beasts are badly fattened, and not even killed well. Indeed, a look at the butchers' shops and their gory contents is sufficient to destroy a very fine appetite. The natives are perfectly alive to their deficiencies in this respect, and the innkeepers consequently aver that they get all their provisions by steamer from Marseilles. But this is a palpable fallacy, to which one's worn teeth

and weary jaws bear ample testimony. Like everything else, however, in Ajaccio, meat is very dear. The hotel-keepers and shopkeepers consider themselves privileged to make exorbitant charges on account of the presumed carriage of goods from the mainland, and thus excuse themselves when remonstrated with.

They are buoyed up with the expectation that their town is destined to be the grand health-station for the English, and is completely to supersede Nice, Cannes, Mentone, and the other health-haunts of the Riviera; but this is simple nonsense. Ajaccio is a very, very small, uninteresting town, with no attraction of any sort except occasional parties at the prefet's and a carriage drive along the shores of the lovely bay. Men have the advantage of a good *cercle*, or club, and a shot sometimes at a woodcock or a snipe after a hard walk, but the *petit gibier* is a more likely find.

Be it understood I am only speaking of the state of affairs in winter. In the spring, about March, delightful excursions can be taken to the mountainous regions inland, where the scenery is magnificent, and where some sport can be had with the wild boars and mouflons.

Formerly the partridge shooting was excellent, but now the birds are scarce everywhere, owing to the natives having taken to slaughtering them instead of one another.

I always imagined the mouflon should be stalked, like the red deer in Scotland, but they are not plentiful enough for that now. Besides, the *macchie* is so dense that they cannot be seen at a distance, as the deer are on the bare forest hills at home, except occasionally in some open place, for the jungle prevails almost everywhere. They are consequently driven by beaters, and flying shots are taken at them wherever the sportsman can find a suitable opening to catch them as they pass.

Every one within range takes his shot, so when boar or mouflon falls, it is often not known who has killed him, and the meat is divided equally among the firing party, first choice of the shares being awarded to anyone who can lay claim to having actually done the deed.

Miss Campbell, who resides in Ajaccio every winter, and who has done a great deal for the island, gives an excellent account in 'Southward Ho' of a grand *chasse* got up for her in the *macchie*.

The Hôtel de France was so expensive and so uncomfortable, and the food was so execrable, that S. and I determined to leave; but as he meant to remain in Ajaccio, he took apartments in a small house, and I went to the Hotel Suisse, where I heard that good meat was procured from Marseilles by every boat. S. was fortunate to get into a small house where there were not many others. Generally the lodging houses in Ajaccio consist of several flats, like the houses in Paris and Edinburgh, the lower storeys being let to the more aristocratic lodgers, while the humbler occupants get 'kicked up-stairs'—elevated in the establishment in the inverse ratio to their position in the social scale.

When the landlord of the France heard I was going to the Suisse, he came and advised me strongly not to go up to that plague-spot of fever, assuring me that the wind would blow the foul air up there from a spot on the shore about a mile from the town, where two small rivers debouched into the sea through low ground, and where, consequently, fever was rife.

But the absurd part of the business was, that when I arrived at the Suisse, the landlord, a retired courier, who had feathered his nest well with the plumage of the pigeons he had plucked, congratulated me in warm terms on my happy escape from the France, which was situated so low down, where the poisonous vapours from the

fever-spot at the end of the bay crept along the sea with unmitigated malevolence. These mutual accusations prove clearly that fever prevails even in the winter. Indeed, there can be no doubt that cases do occur, and that some degree of risk always exists.

While waiting to start from the France, where 'Napoleon,' one of the waiters, was getting down my luggage, a most imposing funeral passed along the large open space in front on its way to the cemetery, which is situated a couple of miles off along the shore of the bay. It was a long procession, in which all the Catholic clergy of the place joined, dressed in their robes, as well as the choir and the acolytes in their gay costumes. The deceased had belonged to a burial club, all the members of which walked two and two after the coffin. The procession took a long time to file past, the choristers chanting all the while as they moved slowly along. I was much struck by the beauty and solemnity of the scene; but the romance was destroyed by the whole party—clergy, choir, members, relatives and all—suddenly hurrying back through the raw, drizzling rain, as soon as they had reached the further end of the place, and leaving the dead to be taken on almost unattended. This is exactly what occurs at the funerals of the Presbyterians in Scotland. The moment a few shovelfuls of earth are thrown down into the grave, everyone is off except the gravediggers.

I found but few English at Ajaccio—less, I believe, than in former years—although every steamer that arrived was eagerly scanned, with the hope of fresh visitors, and those who came mostly thought they had done the wrong thing, the place is so small and so horribly triste. Nearly all the English were at the Suisse, which was quite a little British colony; and two or three families were in pretty, modern villas outside the town, built on the English model.

The inhabitants spoke of erecting a monster hotel for our countrymen, fitted up with modern comforts; but I doubt their doing this, or the house paying if they do.

It was intended to set about an English church at once. A thousand pounds had been handsomely contributed towards the object by a certain eccentric nobleman, well known in London life, who won a bet that he would start from London to Ajaccio, shoot a snipe there, and be back in London again by a given day, and who was so delighted at having succeeded that he made this munificent present to the persons who were interesting themselves in carrying out the undertaking.

The excellent chaplain and his most amiable wife reside at the Suisse, and she has established a Dorcas Club for the ladies in the hotel, where they meet on certain days to cut out and make clothes for the poor residents in the town. The worthy man was induced by the crafty Swiss proprietor of the hotel to advance him a good sum of money, and take it out in board and lodging. People feared the fellow would become a bankrupt and defraud the kind old gentleman out of his loan, for he had a heavy rent to pay, and the house was only half full.

It had formerly been a convent, and the chapel was still remaining, with the lights burning inside, though it was shut up.

The windows of the hotel fitted badly, and the water ran down the walls after the rain, just as on the limestone walls of houses in the west of Ireland, unless they are weather-slated or cemented outside.

Although there was good food at the Suisse, there was uncommonly little of it, and everything was cut up into small portions, only one of which was sent in for each person; so that if anyone took a second piece, some one else went without. The consequence was that all

got up hungry from the table-d'hôte; but they were quiet people and made no complaints, although when together they made sad lamentations over the stinted allowances. Very soon after my arrival, I organised a rebellion, and boldly demanded to have my hunger appeased, in a way that quickly brought the Swiss to his senses.

From the windows of the Suisse I could see the favourite fever-haunt at the end of the bay, in which judicious situation the quarantine station has been considerately placed. It was at this spot that *Madame Mère* made her escape. Far away across the bay the hotel-keeper showed me a large plain at the foot of the snowy mountain range, which, he said, 'abounded with game of every description,' and he promised to send me over in his boat for the day and fetch me home at night. Although I knew this was humbug, S. and I arranged to go for the chance of a shot at a woodcock or snipe, rather than lounge up and down the stupid streets, where nothing was to be seen but bad meat hanging up and the house where the great Napoleon was born. Besides the spirit of emulation was aroused within us by the wild rumour that a fabulous bag of four woodcocks had just been made by a canny Scotchman close to the very spot. We agreed, however, to wait until the weather was finer, as a sail across so far was a serious undertaking in such bitter cold winds.

There is a beautiful drive along the shore of the bay, towards the open sea, with hedges along the road of gigantic standard myrtle trees and prickly pears, called here *cactus opuntia*. On the way is the cemetery of the town, surrounded by a high wall and gates. The view of Ajaccio from this road on returning is lovely, as it rises from the sea with a background of snowy peaks, on the left high hills covered with brushwood interspersed with

villas, and on the right the bright blue waves and the snowy mountains beyond.

Past the fever-haunt there is a charming drive round the bottom of the bay towards Bonifacio, and the views of the town from that direction are also fine, but the snowy setting is missing which so enhances the beauty of the landscape from the opposite side.

Notwithstanding the unhealthiness of the Campo dell' Oro, houses and villas spring up there, in which people are found resolute enough to reside. In Algeria this is a remarkable feature, and I spoke to several who were smitten themselves, or had members of their family stricken down, who continued to drift helplessly on towards the inevitable vortex of death which they knew was only a short way ahead. 'What can we do?' they exclaimed; 'we are too poor to break up our house and fly.' In this manner the town of Bou Midfa, in the pestilential plain of the Metidja which encircles Algiers, has been re-peopled by three successions of colonists, all of whom were swept away; and now the fourth batch are profiting by the labour of their unfortunate predecessors, the plague having at length disappeared through the continued cultivation of the soil. Illness is rampant in virgin ground, fattening on the accumulated vegetable decomposition of centuries, and I doubt not that in Corsica, as in Algeria, it could be eradicated by the plough and the pickaxe—spades are unknown in Algeria.

The prefect at Ajaccio said that the snow was fourteen feet thick in some of the passes through the mountains, and that the communication was cut off in consequence. He told me it would be six or seven weeks before the roads were open again, and that then I should find them cut up by the snow and bad for travelling over in a carriage. The month of March is often wet, so he thought it might be as late as April before I could get really

enjoyable weather for my excursions inland. Then in May or June the hot weather begins, so that from six weeks to two months is the average period suited for seeing the island. During that interval I entertain no doubt that most delightful expeditions could be made to the wild mountain scenes, the towering precipices and the grand lariccio forests in the interior, the grottoes and the groves of citron at Bastia—where the lazy natives do not manufacture the fruit which in that way would yield them such large returns, but export the citrons raw to the more enterprising capitalists at Genoa; also to the Straits of Bonifacio overlooking Sardinia, and to many other interesting localities. But I began to shrink from waiting so long in dull Ajaccio for this distant gratification, and to entertain schemes for flying away and reserving these pleasures for a more convenient season.

These flitting proclivities were brought to a climax by my taking counsel with a contributor to one of the principal London daily papers, who happened to be at Ajaccio also with his charming wife. We both agreed that we should have much more comfort and enjoyment on the mainland, and I arranged to accompany himself and his wife to Nice by the next boat, which was to call in a couple of days at Ajaccio on its way from Bastia, for I really pined to be off, and the temptation of crossing in such agreeable company was not to be resisted.

He was much amused at comparing Seneca's description of the island with the reality, and we both thought that many of the old philosopher's unfavourable remarks against his island prison were not so much amiss.

It is a great pity that Corsica hangs fire, and is so little known, for in spite of its many drawbacks, such as the irregularity of the post, the frequent roughness of the passage through the Gulf of Lyons, the unseaworthiness of the steamers, whose machinery is said to be worn out

and inferior, and other *desagrémens* on which I have already touched, the island is really well worth taking a run through.

The most beautiful villa at Ajaccio belongs to a wealthy Corsican widow, but she has been utterly tabooed by the English in consequence of having once been seen over the fence kissing a handsome moustached cousin in her garden. I consider this conduct most narrow-minded, for I fear if all who gave or received kisses were excluded, society would be much more limited and select than at present.

Mr. A. was considerably disappointed that he did not get a shot at a boar or a mouflon with his handy little Snider rifle, but he agreed with me in thinking it would be absurd to wait on till the roads were more open; besides his patience was exhausted, and time pressed for him to return to England; the smiling Riviera too awaited us 'over the sea.'

The steamer for Nice, a miserably small vessel, at last hove in sight, when we stepped on board and bade adieu to the land of vendetta.

CHAPTER XIV.

Rough Passage—Land-locked Harbour of Nice—Effects of Frost—Mistral—Amphitheatre of Cimies—View of Valley beneath—Temple of Apollo—Roman Baths—Roman Remains on hill above Harbour—Castle of St. André—Stalactite Caves at Falicon—La Petite Tourelle—Olive Crop—Villefranche—American Frigate—Old Olive Trees at Bellevue—By the Cornice Road to Mentone—Monument to Augustus at Turbia—Mentone—Difficulties of the Italian Frontier—Ventimiglia, Capital of the Intermelians—Palm Trees at Bordighera in preparation for the Holy Week at Rome—St. Remo—Singular Streets—Monaco—Play—Hanging Gardens above the Sea—Cannes—Lord Brougham's Villa—Frèjus—Toulon—Hyères Back to Marseilles—On board for Algeria—Delay in starting—Pianist—Balearic Isles—Slingers in the Roman Armies—Algiers in sight—Great Bustle on board.

WHEN gliding out of the lovely bay, my chief regret was parting from S. and his nice, fond wife. What a blessing and 'crown of glory' to a man is such a partner!

S. asked me to leave Jack with him until the next steamer sailed for Marseilles, when he would forward him, as well as my precious tin box and my guns, by a friend.

This arrangement I was glad to make, for I was happy to oblige him by lending him the dog, and, as I entertained serious thoughts of finishing the winter in Algeria, it would suit me to pick up the dog at Marseilles on my way at the hotel, where they knew him and would take care of him.

We had a rough night, and the wretched boat pitched and rolled cruelly, but I did not care, for I am never ill, except in the Bay of Biscay, where I have been twice hit badly.

The moment the steamer got to her berth in the pretty land-locked harbour, men and women rushed on board to secure the feathered trophies of the chase which had been brought from Corsica by a fellow-passenger. The *gibier, gros* and *petit,* seemed in great request, especially the dainty blackbirds, and there was much demand for larks, robins, and sparrows.

After passing through the Customs, I bade adieu to my kind friends, who were going on by rail to Marseilles, and drove to the Hôtel des Etrangers, round the high hill overhanging the sea, which separates the harbour from the town on one side, as the hills on the opposite side separate it from the ancient port of Villefranche.

The Hôtel des Etrangers is away from the sea, but it is a large comfortable house, with a capital table-d'hôte. It is not much frequented by the English, who prefer the hotels overlooking the sea and the lovely public gardens, planted with splendid date trees, *bell' ombras,* and rare shrubs and flowers, where a military band frequently performs. No doubt the situation is more lively and gay, but all these houses along the *Promenade des Anglais* are inflicted with the nuisance of a noisome stench when the sirocco wafts the effluvia on shore from the drainage that flows down the beach.

The effects of the late severe frosts were apparent on the fine *bell' ombra* trees that line the *Promenade des Anglais,* for their leaves were all withered. It was feared that the delicate trees themselves were injured, but I scraped a little bark off some of them, and found they were juicy with sap beneath.

In the fish market the variety and bright colours of the

fish are astonishing. The large stone slabs on which they lie look as if covered with brilliant mosaic work.

Though the days here are bright and sunny, the mistral winds from the Alps are biting, especially about sunset while the dews rise, when the cold is always intense for two or three hours. On all the shores of the Mediterranean this cold evening breeze prevails. In summer it brings a cool air that revives the languid frame, but in winter it produces a deadly chill. All physicians order their patients to avoid it, and to hasten indoors as the sun goes down.

While I remained at Nice, there were cold winds and a hot sun, and when driving, everyone wrapped up in mufflers and furs, while at night fires were lighted. Here I found my fur rug my greatest comfort, as also in Africa, and all through the Sunny South.

Being fond of Roman antiquities, my first drive, among the lovely drives around Nice, was to visit the old Roman town of Cimies, the Civitas Cemeneliensis of the Romans, situate about three miles from Nice, and which stood in a fine commanding position, overlooking from on high the valley of the Paglione beneath, with its lovely villas and its rich, luxuriant gardens and orchards. The high road cuts the old amphitheatre in two; but the walls, though tolerably high, are much ruined, and all the rows of benches destroyed. From there the road runs on to the old Convent of Cimies, with its grand old evergreen oaks outside the gate, and its pretty cemetery hanging over the valley below. The building is thought to stand upon the exact site of a magnificent temple of Diana, but in the convent grounds there is a rocky eminence with a large plateau on the top, planted with venerable cypresses, which in my mind is a far more likely situation for the temple, and perhaps for a sacred grove around. The worthy fathers admit

females into the church and into the refectory, but naturally not into the dormitories. An enthusiastic, gushing English girl amused everyone by tripping up-stairs after the men of her party, until politely long-poled off by our escorting monk.

The brotherhood have a fine garden attached, tended by their own hands, in which there is a lovely view down the plain, with the bright blue sea and the gay town in the background, from a bastion built against the hill-side, and provided with benches, where the worthy fathers sit themselves down to rest after their toil.

Close by is the handsome villa of Count Garin, which has been turned into an English *pension*, and in the grounds are the ruins of a large Roman temple of Apollo, with the buildings attached for the officiating priests to live in, as is the case in the fine temple of Diana at Nîmes, at a curious round temple near St. Brieuc, in Brittany, and also in Christian cathedrals and conventual establishments. This temple is built chiefly of brick and tile.

How wonderfully these bricks endure the wear and tear of ages! Even the ancient Pyramids of Egypt, though formerly faced with stone, are built of the bricks made by the Children of Israel. It is, perhaps, the only instance of the works of man equalling the works of God; but then it must be remembered that the materials of which the bricks are made are God's work.

I had to clamber down a high terrace-wall, which banked up a narrow strip of ground on the hill-side, for growing corn and olives, and descended through a vineyard to the ruin.

I found that part of the temple was occupied by the gardener's family, and the remainder was turned into stables, hen-roosts, and other rural appendages derogatory to its dignity.

The gardener said that the building had stood in the centre of the old Roman town, and that the ground could not be tilled deep, on account of the mass of remains under the surface in all directions.

He took me to see the Roman baths, which some of the English residents had laid open, and which were very perfect. The whole of the heating arrangements could be quite plainly traced, as nearly all the little columns of square tiles remained which supported the floor and allowed the hot air to circulate below. There were long shafts or flues also, along which the heated air passed, and he wanted me badly to take up some old clothes another day and creep through on my hands and knees, as several ladies in the house had done. But, though game to do a good deal in the exploring line, I prayed him to have me excused, as I had a special dislike to burrow underground.

All through the debris thrown up in making these excavations were long fragments of the frieze which had adorned the top of the building, consisting of fluted greenish, bluish, and white marbles. I saw a quantity of the marble with the pale-green tinge in a quarry by the road-side among the hills. It is of exactly the same tint as that I afterwards saw at Cherchel in Africa, and which came from the adjacent quarries of Chenoua.

As these remains indicate, Cimies was a large city. It was the Roman capital of the Maritime Alps, with Nice for its port, as the Piræus is to Athens, Civita Vecchia to Rome, and Leith to Edinburgh.

Overhanging the port rises a steep hill, on the top of which stand the remains of a small Roman temple, and the foundations of many buildings that belonged to the same period. A number of sarcophagi also lie about, and a fine avenue of palms runs through these extensive remains. The grounds are laid out well, and the car-

riage drive winds up through wild broken ground and shady woods of pine and forest trees, past a large reservoir of cool pellucid water, which probably had been the Roman swimming bath, such as Agrippa made in the pleasure grounds of Nîmes.

This ancient fortress was surrounded with massive walls, on part of which a grand terraced platform has been erected, the view from which is delightful, both of the town and of the smiling, sunlit country round, as far as the snowy mountains in the distance.

There is a fine drive to the rock-perched castle of St. André, famous for its petrifying wells and caves at Falicon, and beyond it through a deep ravine, down which runs a stream that works several mills for making olive oil, and whose precipitous mountain sides, part of the Mont Chauve, are entirely composed of large stalactites and stalagmites, strangely contorted and welded together by volcanic agency. Issuing from this gorge, you mount a new road zigzagged up the mountain's side, through interminable groves of huge ancient olive trees, to the summit, whence, as you descend back towards Nice, superb views are obtained.

Another day I drove with some friends to La Petite Tourelle, a most original old town, the entrance to which was up steep streets and under a succession of arches beneath superincumbent houses, out of which the arched passages seemed to be scooped. The town was in a ruinous state, having no doubt known better days, and appeared to be totally deserted, all the inhabitants being out gathering the olive crop. Indeed, we had seen them on our way up, threshing the olive trees with long poles, and then gathering up the fruit, which was received in huge linen cloths spread on the ground beneath the trees. A fine illustration was thereby afforded of the gallant old proverb, generally attributed to Martin Tupper:—

A woman, a dog, and a walnut tree—
The more you thrash them, the better they be.

The olive crop this year, and for the two previous years, had been a deplorable failure, and sad destitution was the consequence. The berries had the appearance of being blackened and shrivelled up by the blight that had struck them.

Perched on high in the distance stand the massive remains of a large Roman fortress, of which no mention is made in the guide books, but which seems well worth exploring.

The geological formation of the gorges, through which the finely engineered road to La Petite Tourelle passes, is just the same as what I saw beyond the château of St. André—huge fresh-water deposits of carbonate of lime, hundreds of feet in thickness, constituting the lofty hills on either side of the road.

There is likewise a delightful drive to Villefranche, past the singular villa and grounds of an Englishman, which occupy the side of the hill on the left of the port, speaking in a military sense of inland water, as if one's face were turned towards the sea.

Villefranche is a most peculiar old fortified place, hanging on to the hill's side, and encircled by a precipitous wall which descends to the water's edge. It stands, or rather hangs, at the bottom of an immense land-locked harbour, where there is anchorage-room for many navies. A fine American frigate was lying at anchor off the little town, and was a great attraction to the Nice worthies, who flocked on board in crowds.

Further on lies Bellevue, a pretty spot, bowered in vast groves of gigantic olive trees, one of which has earned extensive fame as a venerable patriarch. The road was so bad that the carriage could not proceed all the way, and I was forced to alight and walk on to the

small unmanned fort overlooking another lovely bay, bounded by wooded, rocky heights.

At the bridge of Nice *voituriers* ply for hire over the broad, almost dry, bed of the Paglione, where I engaged a smart barouche and pair of showy, well-harnessed horses to take me over the Cornice to Mentone. By the way, the hideous Paglione ruins the appearance of Nice. It always looks as if it were 'not at home,' thereby resembling so much the empty watercourses in Algeria. One cannot help wishing that the whole length of the river were covered over with gardens on arches, as is done at one part.

Everybody knows the Cornice—the finest drive in the world. Who has not seen the superb views from its terraced heights and carved-out galleries? Who does not know the Roman monument to Augustus at Turbia, the Roman Trophæa Augusti, commemorating a victory over the Alpine tribe of the Trumpeli; the eagle's view of lovely, but wicked, Monaco mapped out below; the houses and gardens with tropical vegetation of Roccabrunna overhanging the road; the descent to Mentone, and the countless minor beauties of this marvellously-engineered road? Now, alas! it is becoming far less frequented than of old, owing to the railway from Mentone, which carries unromantic and lazy people past with such ease and rapidity.

I consider Mentone a far prettier, and a more sheltered place for invalids, than Nice. It is well protected at the back by high hills, which keep off the blighting northerly mistral winds that rush with such fury, ice-charged, down the valley between Nice and the Alps, and on through the town, as through a funnel, reminding one of the benumbing easterly blasts sweeping down the streets of Edinburgh.

At Mentone there were spacious hotels, but they were

half empty, owing to the scarcity of visitors this year in the whole of the Riviera. The apartments facing the north could not be let, as all wished for the cheerful views over the sea and the genial warmth of the mid-day sun.

At a curiosity shop I saw some wonderfully cheap old Dresden and Sèvres china, ivory carvings, and inlaid armour, a good deal of which I should have bought had I been returning to England. There were no purchasers, and the owners would have jumped at any reasonable offer.

It was a great occupation to see the process of drawing in the long seine nets which the fishermen spread out far in the sea, and to watch the men, women, and children gathering up the myriads of sardines and other small fry, which seemed to be all they caught. I fancied these hauls were failures, but I found the little fishes were much prized. The large fish are caught further away from land, but I hear there is not a great supply in the Mediterranean, although there are many varieties, some of them being dyed with gorgeous green, red, and yellow tints. As a rule, the Mediterranean fish are inferior to the fish of the ocean, but some kinds are excellent, especially the red mullet.

From Mentone my Nice coachman agreed to take me on to St. Remo and back; but when I got as far as the Italian frontier, outside Mentone, the Italian douaniers refused to let him proceed, unless he paid down the price of the carriage, which would be restored on our return, as he had not a license for Italy, which the Mentone men have. This he could not do, nor could I, for I had only taken out a small sum to defray the expenses of the day, so it looked like a dead lock. My *voiturier*, however, did not like being beaten and losing his job, so he took the head official aside for a long and animated parley. Know-

ing the inevitable result, I sate in mute and placid expectation, and after a short adjournment indoors, where convincing arguments were doubtless employed, the great man came out wreathed in smiles, and said he had much pleasure in allowing me to pass, out of compliment to the noble Ingleses who loved Garibaldi and Italia so much.

Some time after entering Italy, the road passes under the gateway of a fortress that defends the frontier. It is Ventimiglia, the ancient capital of the Alpine Ligurian tribe of the Intermelians, a formidable place when besieged and taken by the Roman armies, but not of much account in these days of powerful artillery. The town, formerly called Album Intermelium, occupies a promontory that juts into the sea, and the thick wall connecting it with the mainland is protected by a lofty citadel and walls communicating with it up the hill, and having footways on the top for manning the battlements. The road runs right round the peninsula, through the narrow streets, and goes out at the further side over a bridge across the Roya, defended by a strong *tête de pont*. St. Barnabas was the first Bishop of Ventimiglia. The Monte Appio is above Ventimiglia, and there are several Roman remains in its vicinity.

At Bordighera all the palm trees were swaddled up in preparation for the Holy Week at Rome, being bound round with palm leaves carefully fastened. Bordighera has the exclusive privilege of supplying the delicate white leaves thus produced for the use of the churches in the capital of Catholic Christendom.

I was told in Corsica that some shooting was to be had at Bordighera; but I am sceptical on the point, for the country round, as far as I could see, was well cultivated, and afforded no cover.

An excellent hotel has been newly built at St. Remo, but it is expensive, like all places along the Riviera.

The hotel-keepers say their season is but short, so they are obliged to 'lay it on;' but that is the universal excuse for extortion.

There is an extensive view from the terraced platform at the top of the town. On my way up I had to pass through innumerable narrow, vaulted passages, such as I described at La Petite Tourelle, where, in the good old times of hand-to-hand fighting, they would have served to make a powerful defence against the advancing foe. At each barrier there were wooden gates which could be closed, but of what avail would they be against one modern gun, or even a powder-bag?

Returning to Mentone along the splendid sea-road, the cold was nipping as usual, but I wrapped up well in coats and rugs, and got back unfrozen for dinner.

My *voiturier* took me as far as Monaco, and then left me, as I decided on returning to Nice by rail. I was sorry to miss his jingling horses' bells and their pendant foxes' brushes, which distinguish many of the Nice public equipages, especially the pretty pony phaetons, which are always in great request, but most so on the days the band plays in the public gardens.

The drive along the shore from Mentone to Monaco is extremely picturesque, and runs through a lovely, rich strip of land between the sea and the mountains, round which the Corniche road winds. This valley is the best thing the Prince of Monaco has, except the gaming establishment, from which he derives a large, though ill-gotten revenue.

At the excellent 'but extortionate' hotel, opposite the rooms at Monaco, visitors are hinted off, unless they play at the tables, as both establishments belong to the same proprietor, Mr. B., of whom I had heard much at Homburg, where he conducted the gaming establishments for many years. As the German tables are fortunately to

be done away with so soon, in 1872, he has devoted his energies to the development of Monaco, which will shortly possess the exclusive privilege of harbouring all the off-scourings of Europe. What a pity that so lovely a spot —I have seen nothing so lovely in all my wanderings— should be converted to such vile uses!

A lady was once staying at the hotel without playing, not being aware that the guests were expected to gamble. After a few days the manager informed her that her apartments had been let, and finding out the reason from a friend, she went off to the gambling rooms, and won a large handful of money, which she showed to Mr. B., on her way out, in triumph. From that time she was left alone, and remained in the house as long as she chose. B. has just placed two additional tables in the rooms, and is doing a great deal to embellish the grounds, which he is having laid out in excellent taste.

There is a pretty short walk from Monaco to the westward, under splendid old carob trees and olive trees, along the shore, to a restaurant with a *parc aux huîtres*, or oyster-bed, where the oysters are served fresh out of the sea.

The town of Monaco, about a mile from the gaming tables, must have been a formidable position formerly, standing on the summit of a lofty rock projecting into the sea, and only approached by a steep ascent under strongly defended gateways. A carriageable road, however, now mounts to the top.

A solitary soldier was mounting sentry over the Prince's château on the open, terraced platform above; but the Prince himself hardly ever resides there, he and his wife preferring the French capital to their own. Plenty of dismounted guns lay about, but no artillerymen to work them, the entire army consisting of about a dozen soldiers, not more than sufficient to furnish a guard to the palace.

Lounging through the pretty, shady, hanging gardens, filled with geraniums and all kinds of rare plants, which run round the seaward face of the rock and extend down its lofty precipitous face by long flights of steps into all sorts of delicious nooks and corners, I was surprised to behold my fellow-passenger on board the 'Cadiz' with the infallible system for breaking the bank. He was seated on a bench in a doleful attitude, evidently taking no heed of the beautiful scene around. He languidly told me that his system had broken down through an exceptional run of ill-luck which no one could have foreseen, and that he had been hit heavily. He still had faith in his theory, and was only awaiting fresh supplies to begin again and get his revenge. What a poor business gaming tables would do, did not such men exist!

On my way down I met the break of His Royal Highness filled with servants, who appeared to have just arrived by train. The two postilions were dressed like common working men, and rode in a most clumsy and unscientific style.

I left this polluted paradise by rail for Cannes, where I found the splendid hotels nearly empty. It was strange so few English were moving about through the south of Europe last year!

I drove to see the Roman remains to the eastward, which consist only of a few crumbling fragments of wall; and also the island near the Bastione, which was once a famous haunt of smugglers and pirates.

Lord Brougham's villa occupies a fine position to the westward of Cannes, standing on a lofty eminence and surrounded by trees.

Cannes is exposed at the back to the mistral, but no places I have seen are so well sheltered from this perishing blast as St. Remo and Mentone.

In the train from Cannes to Marseilles I passed by

Frèjus, with its Roman arena and archways, and by Toulon, which I had before seen from the sea when going to Corsica.

Hyères is some distance from the line. It appears exposed to the north, like Cannes, but has a good reputation as a health station.

A Frenchman in my carriage made a pun on the name of the place. He said it was quite a new place, as it was only '*la ville d'hier.*'

The country throughout this portion of France is beautiful. All along the line I passed through rich cultivation, and fields of flowers, which are used in making perfumes.

At Marseilles I found the cold just as severe as when I left, and a strong mistral was blowing.

My dog Jack was at the hotel awaiting me, and his demonstrations of joy on beholding me again were unbounded.

The irrepressible tin-box had been, I learned, the cause of another grand scene with the Customs' officials, as the gentleman who took charge of it fancied he had mislaid the receipt for duty which I had received at Marseilles, and had given to S. for him; but after a severe disputation he discovered it, most fortunately, amongst his papers.

By this time I had made up my mind to start for Algiers, and finding a steamer was about to sail, I took a berth at the office of the *Messageries générales* in the *rue Cannebière.*

At five o'clock in the evening, in accordance with the strict injunctions of the agent, I went on board; but for some mysterious reason, which no one could discover, we did not get off until midnight.

As there was a piano in the spacious saloon on the deck of the 'Hermes,' one of the passengers proposed after

dinner that we should get in a capital pianist from the fore-cabin to enliven the long evening before us, for many of us preferred remaining on board to going to the play, as the ship's officers and several others had done. Mr. R—— turned out a perfect genius, and played brilliant extempore variations on popular English airs during the whole evening. We listened with the greatest pleasure to his performances, but, with the usual perversity of talent, he thought little about his vast musical powers, and believed his mission was insect-painting. Even so, Salvator Rosa believed that he painted figures better than his glorious landscapes; Milton preferred 'Paradise Regained' to 'Paradise Lost,' and the Great Duke of Wellington died persuaded that he had been born for a statesman and not for a general.

But he was a poor, long-haired, washed-out, shabby, timid, little thing, and had not the slightest outward appearance of being the brilliant musical genius he was, either in countenance or manner.

On board these boats the food is included in the fare, and the Steam company frequently clear a large sum when the weather is bad and the passengers are unable to eat. The steward, or *maître d'hôtel*, as he is called, and his employers ought to pray for raging gales and billows, as the Orkney parsons used to pray for a 'good coast,' meaning thereby lots of wrecks blown on shore for their congregations to plunder.

The captain of the 'Hermes' was a very superior fellow, and so indeed were his officers, with the exception of the surgeon, who was a very common man. The passage was a very rough one, and the sleeping berths being athwart the ship, instead of lengthways, as is usual, the consequence was that when she rolled, as only screws know how to roll, one's heels were exalted in the air and one's head apoplectically pointed towards the lower regions one

moment, while the next one almost stood upright on the bottom of the berth.

We passed between Minorca and Majorca in the night-time, which I regretted, as I should have liked much to see the Balearic Isles, so famous of old for supplying slingers to the Roman armies, and in which so much picturesque scenery is to be found. Only the faint line of the islands was visible in the morning when we came on deck.

Poor unhappy R—— suffered too much to put in an appearance during the voyage, but his friend and I had a long conversation. He was mixed up a great deal in marble quarries, and was bound for Algeria for the purpose of investigating the quarries of Chenoua, near Cherchel. He had just arrived from Ephesus, whither he had been for a similar exploration.

At last, Algiers was in sight, and great was the bustle on board hoisting up luggage, and preparing for the grand *finale* of our forty-eight hours' sail, over four hundred and seventy-one miles of sea, from port to port.

CHAPTER XV.

Geography of North-western Africa—Principal Features of the Country — History of Northern Africa — Carthage — Punic Wars—Numidian Kings—The Romans—Cato and Basket of Figs—'*Delenda est Carthago*'—Sallust, the Historian, made Proconsul by Cæsar—The Vandals—Destruction and Havoc —Greek Empire—Belisarius—The Arabs—Sidi Okbah—The Queen of the Aouress—Arab, Berber, and Zenatian Dynasties —The Barbarossas—The Turks—Invasion by Charles V.— Corsairs—Capture of Algiers by Lord Exmouth—French Invasion and Conquest—Attempts at Colonisation.

My marble-quarrying acquaintance was the first to give me a correct idea of Algiers and the country around. I had been under the impression that the Sahara reached within a short distance of Algiers, from which it was divided by a narrow belt of cultivation. But this is a very erroneous supposition. As we raced into the harbour with another steamer coming from Oran, I could see that the city and a wide belt of plain at the back were closed in by a semicircle of the snow-topped peaks of the Little Atlas range. Beyond this Little Atlas range, which runs from Morocco on the west to Tunis on the east, extends a zone of comparatively level ground, though much broken up into hill and plain, and consisting of pasture and scrub, with here and there some patches of miserable Arab cultivation. This latter belt of country, as well as the lands to the north of the Lesser Atlas, and the mountains themselves, are all denominated 'The Tell,' a name derived from the Latin *tellus*. In fact, 'The Tell'

comprises all that portion of the country from east to west across Algeria which is fit for cultivation or pasture; in like manner as the Sahara includes all that part which is desert and worthless, with the exception of its oases. Where the Tell ends, the Sahara begins. The Tell is to the north, the Sahara to the south.

Herodotus divides north-western Africa into three distinct zones, naturally formed, he thinks, by the character of the soil. The first zone, bordering on the coast, he calls the inhabited land; the second zone he styles the wild-beast country,—this region represents the pastoral uplands forming the southern portion of the Tell; and his third division consists of the sandy waste, studded with oases, which he calls the 'Sahara,' or Desert proper. In his day this description was thoroughly accurate, but the advent of the nomad Arabs has completely altered the complexion of the country. They occupy, with their flocks and herds, the central zone of Herodotus, so that the Tell is now habitable to the borders of the Sahara. Virgil, in his 'Georgics,' speaks of the Lybian shepherds in a way that would imply they were nomadic in his day, but he probably alluded to the mountainous parts of the Tell, where they pastured their flocks during the summer months, as the non-nomadic natives still do, like the present Scotch Highlanders in their shielings.

Morell, Berbrugger, and other writers complicate the geography of the country by adhering to these obsolete divisions; and some even speak of four zones; but anyone who has travelled in the country will see the impossibility of retaining these theoretical boundaries and demarcations, and will fall into the invariable custom of the inhabitants, who never recognise any intermediate space between the 'Tell' and the 'Sahara.'

The existence of two ranges of Atlas mountains in Algeria causes great confusion. The Little Atlas, being

within sight of Algiers, all Frenchmen in the colony are, of course, conversant with; but I was a long time before I was able to discover where the Greater Atlas lay. Some told me it was the Djurjura, the highest part of the Little Atlas, whose snowy peaks they pointed out to me from Algiers. In the province of Oran, again, I was told that the Ouanseris was the Greater Atlas. Even in the French maps these mountains are not described by name, but simply styled the Aouress or Aurès. Morell makes confusion worse confounded by speaking of three Atlas chains, and introducing what he arbitrarily calls the 'Middle Atlas,' between the other two. But this view is purely imaginary, and is ignored in his own map of Algeria. The Ouanseris group to the south of Orléansville, to which he thus alludes, is only separated from the Lesser Atlas by the plain of the Chelif, and belongs clearly to that range; so also do the mountains to the eastward of the Djurjura, from which they are only divided by the narrow valley of the Oued-Sahel, though Morell would also include them in his Middle-Atlas range.

The Great Atlas or Djebel Aouress groups, on the contrary, which lie between Batna and Biskra, on the borders of the Desert, in the province of Constantine, are distinctly separated from the northern range by a large tract of intervening country. These are the highest mountains in Algeria, and in the whole country that lies between Morocco and Abyssinia. The Djebel Aouress is seven thousand five hundred and eighty-three feet and a half high, and the Djebel Djurjura is six thousand nine hundred and sixty-three feet and a quarter high, as stated by Morell in his learned work on Algeria. The Ouanseris, the only other very high mountain in the country, is near Teniet-el-Hâad and the plateau of Sersou, due south of Orléansville. It can be easily seen from Oran, although one hundred and thirty miles distant.

Besides these mountains, and some lesser peaks, the most remarkable natural features of the Tell are the vast plain of the Metidja, forty-five miles long and from fifteen to thirty-five wide, which surrounds the Sahel, a large tract of fertile broken ground, in the northern part of which stands Algiers; the long plain and river of the Chelif, the greatest watercourse in Algeria, which runs up from the Amour Mountains in the Desert to the sea at Mostaganem in the province of Oran; the Kabyle country, between Dellys and Bougia, in the province of Algiers; and the valley and river of the Sahel or Bou-Messaoud between Aumale and Bougia. Algeria is six hundred and twenty-five miles long, by three hundred wide.

In the foregoing remarks I have thought it right to convey some idea of the nature and configuration of the Algerian territory before proceeding to a more minute description, because, in my own case, I felt the advantage of possessing this knowledge before I commenced to mature my plans for travelling through the interior.

Many learned theories have been propounded as to the colonisation of Northern Africa previous to the foundation of Carthage, but, in reality, no trustworthy data exist, and all is enveloped in fable and mystery. Morell says that 'the most plausible theory of the original population of this region is that which coincides with the legends of the Kabyles in attributing an Eastern origin to the earliest occupants of the soil, who, under the names of Libyans and Berbers, were partially, or totally, subdued by succeeding waves of population.' That Africa was very early peopled by emigrants from Asia, belonging to the Semitic race, can scarcely admit of any doubt; but, as Piesse observes, 'the Libyans kept no regular annals—no record but fabulous traditions and mythological legends—such as the combats of Hercules

and Antæus, the Atlantes, the garden of the Hesperides, &c.—mysterious recitals which doubtless concealed allusions either to the geographical constitution of these countries, or to ancient migrations and invasions unrecorded and forgotten.'

The Libyan Hercules named above is supposed to have been a different personage from the Greek, and was probably the same as the Tyrian Hercules; for Sallust, in his Jugurthan War, speaks of the latter passing from the Levant to the Straits of Gibraltar with a host of Persians, who inverted their barks on the desolate shore for habitations, a shape subsequently copied in the Numidian huts. Herodotus likewise mentions this migration under Hercules. This mythical expedition is considered by Barbié du Bocage, in his edition of Sallust, to have taken place as far back as the entrance of the Israelites into Canaan, for at that time a part of the Phœnicians emigrated and colonised the north coast of Africa. But his only ground for holding this opinion appears to be the statement of Procopius, who asserts 'that in the time of the war with the Vandals, when he accompanied the great Belisarius into Africa in quality of his secretary, he saw, near a fountain at Tangiers, two columns of white stone, whereon were inscribed, in the Phœnician tongue, the following words: 'We fly from the robber Joshua, the son of Nun.' Although the statement of Procopius may be true, still it is a poor foundation on which to erect any elaborate superstructure of ethnology.

Sallust describes the invading army of Hercules as composed of Medes and Armenians, as well as Persians, and says the Persians formed the Numidian section by uniting with the Gætulians, an aboriginal race, while the Medes and Armenians founded the Libyan nation. The Abbé Mignot and Président de Brosses think, however, that Sallust was mistaken, and Strabo states that many

authors trace the aborigines of Northern Africa to India, whence, he says, Hercules is supposed to have brought them.

Banishing, however, as apocryphal, all the myths and fables of the ancients relative to the peopling of north-western Africa previous to the advent of the Phœnicians under Dido, any reliable and trustworthy history must commence with the foundation of Carthage, which was styled in the Phœnician tongue *Carthadt,* or *Cartha Hadath,* meaning 'new town,' to distinguish it from Utica, called Ytica in Phœnician, and signifying the 'old town.' According to Barbié du Bocage's Sallust, Utica, the scene of Cato's determined self-immolation, was undoubtedly much more ancient than the city of Dido, although nothing is known of its early history, which probably merely recorded bloody wars and base intrigues. The Carthaginian territory was a slice taken off ancient Numidia, a country which corresponded to modern Algeria, the Regency of Tunis, and a portion of Tripoli united.

It would be tedious to relate the long contests between Carthage and Rome. It will suffice to state that the death-struggle of these two rivals commenced in Sicily, where the Romans, with their allies the Mamertini, met and defeated the Carthaginians for the first time, and took Syracuse, which, at that period—four hundred years before the Christian era—had a larger population, and was greater and wealthier than Paris previous to the ravages just perpetrated by the Communists. Eager to follow up the victory and crush the rival Republic, Rome entered on the first Punic War, and attacked Carthage under Regulus, but was defeated, and Regulus was taken prisoner by the Carthaginians, and cruelly put to death.

Then came Hannibal with his paternally-imposed vow of systematic vengeance; his landing at Cartagena, in

Spain; his siege of Saguntum; his marvellous passage of the Rhone, and march over the Alps into the sunny plains of Italy; his victories at the Trebbia, the Lake of Thrasymene and Cannæ, followed by his luxurious winter in Capua, which resulted in the dispersion of his enervated troops.

In 214 B.C. the struggle again commenced, during which Hannibal, nothing daunted by the failure of his attack, so nearly successful, on his mighty rival, dashed up close to the gates of Rome.

At this critical period, the famous Scipio Africanus, then only twenty-four years old, formed the master-resolve of invading Carthage while her army was absent in Italy, and for that purpose started from Syracuse with a noble army drawn from the whole of Italy.

Having burned the camps of Syphax, a Numidian chief and ally of Carthage, and of Hasdrubal, which contained ninety thousand men, Carthage lay helpless at his feet. He offered terms of peace, which Hannibal, who had been summoned home from Italy, forced the Punic Senate to accept. The peace was, however, of short duration. Cato entered the Roman Senate carrying a basket of luscious figs, and suggestively observed that these figs grew at the distance of only a few days' sail from Rome. The Senate understood the hint, and passed the famous decree, 'Delenda est Carthago.'

After gaining Utica by treachery, Scipio laid siege to Carthage with an army of eighty-four thousand men. A gallant defence was made by the inhabitants, who manufactured three hundred swords, five hundred lances, and a hundred bucklers a-day. The women cut off their long hair to make bowstrings, and the slaves had their liberty given them on condition of assisting in the defence. Scipio, however, carried all before him, and entered Carthage in triumph, when, after a hand-to-hand fight in the

streets, which lasted six days and six nights, the haughty rival of Rome sank into a heap of ruin and ashes, and her territories became 'a granary for the Roman people, a hunting-ground for their amphitheatres, and an emporium for their slaves.' Carthage was destroyed.

Coeval with Carthage was the Numidian kingdom. Syphax, the king, allied himself with the Carthaginians; but his rival, Massanissa, being in league with Rome, came subsequently to the throne, after the defeat of Syphax at the siege of Carthage.

He and his son, Micipsa, maintained inviolate their allegiance to Rome; but on the death of Micipsa, the kingdom was divided between his two sons and his nephew, Jugurtha. This latter, however, on being chosen sole sovereign, became the bitter foe of Rome; and after his defeat by Marius, fell into the hands of Sylla through the treachery of his father-in-law, Bocchus, and died a captive in the dungeons of Rome.

After his defeat, no native foe arose to withstand the Roman arms, and tranquillity reigned until the civil wars of Cæsar and Pompey. The whole country lay helpless and prostrate, the Romans continuing to tolerate and patronise puppet kings in Numidia and Mauritania.

Juba, King of Mauritania, having joined Pompey against Cæsar, the combined forces of Juba and of Scipio, Pompey's lieutenant, were completely defeated by Cæsar at Thapsus, after he had captured Leptis and Cirta. After this defeat, all the leaders of Pompey's cause died voluntarily: Scipio committed suicide at Hippone, and Cato at Utica, while Juba and Petreius, the successor of Scipio as lieutenant to Pompey, killed each other at the end of a sumptuous repast.

Piesse says, doubtless correctly, that 'the death of Juba, at Thapsus, was speedily followed by the cession of the whole of Numidia to the Roman province of Car-

thage, which in its new composition was given by Cæsar to Sallust, the historian, with the title of Proconsul, and with the command of a body of troops.'

This organisation of the government of Africa by Cæsar was only of short duration. Augustus formed Western Numidia into a kingdom under Juba II.—an accomplished prince who had been educated at Rome, and who established his capital on the site of the Carthaginian Iol, which he called Cæsarea, and which is now known by the name of Cherchel. According to Suetonius, Ptolemy, the son of Juba, was put to death by Caligula, because he appeared in the circus at Rome in a purple robe. His kingdom was converted into a Roman province, and was again subdivided by the Emperor Claudius into Cæsarean Mauritania, and Tingitanian Mauritania; Cæsarea remaining the capital of the former, and Tingis, the modern Tangiers, being made the seat of government for the latter.

Cæsarean Mauritania nearly corresponds with modern Algeria, and Tingitanian Mauritania with the present empire of Morocco.

With the exception of the rebellion of Tacfarinas, in the reign of Tiberius, and the war of vengeance for the murder of Ptolemy, Juba's son, which was waged by Oedemon, his freed slave, Rome held undisputed sway over the whole of Northern Africa from the conquest by Cæsar to the advent of the Vandals, under Genseric their king, who in the year 427 was invited by the Roman Count Boniface to assist him against his rival Placidius. These barbarians, forcing their way through France, entered Spain, and took possession of the coasts of Andalusia, where they remained for eighteen years; but being attacked by the Goths, they availed themselves of Boniface's suicidal request, and passed over into Africa, where they subdued the greater part of the Roman dominions,

laying waste the fertile plains brought into cultivation, and the splendid cities erected by the Romans throughout their whole territory, even in the oases of the Desert. A journey through the scanty remains of former greatness in the interior would convince even such a sceptic as Gibbon of the truth of the statement made by Procopius relative to the destruction which had taken place in these once flourishing, but now desolate, regions. Procopius says, 'Scarcely any part of this beautiful region escaped their ravages. They found a highly-cultivated country —they left it a desert. They rooted up the vines, pulled down the buildings, and demolished the temples. They collected crowds before the cities and butchered them, that the infected air might cause the besieged to surrender,' and he adds, that when the army of the Greek Empire under Belisarius landed in Africa a hundred years later, one might travel for three days without meeting a human being. The ravages of these savages are only equalled by the iconoclastic destructiveness of the French, who have ruthlessly demolished in Algeria what the Vandals left unscathed of the temples and other edifices which once adorned the land.

But though the Vandals thus spread destruction and desolation in their path, Genseric established a mighty empire. Having in the year 455 sacked Rome for fourteen days and humbled Byzantium to the dust, he forced the crumbling Roman Empire to guarantee to him all his conquests in Africa, together with Corsica, Sardinia, the Balearic Isles, and Sicily.

In 477, after his death, the Vandals began to fall into the vicious habits and excesses of the conquered Romans, and became likewise weakened by internal dissensions. Justinian took advantage of these circumstances and despatched Belisarius to reconquer the country. In three months he defeated Gelimir the usurper, King of

the Vandals, retook Sicily and all other acquired territories, and utterly extinguished the Vandal rule in Africa.

The authority of the tottering Greek Empire did not, however, last long, although Salomon, the successor of the unhappy Belisarius, upheld for some years the sway of the Eastern emperors by his brilliant victories in the Aouress Mountains, and all through Numidia, over the rebel tribes. But the Byzantine territories extended no further inland than the Little Atlas chain, and on the coast the barbarian hordes ranged almost to the gates of Cherchel and Tangiers.

The first blow given to the dominion of the Byzantines was inflicted by the Roman patrician Gregorius, prefect of Ifrikia, the modern Tripoli, a name since extended to the entire continent of Africa. Gregorius usurped supreme power, and established himself as an independent potentate.

The Arabs, however, having overrun Egypt under Othman, third Caliph of the Saracens, invaded Ifrikia, and killing Gregorius, possessed themselves of the country, but consented to evacuate it on payment of a large ransom.

Twenty years later they re-appeared, and their chief Okbah, or Akbar (whose famous tomb is at the oasis of Sidí Okbah, near Biskra, in the Sahara), founded Kairouan, the capital of Mahommedan Africa, after which he carried his conquests to Fez, and even as far as the Atlantic Ocean.

The Berbers at first regarded the Moslems as their deliverers from the intolerable yoke of Rome, but, wearied by the long prayers enjoined by the Mahommedan Faith, which had been forced upon them by the new invaders, they once more leagued themselves with the Romans, defeated the Arab hosts, and established, at Kairouan,

the first Berber Empire. During five years, their leader, Koceila, governed Africa in a manner that gained the admiration of even the Arabs he had conquered; but Okbah being killed in 689, the Caliph sent the Emir Zoheir-Ibn-Kaïs to avenge his death, who overthrew the throne of Koceila. Subsequently, in 691, Hassan-Ibn-Noman took Carthage, and vanquished the Berbers whom Kahina, Queen of the Aouress, had assembled to fight against him.

Moussa-Ibn-Noceir brought all the Berbers of the Aouress—the ancient Gætuli—into subjection, conquered Tingitana, and, in conjunction with Tarik and Musa, gained the victory on the banks of the Guadalete, which delivered Spain over to Islamism and put an end to the empire of the Visigoths.

The Emirs of Africa were appointed by the Caliphs of the East until the year 800, at which period the Government became hereditary in the family of the Ar'lebides, under Haroun-Al-Rachid. They reigned until 1109, when they were suddenly overthrown by an enemy of whose power they were unaware. The Berbers of the tribe of Ketama, who inhabited the country about Constantine, set up an African Caliph descended from Ali and Fatima, the daughter of the Prophet, who expelled the Ar'lebide Emir, and freed the country from the authority of the Caliphs of Bagdad. The name of this Emir was Obeid-Allah, and with him commenced the Fatimite dynasty, so called after his maternal ancestor.

Kairouan, in Tunis, was the capital of Africa under the Arabs during the Asiatic sovereignty, but the African Caliph removed the seat of government to Mehadia, or El-Mehdia, built on the ruins of Aphrodisimus by Obed-Allah, who assumed the title of Mehadi, or Director of the Faithful.

The Berber period embraces three sovereignties—the

dynasty of the Sanhadja, the dynasty of the Almoravides, and the dynasty of the Almohades. The first branch of the Sanhadja had their capital at Achir, near Bougia, and then at Kairouan, while the second reigned at Bougia. The dynasty of the Almoravides, and also that of the Almohades, ruled in Morocco until the division of their empire, when the branch of the Beni-Merin, a Zenatian tribe from the Sahara, established themselves at Morocco and Fez; the Beni-Zian, another Zenatian tribe, at Tlemcen; and the Beni-Hafes or Hafsides in Ifrikia.

The Fatemite sect, partisans of Ali, held heterodox tenets of the Mahommedan Faith, such as the incarnation of the Deity in the person of the Imaum, and other extravagant doctrines borrowed from the Persians. The Berbers rebelled against these monstrous tenets being forced upon them, defeated El-Kaïm, the son of Obeid-Allah, and besieged him in Meh'dia, or Mehadia, his capital, where he died. But his son, El-Mansour, and his grandson, El-Moez-Mâd, re-established the power of their family, and the latter passed into Egypt, where he definitively set up the throne of his empire. El-Moez, however, the great grandson of Bologguin whom El-Moez-Mâd left as his lieutenant in Western Africa, repudiated the authority of the dynasty, re-established the orthodox Faith, and proclaimed the supremacy of the Caliph of Bagdad. In revenge for this rebellion, the Fatemite Government hurled against Western Africa hordes of nomad Arabs from the desert, who spread themselves all over the country, which they desolated and despoiled. Thus a new Arab population replaced in Mauritania that which the Mussulman conquest had implanted there, and which had become nearly extinct towards the period when El-Moez-Mâd transported the seat of his empire into Egypt.

The Regency of Bologguin was divided between two branches of his posterity—the Zirides, who ruled in Ifrikia, now Tunis and Tripoli, and the Hammadites, who possessed the provinces of Constantine and Bougia. The Hammadites maintained their authority for a hundred and sixty years, successfully resisting the Almoravides, though they finally succumbed before the Almohades. The Zirides were conquered by Roger II., King of Sicily; and Hassan, the last Ziridian sovereign, was dethroned in 1149.

In the middle of the eleventh century the Almoravides appeared. The origin of this race of victorious warriors was a religious confraternity of Marabouts or Al-Morabetin, who, taking up the sword, and led by Aboubekir, made war on the country of the Blacks, then conquered the Mar'reb, or present empire of Morocco, and a portion of central Mar'reb about Oran; while, under Aboubekir's son, Jussuf-Tefsin, they seized upon the whole of Moorish Spain, and dethroned the petty princes who reigned in that country. Jussuf-Tefsin's wives were a thousand in number, and seventeen children were born to him in one day.

The Almohades, or Unitarians, arose under the son of Jussuf. Their founder, Mohammed-ben-Abdallah, who was of the race of the Mossanides in the Atlas Mountains, though born at Cordova, obtained considerable reputation in Africa under the mask of sanctity. His friend Abdel-Moumein succeeded him and took possession of Mar'reb, Ifrikia, and Saracenic Spain. The Hammadites in Mar'reb were vanquished by him in 1147, and the Sicilians of Ifrikia in 1160. He caused Ishak, the last of the Almoravides, to be beheaded.

The Almohades confided the government of Ifrikia to a lieutenant, the son of one of their principal chieftains. He and his successors soon declared the country inde-

pendent, and, under the name of Hafsides, ruled the provinces of Constantine and Bougia, and eventually all Morocco, under the title of Sultans.

The desert tribe of the Beni-Merin in the West penetrated northwards into the Tell, occupied the town of Fez, brought into submission the Moorish provinces, and finally overthrew the remnants of the Almohade nation.

Another Saharian tribe quitted the desert and founded at Tlemcen in 1236, the empire of the Beni-Zian, or Beni-Abd-el-Ouadin.

Thus the three dynasties of the Hafsides, the Beni-Merin and the Beni-Zian possessed amongst them, at the same time, as alluded to before, the whole of Northern Africa, with the exception of Egypt.

Eventually, these kingdoms were split into a number of small governments—the present province of Algeria being divided into four: Tlemcen, Tenes, Algiers, and Bougia. These petty monarchies continued for some centuries, until at last dissensions arose, commenced by the King of Tlemcen, of which Spain took advantage, for the alleged purpose of repressing the piracy of the Moors who had been expelled from Spain, but, in reality, with the aim of carrying on the senseless crusade against the unbelievers which had been commenced in Spain previous to their departure thence, and of converting them to Christianity by fire and sword. Truly does Crichton observe, in his work on Arabia: 'This detested nation, whose conquest and expulsion were attended with such atrocities, and such triumphs to Christianity, were by far the most industrious and useful part of the Spanish population; and their loss was a blow to the greatness and prosperity of the kingdom,' like that which France suffered at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, 'from which it has never recovered.'

A similar expedition against the African Moslems had been previously undertaken by Saint Louis, who, in the year 1270, landed at Carthage, to co-operate in the great work of the crusade against the infidels. But he and a tenth part of his army fell a prey there to the pestilential climate of Africa.

The Spaniards were more successful. They conquered Oran, Bougia, and other places, and caused such alarm at Algiers, that the inhabitants elected Selim Eutemi, an Arab chief, their king, and invoked the assistance of the Turks. In 1511 Solyman the Magnificent, Sultan of Turkey, responded to this appeal by despatching an armament under the command of two Corsair chiefs, Bab-Aroudj and Kheir-ed-din his brother, who are stated in 'Russel's Barbary States' to have been the sons of a potter, in the Isle of Lesbos. These commanders—better known in history as the two Barbarossas—slew Eutemi, the king they had nominally come to assist, and governed the Moors in his stead, ruling with brutal ferocity. For a long time, however, they were unable to dislodge the Spaniards from the fortress called the Peñon, which the Count de Navarre had built on the Mole at Algiers, and which commanded the town and fort, within musketry range.

After the murder of Eutemi, Bab-Aroudj attacked and sacked Tlemcen in the province of Oran, and took it by treachery; but the Spaniards invested the place and forced him to fly, carrying with him the spoils of the city. Bab-Aroudj was overtaken on the banks of the Tafna, and killed, notwithstanding the gold and treasure he scattered on the ground by the way, to retard the pursuit of his enemies. On his death, his brother Kheir-ed-din placed himself under the protection of the Sultan of Turkey, and was made Capudan Pacha. Assisted by his Janissaries, he took the Peñon from the Spaniards,

thus placing the whole country under the dominion of the Porte.

The Emperor Charles V. strove to recover the sway of Spain over the north African seaboard, and in 1535 attacked and conquered Tunis, where he disgraced his victory by the massacre of the inhabitants. Again, in 1541, he resolved to chastise the Algerine pirates, and led a gallant army and fleet against Algiers; but his fleet was dispersed in a storm, and with difficulty he re-embarked his discomfited troops at Cape Matifou, when he returned to Europe, and relinquished his ambitious dreams of conquest.

In the reign of Louis XIV. the ravages of the Corsairs of Algiers had become such a scourge to the Levant, that the Grand Monarque despatched an armament under Admiral Duquesne to chastise them, who, after inflicting great damage on the city with shells, then newly invented, offered terms, but the Dey in fury blew the French consul from the mouth of a gun; whereupon Duquesne reduced the fortifications, the arsenals, and the town itself to a heap of ruins.

The next expedition against Algiers, on account of the outrageous crimes of the pirates, was sent by Spain, with O'Reilly at its head; but jealousies sprang up amongst the commanders, and the troops behaved so badly in action, that he was compelled to retire with heavy loss, although the force at his command was sufficiently large to have reduced the city.

In the beginning of this century the audacity of the Corsairs became intolerable, and they were the terror of the whole Mediterranean, attacking Elba, Calabria, Malaga, Italy, and France. They at length insulted the British flag, when General Maitland was despatched to Tunis, and Lord Exmouth to Algiers, to demand satisfaction. Lord Exmouth went to the Dey's levée almost

unattended, and the Janissaries could with difficulty be withheld from cutting him to pieces. After enforcing the release of some Christian slaves, his squadron had no sooner left the port than the British consul was loaded with chains, while Captain Dashwood, and an English surgeon who endeavoured to save his wife and children, were insulted and overpowered by blows. These outrages and the atrocities committed at Oran, together with the massacre of the coral-fishers at Bona, brought matters to a climax; and in 1816 the famous armament under Lord Exmouth was sent out to inflict signal chastisement on the pirates. Lord Exmouth was joined at Gibraltar by a Dutch squadron, under Admiral Capellen, and the combined fleet sailed majestically to within pistol-shot of the Mole, delivered a crashing broadside against the walls, which were defended by thirty thousand troops and a thousand guns, and in a few hours committed such havoc among the fortifications and shipping, that the Dey was forced to surrender, in order to save his city from total annihilation. The Algerines were compelled to disgorge the heavy tribute they had levied on the small Italian states, to liberate, without ransom, all Christian slaves, and to bind themselves to abstain in future from predatory expeditions. The British did not seize upon the country, as they might have done, but prudently retired when they had inflicted heavy chastisements on the offenders, as the Grand Monarque had done previously, declining to burden themselves with such a doubtful boon as the possession of this savage, inhospitable region.

Not many years afterwards, the incorrigible Algerines recommenced their depredations, and became such a pest to commerce that the French Government, under Charles X., undertook their punishment. The extinction of piracy, however, was only a pretext for attack; the

real object was to obtain revenge for a slap on the face given by the Dey to the French consul, during a dispute about some monetary affair, in which the Bourbon king refused to ratify an engagement entered into under the First Empire. The revenge sought wa to dethrone the Dey, and seize on his territories.

The minister, Polignac, on this occasion deceived 'le cher Aberdeen,' as later, in the Spanish marriages question, Guizot deceived him, and gave every assurance that the expedition was undertaken merely for the extirpation of piracy. The result we all know. The French, not content with taking Algiers, carried their conquests into the interior, until the whole country was brought under their sway. Now they have got it, they do not know what to do with it. They are making no progress in colonisation, and their occupation of the colony is said to cost France a hundred thousand a-year more than the tribute raised. As long as the natives continued in revolt, and Algeria was looked upon as a school for the French army, this outlay might be considered justifiable; but now, when only a few robber bands rove through the desert, dignified by the name of rebels, one cannot refrain from asking whether *le jeu vaut la chandelle*? The more candid among the colonists do not hesitate to say that the French occupation is a thorough failure, and freely compare the progress they have made with what would have taken place under British rule. Still, they feel reluctant, as a great nation, to own their mistake before the world. Their hopes rest on a change in the form of administration, and they think that with liberal institutions and self-government, matters will mend. *Nous verrons.* I fear the unsuitability of Frenchmen for colonisation lies at the root of the evil; the tendency of any redundant population in France being to crowd as idlers and vagabonds into the large towns of their own

land, instead of manfully braving fate, and striving to better their fortune by enterprise and hard work. And in this view I am strengthened by the opinion of many intelligent colonists, to whom I have spoken on the subject.*

On the conquest of Algiers, the Turkish army was disbanded, the Dey was suffered to retire in exile to Naples, and all Turkish property was forfeited to the Government of the conquerors. The lands, however, of the natives—the Arabs and Kabyles—were left to the owners in absolute possession. This is now considered a grave mistake, and measures are being taken to survey the whole of the country, pursuant to a decree by the late Emperor, in order to define the boundaries accurately, and to apportion it among the tribes, with the view of buying it up from them hereafter, when purchasers can be procured. I do not believe that colonists will be found for the fresh lands thus thrown into the market, while thousands of acres of lands now in possession of the Government are lying uncultivated and even undrained, seething hotbeds of fever.

What a sad commentary on the fleeting power of man is the foregoing chronicle of the races that have governed, and the events that have taken place in, these regions! Morell truly observes—'Empires depart, races dissolve, religions change; but the handwriting of the Almighty on the trackless sands and the everlasting hills remains the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Still old Atlas cuts the blue vault of heaven with his snowy peaks, and the graceful palm nods its crest unchanged over the burning wastes of the desert.'

* While I am preparing these pages for the press, accounts are daily arriving of the unsettled state of Algeria, consequent on the military collapse of France, furnishing additional proof of what a worthless colony it is to the French.

CHAPTER XVI.

Description of the Town and Suburbs of Algiers as seen from the Sea—Uproarious Native Boatmen—Landing—The Djenina, or ancient Palace of the Deys—Midnight Retreat of the Pasha Ali-ben-Ahmed with his Treasures to the Kasba—Marochetti's Statue of the Duke of Orleans in the Place du Gouvernement—Veiled Beauties—Algiers the Roman Icosium—The Djemmâa-Djedid—Architect beheaded—French Part of the Town—Arab Quarter.

THE foregoing chapter has, I fear, been found dry by some of my readers. It has been a laborious task for me to search through the different authorities and to reconcile statements often seemingly conflicting; but I trust that in introducing Algerian life to the notice of my countrymen, I shall give them as much pleasure as I derived myself from my travels, and that I may succeed in imparting some fresh information respecting that highly interesting country, of which too little is known in Europe.

Algiers itself is familiar, by description, to every reader; and the first impression vividly recalls the tales and dreams of our childhood.

The city has been compared to a triangular sheet spread out on a bleaching ground, and this gives a good idea of the general effect. Owing to the houses of the Arab quarter in the higher part of the town being invariably whitewashed, and having flat roofs, nothing appears but a mass of dazzling white, set in the firmament of tropical verdure furnished by the villa-studded environs.

But the city is better described as a glacier, hanging on to the sides of the heights of Bou-Zareah, and bathing its base in the sea, like those huge glaciers in the Northern Ocean, which, becoming detached from the mountain sides and swept along by the southerly currents, float down the Atlantic as huge icebergs, bearing death and destruction to many a gallant crew. Arriving at night by the steamer from Oran, some weeks later, when the darkness prevented the demarcations of the houses from being observed, and when nothing but a snow-like mass was visible through the twilight, the illusion was perfect, and one could almost fancy oneself gazing on a mass of ice, white as the Glacier de Bossons at Chamouni, that purest and most unsullied of all glaciers.

As the 'Hermes' steamed into the harbour, the effects of the sparkling city gleaming in the morning sun, and of the reflections repeated in the stilly wave beneath, were lovely. Stretching far away to the eastward, on the left, were the Heights of Mustapha, covered with the summer residences of the Governor, the leading public and private personages, and the foreign consuls. To the westward rose the hills of Bou-Zareah, as far as the castle-topped *Pointe de Pescade*, so like Dunluce Castle, on the northern coast of Ireland; and upon a lofty eminence on the latter heights, called also the Sahel Hills, stood the noble Church of Notre Dame d'Afrique, below which was seen the cemetery and town of St. Eugène. The view to the left extended past the Heights of Mustapha to Cape Matifou, and embraced in the distance the snowy spurs of the Djurjura range in Kabylia, the eastern extremity of the Little Atlas which bounds the horizon to the south and girds Algiers in a vast semicircle.

Soon the 'Hermes' swung round to her moorings close to the only old surviving Corsair vessel of the fleet of fourteen captured by the French at the conquest. This

relic of piracy has been carefully repaired from time to time, and the tricolour floats where the terror-fraught red flag once so proudly waved.

A Babel chorus of native boatmen, attired with fez and Zouave jacket, and in linen supposed to be white, surrounded the vessel, and interfered materially with our admiration of the city and the rich landscape in which it was set.

The French quarter of Algiers runs along the water's edge, and the Arab quarter, rising up the hill-side, gradually closes in towards the Kasba, or palace of the Dey—the apex of the triangle in which the town is built.

A fellow-passenger and I engaged one of those yelling maniacs to row us ashore, in order that we might secure rooms at the 'Orient' Hotel before the rush of passengers began to arrive. However, we were unsuccessful; for the influx of English and other foreigners had been so great that not a room was procurable either there or at the 'Régence,' the next best hotel. Mahmoud, one of the few Turks remaining, and a noted guide through Algeria, now came to our assistance and located us at the Hôtel de France, in the Rue Bab-el-Oued. This Mahmoud is always on the look out for the arriving steamers, and is most useful in giving information and making up parties for enabling visitors to witness the religious ceremonies of the natives, and other matters of interest. I found his advice and assistance of the greatest service, and the most interesting expeditions I undertook were entirely at his suggestion, one of them not being mentioned in the French guide-books—that over the Djurjura.

On recrossing the Place du Gouvernement, the principal square of the town, and descending the long flight of steps leading down to the water-side, I again plunged in at the Custom-house amongst the motley crew of

Moorish, Arab, Koulougli, or Koulourli—a mixed breed—and black boatmen, to look after my luggage. Determined this time not to be put to inconvenience about my ammunition, I made an intelligent black take it to the waiting-room, instead of leaving it with the luggage. Seeing my bundle of wraps in the distance, inside the building, I sent the fellow to fetch it, when one of the douaniers made a dash at him with a thick stick, which came down on the counter with a loud crack, just as the nimble lad had vaulted over. In the towns the French all treat the natives in this way, but the latter do not seem to mind it, for they laugh and make fun of each other when bullied or struck at. In the interior I saw little of such blustering conduct, although the people are ruled with the strong iron hand of martial law, for their masters deem it more prudent to act justly and considerately, where far away from the protection of the troops.

The boatmen and porters are a strange medley of races, doubtless descendants of the Corsairs, and perhaps even of their proud magnates, for polygamy so indefinitely multiplied the children of the Dey, and of his wealthy ministers and officers, that, as Berbrugger observes, the humblest European visitor at Algiers may now have his baggage carried by the offspring of those haughty pirate chiefs, once the terror of Christendom.

The first impression, on landing and ascending the Place du Gouvernement, is highly favourable. This large square stands on the site of several mosques and small streets, and of the famous Djenina, which was the palace of the Deys before Ali-ben-Ahmed, the last pacha but one, removed the vice-royal residence to the Kasba. It was at night, on the first of November, 1817, that this tyrant retired with his treasures, guarded by his faithful Janissaries, from this indefensible position to the strong fortress he had constructed to command the town. He

removed, in order to escape the untimely end of most of his predecessors, which he so richly deserved for his cruelties. The beautiful Djenina, with its choice gardens, has been swept away, like almost every other vestige of antiquity in Algeria, to make way for the stiff, rectangular places and streets that distinguish French towns in Africa. The Place du Gouvernement contains a good equestrian statue of the Duke of Orleans, by Marochetti, which the Republican Government in 1848 wanted to destroy. This large open square is planted with plane trees at the south, and fine palms surround a fountain on the west, opposite the Régence Hotel. This large open space is the heart and centre of the town. Here in the afternoon military bands play, and it is always full of European loungers; Kabyles, Arabs, Moors, Jews, and Soudan blacks; veiled women in white burnous, loose trousers, and coarse leather slippers, generally over stockingless feet; black women, unveiled, and wrapped in dark blue striped burnouses; French soldiers in every variety of uniform; spahis, and a mixed assemblage of idlers, and dogs of every breed and nation. As the Moorish women walk about, they often, in passing, allow a corner of the jamash, or veil, to fall, as if by accident, and to display their charms, so liberally assisted by art. They also open their burnous to exhibit their richly-embroidered zouave costumes, their chains, and their jewelled ornaments. I must confess that, in my mind, the kohuhl with which they blacken the insides of their eyelids and daub their eyebrows, gives them a hard as well as a dirty appearance, and neutralises any beauty they may possess. But the better class of Moorish ladies are never seen thus in public. They rarely leave the harem, and then only when going to visit or shop, and they are always escorted by an attendant negress.

On the northern side of the Place du Gouvernement

stands the grand mosque, the Djemmâa Djedîd, on the site of the forum of the city of Icosium, which flourished here in the time of the Romans. The architect was an Italian captive, to whom the Dey promised his freedom on condition that he would erect the finest mosque in El Djedzair, the Turkish name of Algiers. On the day of its completion, however, the Dey observed that the edifice was in the form of a cross, and in fury beheaded the unfortunate designer.

On the opposite side of the Place—the north-eastern corner of its sea-face—begins the Boulevard de l'Impératrice, where the Orient Hotel, the Post Office, and other imposing buildings occupy the fine frontage facing the sea, and it continues as far as the Fort of Bab-Azzoun, in the direction of Mustapha. From the south-eastern and south-western corners of the square run the streets Bab-Azzoun and Bab-el-Oued; the former, parallel to the Boulevard de l'Impératrice, as is also the Rue Napoléon, higher up the hill. The rue Bab-el-Oued leads to the Bab-el-Oued, or Water Gate, towards St. Eugène, and past the Artillery Barracks, the Marengo Gardens, and the Lyceum. Between the Rue Bab-el-Oued and the sea lies a network of small streets, and at the east of the town the rue d'Isly branches off from the Bab-Azzoun at the Place Bresson, where the theatre stands. All the parts above named, together with the streets joining and intersecting them at right angles, compose the chief part of the French quarter; the remainder, that is to say, the part that hangs on to the side of the hill, intersected by narrow winding footways arranged in steps, comprises the quarter where the natives inhabit their outer-world-excluding mansions, communicating only with the street by a jealously-closed door, although on the inside opening into pleasant courts filled with sparkling fountains and gay flowers. This architectural

crystallisation—this sparkling snow-drift—this untiled, unslated, untarnished-looking ice-field city, seeming so pure from afar, yet so foul when near—is surmounted, as stated above, by the palace-fortress of the Kasba. In this filthy portion of Algiers, crime and vice reign predominant among the sensual, degraded natives, and fever often finds a rich harvest in the badly-built, badly-drained, and badly-ventilated houses. It is like a whited sepulchre, beautiful indeed outside, but within full of all uncleanness.

CHAPTER XVII.

Indifferent Meat—No green Crops for feeding the Cattle, and but little Hay—Narrow Ways in the Arab Quarter—Turks compelling Jews to carry them up the Hill—Embroiderers and Turners—Striking Difference between the Arabs and the Kabyles—The Moors poor in Algiers, but wealthy in Tunis—French Victories over Abd-el-Kader great Exaggerations—The Emir's Troops a mere Rabble—Badly armed—No Stand made, except in Ambuscades and Fastnesses—Interior of the Djemmâa-Djedid — Christian Slave Market — Djemmâa-Kebir—Kadi's Court of Justice—Crowd of veiled Women seeking for Justice against their Husbands—Moslems kissing the Ground — Marks of Lord Exmouth's Cannon-balls — Scaffold-like Pulpit—The Marabouts—Their great Influence—Sidi-Ab-el-Kadir-Djilali—His Miracle of the Slippers—The Patron Saint of Travellers—The Emir called after this Saint.

THE two principal hotels were so crowded with English that I could not get comfortable quarters for several days, and in the meantime I had become settled at the Hôtel de France, where I met a number of French officers and men of business who knew the interior of Algeria well, from all of whom I derived a fund of useful information respecting the present condition of the country, which it is impossible to gather from the prejudiced guide-books. I decided, therefore, on remaining at that hotel during my brief stay in the town. There was a very fair *cuisine*, but although the meat was well-dressed, it was very indifferent in quality. Indeed, during the winter months, all the meat is decidedly bad in Algeria, and no one tries to deny this unpleasant fact.

There is a curious market-place round the square of the Place de Chartres, in the centre of which is a fine fountain, shaded by a large weeping-willow, and in all the butchers' shops of this market, the best meat, and indeed the sole description that is palateable, is marked as coming by the steamer from Marseilles. The time of the year when the African cattle are in proper condition for killing is during the month of May, and then, when the fresh spring grass begins to tell upon them, the French buyers come over and take them away to Marseilles. In the winter there is no grass, and in the summer what there is becomes burnt up. The natives, like the Spaniards, have no idea of 'making hay while the sun shines,' either literally or figuratively, and they grow no green crops, so the wretched animals have to struggle on upon crumbling barley straw which we should consider too bad for litter. The sheep do not even get this, but are left to browse on the withered herbage of the preceding summer, or the wild scrub, and on weeds. The Arab horses—of which few now remain,—the famous Berber breed of the ancient Numidian cavalry crossed with the Oriental Arab having been largely replaced by mules and camels among the Kabyles, and by mules and asses among the Arabs—are fed upon the same innutritious provender. But the French buy large quantities of hay from the colonists, which they store up in haystacks, with a guard mounted over it, with strict injunctions placarded round the premises, at least at Constantine, that no one should smoke within a certain distance of the ricks, lest a spark might fly and ignite them. At Mustapha Inférieur enormously-high stacks are piled up for the use of the cavalry and artillery, and are so top heavy that they are obliged to be buttressed up by large wooden props.

Starting from the Place du Gouvernement and passing the Cathedral of Saint Phillippe, which was formerly the

Mosque of Ketchoua, called also the Mosque of Hassan, and the winter palace adjoining of the Governor-General, formerly a Moorish palace, you plunge at once into the strange network of narrow passages, vaulted archways, and precipitous footways which traverse the Arab quarter. In some places there is barely room for two foot-passengers to pass, and the effort becomes positively serious when a donkey is met with panniers of matting filled with stones and sand for building, or, still worse, with well-used black litter, such as Hercules had to clear out of the Augean stable, and of such donkey-loads abundance are encountered while climbing and descending these tortuous ways. In the days of Moslem rule it was the privilege of every Turk to seize the first Jew he met toiling up these heights, and make the luckless wretch bear him on his shoulders to the summit.

Towards the top of the town, and all the way up along one or two of the leading thoroughfares, are the infinitesimal stalls of the merchants and artisans, which form such a singular characteristic of Oriental nations. In these nooks and crannies two or three men have barely room to squat cross-legged, a posture in which they indulge the whole day long while at work. The most original trades were the embroiderers of gold on velvet for slippers, which I had seen at Tangiers, and also the turners, who, instead of a lathe, used a bow with the string passed round the borer which was made to revolve rapidly by the motion of the hand. Many of these turners were employed in making horn rings for dinner napkins, great numbers of which are used at the table-d'hôte rooms through France and Algeria. It was strange to see the smiths at work in these little niches, instead of in the large, roomy forges we are accustomed to in Europe.

Fortunately, the camels of the Kabyles, of which numbers come to Algiers, do not enter the town, but are

left hobbled outside the Constantine Gate, on a large open space of ground, with some of their wild-looking owners sleeping beside them on the ground, to keep watch, while the rest adjourn to Arab cafés devoted to their use in the Rue d'Isly. Did these huge animals thread the mazy labyrinths of the native alleys, they would sweep everybody away before them, for the wild drivers would not take the trouble to steer them clear of foot-passengers. The donkeys and their attendant tyrants are bad enough, for the latter merely give a shout as notice of their approach, in the same way as the camel-drivers do in the narrow and crowded streets of Cairo.

The difference between the personal appearance of the Kabyles and Arabs is very striking, the short, wiry, benevolent-faced mountaineers contrasting favourably with the treacherous and often murderous-looking, though well-made, Bedouins. Many of both races throng the streets of Algiers, and being thus seen in juxtaposition, can be readily compared.

The wealthiest native inhabitants are the Moors, the Jews, and the Mozabites, or M'Zabites, all of whom inhabit the strange, mysterious, iron-barred, and grated houses which impend, and often meet over, the arched and vaulted passages of the upper town. The Moors are a fine intelligent race, but at Algiers more than half of them are in great poverty, owing to the enhanced price of provisions since the advent of the French. The richest of them have emigrated to Constantinople, Cairo, Alexandria, and Tunis. At the last-named town I have seen them occupying all the best stalls in the vault-like bazaars. They are of a very different stamp from their benighted countrymen in Morocco, who bear no trace whatever of the high and noble qualities that distinguished their ancestors in Spain. The Moors of Morocco, the Kabyles, and the Arabs have no appearance of being the

descendants of the conquering races from which they sprang. They all have plenty of fighting capacity left, although only the raw material, for the accounts of the victories of the French in Algiers, and of the Spaniards recently in Morocco, are gross exaggerations. The savage tribes they fought against have no knowledge of military tactics that would enable them to hold the open field for half an hour. In Algeria, Abd-el-Kader's successes and gallant defence resulted entirely from the guerilla system of warfare he adopted, and the positions he took up in ambuscades, or in strong mountain fastnesses. Whenever he made a stand in practicable ground he was sure to be defeated at once, as at Hadja-Roum in the Province of Oran, on the heights round the old Roman city of Rubræ. I was shown over the battle-field by the son of one of the commanders at the engagement, and he pointed out to me where a division of French infantry got to the left flank of the Emir, behind some rising ground, while the cavalry made a *détour* round the valley to the right flank. The main body then pushed on across the valley, and fell on the Arab position in front, while the two detached forces assailed either flank, by which simple manœuvres the enemy was doubled up at once, making scarcely any resistance.

In addition to their profound ignorance of the art of war, the natives laboured under the difficulty of being miserably armed. The infantry were no better than a mere rabble, with the exception of two or three battalions that the Emir had trained and equipped, on the European model, with arms smuggled from England, the French say, through Gibraltar and Morocco, across the Oran frontier. The rest either carried antediluvian flint matchlocks, or else merely awkward old horse-pistols, swords, long knives, and even stout sticks in true shillelagh style. The mounted Arabs are doubtless splendid at a hand-to-hand

fight, and could master any French dragoon in single combat, but for acting in combination as cavalry they are useless against regular troops. Strange to say, that though such admirable swordsmen, their swords would have been considered worthless by Europeans, for I have seen some of these native weapons belonging to a French officer bend like a barrel-hoop when leaned upon. I have in my possession a fine sword, a handsome inlaid gun, and a quantity of other arms, which, I believe, had been owned by Abd-el-Kader. I bought them of an eminent firm in London, who held them as security for a loan, and who firmly believed them to have been the Emir's property once; at all events they must have belonged to some of his principal lieutenants, for they are elaborately carved and richly mounted in chased silver, and they undoubtedly came from Algeria to Paris. This sword, though similar in shape, is quite different in quality from the wretched weapons the natives use, and it has the true Damascus and Toledo rebound in it, being made of fine steel, instead of common iron with a steel edge, such as generally met with.

The grand mosque Djemmâa Djedid, which presents so fine a front to the Place du Gouvernement, with its handsome minaret to the west, and its crescent-surmounted dome over the centre, is entered from the small square of the Place Mahon, now the cab-stand for the west of Algiers, but once the ancient Christian slave-market, whither the groaning and weeping captives were dragged from the steps of the Pêcherie in the port close at hand. 'What strange untold romances of anguish, of helpless misery—of crime, rapine, and lust,' as Tristram observes, 'lie buried for ever beneath this spot!'

The interior of the principal mosque, or Djemmâa Djedid, the cruciform shape of which, as I have stated, brought about the death of its Italian architect, is plain

and simple. It contains a fine chair in sculptured marble and a splendidly illuminated manuscript of the Koran, presented by one of the Sultans of Turkey to a Dey of Algiers. Each page is a prodigy of manipulation, and this gorgeous work is said far to surpass, in caligraphy and illumination, everything handed down to us from the Middle Ages.

Into this edifice, as into every other mosque in Algiers, Christians, even females, have free access, by taking off their boots and substituting slippers provided by the attendants. The day I entered this mosque, no one was visible within, and I might have walked down, booted, into the interior; but thinking that irreverent, I refrained from going further than the ablution fountain at the bottom of the steps, where the Faithful wash their feet before entering the holy part of the building. The French bullied the natives so much by forcing them to admit Christians into their sacred shrines—a pollution permitted in no other Mahometan country—that I felt I should have done wrong to intrude. In Tangiers I was stepping inside the door of a native school, when the guide pulled me back, and told me that my entrance would have been considered sacrilege. The Moslems in olden times would not permit a Jew to pass the outside of a mosque in Algiers, without taking off his shoes and walking barefooted until out of sight. The Faithful are naturally sore at heart when they think of the changes which the conquerors have made in this respect, and of the numbers of mosques that have been demolished, converted to secular purposes, and even turned into Christian churches for the hated Giaour. They see, believe, and tremble before their persecutors, but they sigh for deliverance the while, and the silly people entertain a sort of lurking hope that the English will some day eject the intruders, and restore to them their native land.

Some distance down the street *De la Marine* stands the

grand rival mosque Djemmâa Kebir. Piesse, in his accurate work, states that this mosque is dedicated to the Mussulman worship of the Maleki rite, which is that of the Arabs and Moors, whereas the mosque of Djemmâa Djedid was built for the Turks of the Hanefi rite. Tristram contradicts this, and says that the converse is true. These two rival sects, though differing in ritual, hold exactly similar doctrines, and, unlike other Mahometan sects, do not hate and anathematise each other. Both join in despising and abhorring the sect of Ali, and the Khramsine, or fifth sect, who are as bitterly detested as the Shafi and Wahabi are in Arabia. At the time of my visit, the court before the mosque was filled with a motley-attired crowd, interested in the causes being tried by the Kadi; and on entering I saw the Kadi, who was sitting in judgment in a small recess open in front and looking into the court, where he was surrounded by Khatebs and Imaums. A secretary sat at a table on the left hand of the great man, who occupied the centre place at the further end. Several books—the Koran, doubtless, and some law books, which are chiefly commentaries on that sacred volume, for reference—together with various manuscript documents, lay about on the narrow table that ran like a counter round the small chamber. The litigants were placed within the square space in the middle, and the secretary or paih was busily employed taking notes of what went forward. At a latticed window to the right-hand side of the Kadi, like the window of a confessional box, stood a crowd of veiled women, chiefly young, who awaited their turn to pour their grievances into the ear of the Kadi, and seek redress for their conjugal wrongs.

The Caliphs of the East, following the example of the Pagan monarchs, constituted themselves the actual heads of religion and of the law, as well as of the civil and military government of the country, and the Kadi acts as

the vicar of the successors of the Caliphs. the Sultans of Turkey, administering justice — unless when bribed— according to the commands of the Koran.

The Kadi of the rival cathedral mosque holds a similar court, to try all suits between the members of the religion to which he belongs.

An old man, who appeared to be a Kaïd or Agha from having a large suite attendant on him, directed me, in good French, to the residence of the custodian of the mosque, as I wished to enter the building. This functionary holds the same position as our sexton. He preceded me with a pair of slippers to wear, and as I was about to sit down on the step of the mosque and remove my boots in order to make use of the slippers, he assured me there was no occasion, as it was sufficient to put the slippers on over them. They were, however, too small to go on, so he said:—'Never mind, just go in as you are. No one will see you or mind you.' He told me the reason they take so much care to unshoe on entering is, that the Moslems kiss the ground in adoration as they pray, and naturally object to their lips coming in contact with a spot polluted by dirty, muddy, or dusty boots. One devotee was hard at work, kissing with apparent gusto, the very spot on the matting which I had just before pressed, and therefore defiled by my Christian boot. Poor fellow! He was evidently wrapped up in his devotions, and quite unaware of his fearful blunder. Opening a door in the wall, my accommodating guide pulled out a large wooden framework on wheels, resembling the scaffolds on which painters copy the pictures at the Louvre, and somewhat like a fire-escape. It is from the top of this that the Imaum, or the Khateb, as stated by Morell, reads a portion of the Koran every Friday and presides at solemn prayer. On other occasions, daily prayers are recited from a small space, like that on which our commu-

nion table stands. The marks are still visible here where the cannon-balls of Lord Exmouth battered the building during his bombardment of Algiers. This large mosque, the most ancient in Algiers, is not richly decorated inside, but a number of pillars fill up the whole interior, as in the famous Christianised mosque at Cordova, and give a labyrinthine, mysterious appearance, favourable to prayer and devotion.

A Roman inscription was found at the base of the minaret, dug up from among the ruins of the ancient city of Icosium. This minaret was constructed in 1322, by Abou Tachfin, Sultan of Plemcen, but the rest of the building, according to an inscription which was in the possession of the Abbé Bargès, was completed in the year 1018. The foundation was probably laid about the middle of the tenth century, when Bologguin founded the town of Algiers on the site of the former El-Achir.

Although the French have suppressed and destroyed many mosques, they are careful to provide a sufficient number for the use of the Moslem population, and to keep them in repair, thereby showing considerable enlightenment and good feeling. The expenses of religion are paid out of the proceeds of estates belonging to the mosques, given partly through piety, and partly to prevent their confiscation by the Turkish pachas. The Imaums get fees, likewise, for administering the rites of the Church, in the same manner as our clergy.

The Marabouts belong to a different order. Although inferior in rank and position in the Church to the regular clergy, they claim superior sanctity, and are reverenced as saints. They profess to hold converse with angels, and to have the sublimest secrets revealed to them, whereby they can solve all questions; consequently their words are regarded with the profoundest veneration. Some go about nearly naked, or clothed in filthy rags, and indulge

in fanatical gestures; others, of a more rational order, endeavour by fasting, good works, prayer, and self-denial, to attain the purity of angels; while others again hold that, once arrived at a certain degree of perfection, they can relapse no more from their high estate, and can therefore gratify themselves with every indulgence. Many of these men deserve veneration for their virtues, but many are hypocrites and fanatics. Some female Marabouts have existed, who enjoyed a great reputation for sanctity.

Morell says,—'The things they relate of the influence of the Marabouts in the Kabyle land are so very surprising that one hesitates to believe them. The mountaineers, they say, do not fear to butcher their own children, if they receive the order from a Marabout. The name of God, invoked by a wretched being whom they intend to rob, does not protect him; that of a venerable Marabout saves him. The Marabouts command the markets, and the authority of the Amins or heads of the Kabyle towns, falls to the ground before theirs.'

One may well 'hesitate to believe' these assertions. I have been through the Kabyle country, and stopped on a visit with an officer who governs twenty thousand Kabyles, and I know that such crimes are inconsistent with the nature of the aborigines. As a rule they neither murder nor rob, although there exist plenty of miscreants among them; but the Arabs would gladly do both if they dared, for every Arab is a ruffian at heart. The Marabouts, being irregular clergy, and having no fixed provision, live entirely on the people, and their zaouïas, or residences, are provided and kept in repair for them free of expense.

Sidi-Abd-el-Kadir-Djilali was the greatest Marabout saint of Algeria. His memory is held in great veneration, and koubbas—small square, dome-roofed, white-

washed buildings, half tomb and half chapel, called Marabouts by the French, after those in whose honour they are erected—are met with all over the country, dedicated to him; indeed his name is held in great repute in all Mahomedan lands. He was a native of Bagdad, where he was interred, after having travelled far through the world. He visited Algiers, and a koubba stands outside the gate Bab-Azzoun, on the spot where he taught during his sojourn there. Numerous and wonderful are the miracles attributed to this saintly personage.

The grand miracle by which his fame was established is thus narrated by Niebuhr, in his Voyage in Arabia:—'As Abd-el-Kadir was one day haranguing a crowd of disciples at Bagdad from his chair, he suddenly stopped, lifted up his kab-kab or slipper, and flung it against the wall of the room, where it disappeared. Some minutes afterwards he threw the other slipper after it, which in like manner became invisible. The auditors did not know what to make of this phenomenon, and could not comprehend where the slippers of their sheikh had gone. In the meantime, behold what had happened! Some merchants who were journeying to Bagdad, partly for commercial affairs and partly to pay their homage to the saint, were attacked and pillaged on the road by Arabs. In this sad emergency they had recourse by prayer to the great sheikh, and the kab-kab which the saint threw against the wall, in the presence of his disciples, had struck the head of one of the principal brigands. The Arabs, who thought the slipper was flung at them by one of the travellers, became doubly ferocious. Soon they beheld the second slipper hit another Arab's head, and they comprehended at once that the travellers were under the protection of some powerful saint. They restored to their victims all that they had stolen, and allowed them to pro-

ceed in peace on their way. Four weeks afterwards the merchants reached Bagdad, when they returned his slippers to the saint, and, thanking him for the succour which he had afforded, they published abroad the great miracle he had worked in their favour.'

It is easy to understand how, in consequence of this exploit, Sidi-Abd-el-Kadir, after whom the great warrior was called, became the patron saint of travellers. Thieves also place themselves under his protection, and so do beggars, who from the corners of vaults and doors call out unceasingly: 'Charity for the love of Sidi-Abd-el-Kadir, and for the love of God.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

French Accounts of the Cold in the Interior, and their Reluctance to Travel—School for Moorish Girls—Embroidery and useful Acquirements taught—Contrast between Christian and Native System of rearing Women—Habits of Mauresque Women—Their Toilettes—Port of Algiers, Ancient and Modern—Spanish Fort of the Peñon—Kheir-ed-din captured the Peñon by Stratagem—Alarm raised by a Maid-Servant—'All Fools'-Day.'

I FOUND some very agreeable people at the hotel, from whom I obtained much useful information relative to my proposed route, but unfortunately I was sometimes misled by false statements, and thereby involved in great perplexity and annoyance, as well as detained from commencing my tour much longer than I need have been. Everyone asserted that the cold in the interior was so intense that it would be downright madness to leave Algiers before March, and a regular chorus of dissuasion arose whenever I proposed to move. By degrees I began to suspect that all this was absurd, and that the shiverings and shudderings whenever Blida was mentioned, which is only thirty miles distant across the Metidja plain, and not two hundred feet higher in elevation than Algiers, were utterly uncalled for. In Corsica I had ocular demonstration in the snow-laden mountains before me that travelling was impossible, but a survey from the heights of Bou-Zareah, above Algiers, of the mountain ranges I should have to cross, convinced me that my scepticism was well founded, and that I might

start whenever I pleased. The peaks of the Djurjura at the eastward of the Little Atlas, seventy-five miles off, were thickly enveloped in their winter garb, and all approach to them was evidently impracticable, but to the south and west, where I proposed to go first, there appeared no obstacle. Before leaving, however, I determined upon seeing more of the town, and of its charming environs, and the next day accompanied Madame C——, the landlady of the hotel, some young French ladies with their mother, and others, and attended by a negress as guide, to see a most interesting school for native Moorish girls, kept by Madame Luce, in which they are taught all kinds of needlework and solid acquirements conducive to making them useful members of society, instead of the helpless drones they become under their own system of rearing, which simply turns them out nullities without mind or soul—in fact mere drudges to attend upon man, or minister to his sensual appetites. According to the prejudices of the Mussulman race, woman is 'a thing, an object, a piece of furniture which one possesses, but which should have no power to think or act. Hence her profound ignorance and brutification.' When a boy is born the Arabs and Moors say, 'It is a blessing from God,' but a girl is pronounced 'a curse.' As soon as the younger children in Madame Luce's school saw us men approaching, they all wrapped up their faces, or turned towards the wall, but the grown-up girls had more sense, and looked at the members of the other sex as unconcernedly as any good Christian. One grown-up girl, who was very good looking, spoke to me quite freely in French about the beautiful embroidery she was engaged upon, and on other topics, yet without the slightest forwardness. She evidently had been indoctrinated with the purest and noblest sentiments, and one could not refrain from sorrow to think that such an admirable

young creature should be sent back amongst her own people, to share their degradation and depravity. Her education—was it a blessing, or a curse? Often has the same reflection passed through my mind at home, when I have witnessed the high class of instruction given to girls whose lot in life would never enable them to turn such acquirements to account.

When the Moorish girl comes into the world, she invariably receives the name of Fatima, after the daughter of the Prophet, but after eight days her regular name is given to her at a ceremonial fête, and this is generally either Aïcha, Bedra, Djohar, Fatima, Halima, Haouria, Khredoudja, Khreira, Meriem, Mimi, Mouni, Rosa, Safïa, Yamïna, Zina, or Zohra. She is brought up without care or affection, her mother handing her over to the charge of a negress, and her father hardly knowing of her existence, except when he receives her price or her wedding portion, as soon as she reaches her ninth or tenth year.

The Moorish married woman of good position passes half her time at the bath or at the toilet, the other half in regaling herself with sweetmeats, wrangling with the other wives of her husband, plotting with her female friends, arranging some adventure, or visiting some privileged koubba, where she demands pregnancy, if barren, by prayers and offerings to the holy Marabout. She seldom leaves the house; in some instances, never; yet this does not prevent her from carrying on intrigues through the aid of her attendant negress. Then when old age comes, and it comes soon to these early-developed creatures, she sinks down, without affection to give or to receive, until death relieves her from her loveless, animal existence.

Amongst the poor, woman's condition is even more deplorable than amongst the rich. She prepares the

bread, makes her husband's clothing, fetches water and wood, ministers to the grossest sensuality, and, in return for all this brutalising slavery, gets only blows, often from her own sons. Such are the filthy, degraded-looking creatures—a disgrace to humanity—that wander about the streets of Algiers, in their ghost-like attire.

Speaking of the Mauresque and her toilet appliances, Berbrugger says:—'She is the victim of gynocidal cosmetics. With a preparation of gall nuts (afsah) they paint their eyebrows black, in a broad band continued across the forehead, and they darken the inside of the eyelid with *g'hol*, or *kohuhl*, a preparation of antimony. This gives liveliness to the eyes, but hardness to the face. The juice of the plant henna, yielding a red dye, is put upon the nails, on which a deep coat is rubbed, to increase the blush of that part of the nails which is seen. The hands and feet are also painted with a disagreeable black tincture. The marks (*chamah*) inscribed by nature on some persons are much valued, and artificial signs are sometimes made, called "*Khanat.*"'

The black band across the forehead, and the hard look imparted by kohuhl, are to be seen on all the Mauresques of Algiers as they look at you over their veils, and also among the Arab women of the interior, but I have only seen the henna dye used on the hands and feet, no case of black colouring on these parts of the body—except from want of cleanliness, a common weakness—having ever come under my notice. The Arabs tattoo their hands, but that does not seem to be what Berbrugger means.

Algiers possesses many natural advantages as a harbour, for nature has placed in front of that town the elements of a port of middling extent. A chain of reefs starting from the shore, and following a south-east and north-west direction, runs out and joins, at a distance of about two

hundred and thirty metres towards the open sea, four islets ranged side by side, from north to south, the whole resembling the letter T in shape. It is likely that at a distant period the reef and islets afforded good shelter, but that the effects of the waves on their schistous masses has loosened considerable pieces, and made breaches which were noticed even in the sixteenth century.

Piesse asks:—'Had the Roman town of Icosium a port?' He seems inclined to answer in the negative, agreeing with M. F. Denis in thinking that as the Roman galleys drew but little water, and the Romans had the custom of hauling them up high and dry on the beach, the shelving shore of the bay rendered any harbour unnecessary. A glance at the map will show that the Carthaginian and Roman settlements along this coast, with the exception indeed of Rusgunia on Cape Matifou, where I could trace no remains of a port, were placed in sheltered positions, and were generally protected from the north-west winds. The Peñon islet, a hundred and eighty paces long, and sixy paces wide, would give secure anchorage during an easterly gale, and it is probable that where the present mole runs out to join it at right angles, the Romans erected a shelter of similar construction against the prevailing winds; for Piesse states that great devastations were committed by the various races who succeeded the Romans; and quays, jetties, and basins may have disappeared through their using the materials for building, as well as through the action of the sea, which washed away the great works erected on the spot by Barbarossa with the labour of thirty thousand Christian slaves.

According to Morell, the present port is the same as that of the Romans, which, he says, is proved 'by the remains and direction of the Roman *via* in several points of the Rue de la Marine.' This would seem to settle the

point, and to nullify the remark I heard made by a fellow-countryman at the Orient Hotel, to the effect that 'the Romans might have found some better name for their harbour than Icosium, for there could have been nothing cosy about it, since it was exposed to every wind that blew.' If it be true, as stated by Morell, that the foundation of the masonry on the Peñon was of reeds and sand, it is not surprising that on the arrival of the French, the foundations were found to be undermined, and to contain numerous cavities, while the upper parts were decaying, and full of fissures. 'In short,' he observes, 'it would soon have become so ruinous, that a violent sea, so frequent and terrible in these parts, would have easily completed its demolition.'

The French, therefore, set about strengthening the works on their arrival, and began by throwing in, along the sea-face, large blocks of granite and marble. This mass, however, sank below the surface of the water in the following winter, but fortunately formed a base upon which it was easier to work. The wild hurricanes of winter made such havoc that, in the construction of the long piers which now enclose the great harbour of Algiers, the Roman plan has been adopted of using huge square blocks of concrete, of the same nature as those employed in the reign of Caligula at the bridge of Puzzuoli, or Puteoli. This plan is likewise followed at Cherchel, Oran, Philippeville, and all along the coast, and has succeeded admirably. The present harbour extends from the Gate of France to the Fort Bab-Azzoun along the whole frontage of the town for nearly a mile, and is capable of holding a large fleet of men-of-war and merchant steamers, as well as many small sailing craft.

Baron Baude wanted to construct the new harbour to the north-west of the town opposite the Bab-el-Oued suburb, when it would have covered sixty acres, or only

twenty less than the old harbour at Marseilles, and along the shore there would have been admirable sites for warehouses. This plan was wisely abandoned in favour of the present site, where two hundred acres are embraced within the arms of the jetty running out beyond the Peñon islet and that starting from the Fort Bab-Azzoun, at the opposite extremity of the Boulevard de l'Impératrice.

The manner in which the Spanish Fort on the Peñon, which so sorely tried the patience of the worthy buccaneers of Algiers, and which was such a 'thorn in their side,' is said to have been taken from the Spaniards, is amusing.

On Kheir-ed-din succeeding to his brother Bab-Aroudj, he determined to draw the 'thorn,' and was laying plans for the attack, when a Spanish traitor deserted, and gave information that famine desolated the fortress, and that succours which Martin de Vargas, the Governor, had demanded from his sovereign, had not arrived. This information decided Kheir-ed-din to defer his project no longer. He commenced by summoning de Vargas to surrender, but receiving a haughty refusal, he saw there was no prospect of an amicable arrangement. D'Aranda relates that Kheir-ed-din, wishing to know what went on inside, sent two young Moors to take refuge in the Peñon, on the pretext of desiring to embrace Christianity. Martin de Vargas gladly welcomed the two refugees, hoping to 'pick their brains,' and caused them to attend to religious instruction, with a view to their receiving baptism. Easter-day having arrived, which fell that year on the first of April, the Spanish Commandant and most of his garrison were at mass in the chapel, when the two Algerians, mounting on the terrace, made signs to their brethren in the town, doubtless informing them that the moment of attack had arrived. A servant-maid, however, in the employment of de Vargas,

noticed their signal, and ran to the guard to give the alarm; but the soldiers all believed she was jesting, and trying to make fools of them, as it was 'All Fools' Day,' or *jour de poissons.* The consequence was that the Algerines were able to escalade the place from their boats unmolested, and to slay most of the small garrison, reducing the remainder to slavery. Martin de Vargas himself, who fought bravely on the ramparts sword in hand, was tempted for several months after his capture to abjure Christianity, and promised riches and honour; but, finding his conversion hopeless, the Turks made him die miserably by the bastinado.

D'Aranda, however, ignores the story, and states that, instead of the attack on the Peñon taking place on the 1st of April, it did not commence until the 6th of May, 1530, and was not ended before the 16th of that month.

CHAPTER XIX.

Boys' Schools—Precious Manuscripts destroyed by the French Soldiery—The Zaouïas, resembling the Monastic Institutions of the Middle Ages—Jardin de Marengo—Mustapha Supérieur—Camels of the Kabyles—Governor-General's Moorish Villa—Birmandraïs—Valley of the Femme Sauvage—Café des Platanes—Life in a Café Maure—Garden of Acclimatisation—Ostriches—Bananas—Palm Avenues—Koubba of the Saint with two Tombs—Mustapha Inférieur—Racecourse—Murder of Mustapha Dey by his Janissaries—Fine Seminary for Catholic Priests—General Yusuf—His romantic Amour with the Daughter of the Bey of Tunis—His Suppression of a Mutiny amongst the Turcos—System of Government in Algiers under the Turkish Rule.

On the way to the Bab-el-Oued stands the Lyceum, a large collegiate establishment, of the same description as is met with in all French towns of any size. A capital education is given at these institutions, as I had the opportunity of knowing at Philippeville, where I was shown much kindness by the Principal.

The French also provide schools for the native boys of the lower classes, where they are instructed in French, and given a sound general education. Berbrugger says that the French have offered them the entrance into the Lyceum, but that few take advantage of the liberal offer. He also states that there is an Arab College at Paris.

Amongst the natives three kinds of schools exist: the primary schools, or *M'Syd*; the secondary school, or *M'dres*; and the head school, or *Zaouïa*, answering to our university. In the *M'Syd*, the masters are called

Maâllem or professors, and they are armed with a long stick to thrash the refractory juveniles in the remotest recesses of the little schoolroom, as I saw done at Tangiers. The pupils hold a small board or *loukhah*, on which is written the subject of the day's lesson. These schools were established to make the pupils learn the entire Koran by heart, as well as to read and write it; but few now attain this object. Poverty precludes the parents from paying the *Maâllem* his small stipend, and makes them remove their children while young. When boys know a large portion of the Kôran off, a fête is celebrated, called *Khotmah* or seal. Instead of the Lord's prayer, the *Maâllem* teach their pupils to say, 'Praise to God, Lord of the world.'

Formerly these primary schools existed for girls also, but now most of the native women are brought up in total ignorance.

The masters of the secondary schools, or *M'dres*, are called *Chyk*, or elders.

These institutions were formerly numerous throughout Algeria, and possessed many valuable manuscripts; but the French conquest has destroyed them nearly all. A few remains are preserved in the library of Algiers, the greater part having been used to light bivouac fires, during the many razzias made by the conquerors.

The studies in these schools were grammar, rhetoric, logic, metaphysics, theology and law; also the calendar, whereby to know the times of day for the five lawful prayers, which is embodied in a little book on astronomy, called the K'-Salah-ebn-Soffar; and versification, as taught in the El-Khazradjigah, a book on the rules of poetry.

The Zaouïas, or principal schools, are managed by the Marabouts, and are generally attached to religious edifices, of which they form an integral part. The Mara-

bouts live within the sacred precincts, which answer the combined purposes of places of worship, universities for residence, and refuges for houseless travellers; in fact, they correspond very much to the monastic institutions of the Middle Ages. That of the Guerronmah, among the Beni-Djad, east of Algiers, on the road to Constantine, is very famous. Two of the dwelling-houses attached to these Zaouïas can be traced in Algiers, one of them built in 1223.

Among the Kabyles, all education seems, according to Morell, to be in the hands of the Marabouts, in whose Zaouïas the three degrees of education, before alluded to, are imparted under one roof, instead of in separate establishments, as amongst the Arabs.

Passing by the Lyceum, you see the artillery barracks, arsenal, and parade ground on the right, and the Jardin de Marengo on the left. This beautiful garden, planted with palms, yuccas, bell-ombras, and rich plants of all sorts, and decorated with marble fountains and faïence-covered kiosks, was constructed by military prisoners along the steep slopes, which were the continuation of the Mussulman cemetery, and it now forms one of the most agreeable promenades in Algiers, when the sea-breezes play around these airy heights. At one extremity stands the graceful Mosque of Sidi-Abd-er-Rhaman-et-Tsalbi, and at the bottom, near the Rue Bab-el-Oued, a fountain shaded by a palm which has long been a favourite study for artists. There are often to be seen around numerous specimens of Algerian types, including M'Zabite ass-drivers, and negress bread-vendors.

Every Sunday a military band plays in these gardens, when the most heterogeneous multitudes crowd the beautiful avenues of bell-ombras, and refresh themselves in the cool air that plays round the sparkling fountains. On one occasion a railway polka was played, which was

'a tremendous hit,' and drew unlimited applause from the audience. The way in which the effect was produced of a heavy train rolling inside a station was extraordinary, and the bandsmen added to the excitement by imitating with their voices the porters announcing the arrival of a train, and the Babel uproar of the passengers on alighting.

One of the most lovely drives in the world is up the Mustapha Supérieur, to the east of the town, through the Isly gateway in the French line of circumvallation.

Just outside this gateway is the station for the camels of the Kabyles, at the foot of the road running up to the pretty village of Isly, which nestles among the hills. The well-engineered, well-constructed, and well-kept Mustapha road runs up to the top of the lofty Sahel heights, past lovely villas embowered in gardens which formerly belonged to the wealthy Corsair chieftains who formed the Ministry and Court of the Dey. The two principal buildings are the Convent of the Sacré-Cœur, and the palatial summer residence of the Governor-General. All the way up, between the palms, carob, eucalyptus, and other noble trees, the views of the snowy, crystallised city bathing its feet in the waters, and of the bright blue sunny sea beyond, were lovely in the extreme.

Opposite the villa of the Governor-General, which was at one time the residence of the Dey, stood formerly the Palace of Mustapha Supérieur, belonging to the Dey's son, which boasted a great degree of splendour. The edifice was built round two courts, the smaller one of which was adorned with sixty-four columns of marble, supporting splendid apartments that constituted the harem.

Our excellent consul-general, Colonel Playfair, has a most beautiful villa, likewise, in this terrestrial paradise,

where he and his charming lady dispense hospitality every week to their country-people at delightful afternoon garden parties, in the gay and picturesque grounds.

On arriving at the summit of the Mustapha hill, a large column is seen bearing the name of General Voirol, under whose superintendence the admirable road was zigzagged up the steep Sahel range. The panoramic view from here is magnificent. You behold in one glance the details of a richly-cultivated landscape, adorned with all the attractions of art, and the wild background of precipitous hills that frown above it.

Turning to the left at the Voirol column, a descending road leads to Birman-draïs, or Bir-Mourad-Raïs, the Well of the Corsair, a pretty village, situated at the bottom of a smiling valley. Keeping still to the left, a winding road along the wooded banks of the Oued-Khrenis runs through the valley of the Femme Sauvage, and past a château where a famous corsair is said to have resided, to the Ruisseau on the high road along the shore. The name of the ravine is derived from a young woman, who lived here alone, and sold absinthe to the Algerian holiday folks, and to the soldiers of the garrison. Pleasure seekers still repair to this pretty spot, but the 'wild woman' has departed.

At the Ruisseau, the road to the left leads back to Algiers, parallel to the shore. After a short drive under fine shady trees, the Café des Platanes is reached, called by the natives the Hammah.

The European name of Les Platanes is derived from the fine plane trees that shade the building. Opposite to it are the gates of the Jardin d'Essai, or experimental arboricultural gardens, formerly managed by a company, but now under the control of the Government. Along the boundary fence of the garden is planted a row of the eucalyptus, which in five or six years becomes a large

tree, and from which great things are expected in the way of modifying the dryness of the climate by absorbing the moisture of the marshy ground. Their stems are soft and pulpy, resembling the gigantic cabbage-stalks of Jersey, of which latter excellent walking-sticks are made.

'Morell's description of the Café Maure is so good that I shall give a resumé of it here, in order that the exact character of these establishments, which will be mentioned frequently hereafter, may be clearly comprehended.

On approaching the café, which realises the dreams of Eastern romance, large mats are seen spread in the shade of the plane trees, and the customers are seated around with their legs crossed, or in a recumbent posture. The shop of the quahouadji, or coffee-house keeper, contains benches covered with mats, but is rarely resorted to in fine weather, *al-fresco* enjoyment being preferred. Near a stove, always containing boiling water, stands the mortar in which the coffee-berries are pounded; and over it hangs a board destined to receive the names of the customers sufficiently well known to obtain credit. Some pipes, a few wooden footstools, and two or three draught-boards form the rest of the furniture.

The quahouadji of Hammah passes his happy days at his stove among his customers, and armed with a little pair of tongs, he may be seen hurrying to deposit a live coal in the pipe of one customer, whilst he hands a fendjal, or cup of aromatic coffee, to another, for the small charge of one halfpenny. When not engaged in these duties, he is busy at the stove preparing the precious liquid that forms the basis of his wealth. As soon as the water boils, he pours in the bruised coffee, stirs it a few minutes, and, after passing it several times backwards and forwards from one vessel to another, discharges it into tiny cups with rounded bottoms, put into

copper egg-cups, which serve as saucers. This beverage, taken in small quantities during hot weather, is very grateful and wholesome, and a happy substitute for the intoxicating potations indulged in by the French.

The natives do not resort to these Cafés Maures solely to drink coffee and to smoke. They play at many games, especially cards, and make use of Spanish names for the cards. Draughts, also, are a favourite amusement; but the squares, instead of being black and white, as with us, are flat or hollow alternately. They substitute for our pieces two kinds of men, one of which resembles the castle, and the other the pawn, in chess. Their mode of play likewise differs from ours, and no one can be forced to take an adversary's man. But the great attraction is the Rami, or story-teller. It is chiefly during the Rhamadan fast that this worthy displays his powers of narration. The Thousand and One Nights are his great stock-in-trade; but when he improvises, his compositions are of an obscene nature, revolting to European ears. The less rigid Moslems addict themselves to other recreations in their cafés, including a description of intoxication called *Kif*, which is not prohibited in the Koran. Some take âfioun or opium; others chew a bean called bouzaqua, which is thought to kill all animals with tails; others eat an opiate paste called Madjoun, of which the women are also extremely fond. Boundje is another intoxicating substance they employ; but *hachich*, or Indian hemp, broken up fine and smoked in little pipes used solely for that purpose, is the chief instrument for creating *Kif*. The inebriation thus produced is of a tranquillising nature, yet it is said by the natives to produce amative proclivities. The use of hachich was frequently forbidden by the Moslem sovereigns; still in all parts of the regency this hemp is largely cultivated in the gardens surrounding the chief

towns, and solely for the purpose of smoking, or otherwise producing *Kif*. In Constantine and other towns comfits are made of it, and quantities are consumed in the harem for the purpose of inducing pleasant dreams. The hachich leaves are often given to the horses on fête days, to make them spirited. The M'Zabites are precluded by their religion from indulging in Kif.

The café itself is built over the channel of a Roman aqueduct that descended from the hills of Mustapha, and joined a kind of reservoir, of which traces were found in the Jardin d'Essai. The remains discovered here consisted of foundations of buildings, an oval basin paved in mosaic work, and cut in two by a partition wall, a coin of the Lower Empire, and some fragments of pottery.

On the opposite side of the road lies the Garden of Acclimatisation, round which runs a long carriage drive, much resorted to by the European inhabitants. This establishment is a gigantic nursery for supplying trees wherewith to plant the interior. Its principal feature is a long avenue of enormous palms, intersected by a second avenue, planted with luxurious bamboo-canes. In one part are fine specimens of the common palmetto under cultivation. Extensive plantations of bananas occupy another space, whose pendent fruit is suspended in large bags to keep it from frost, and from falling to the ground. A considerable portion is likewise devoted to the rearing of ostriches, of which there were several fine specimens, but they were kept in most dilapidated sheds, and the cold through the gaping chinks must have appeared intense to them after the scorching heat of their native deserts. The feathers dropped by these birds are sold by auction, three times a year, and fetch large prices. I tried here and in the Desert to purchase some to bring back to Europe, but was unsuccessful.

Along the road, past the garden, were more fields of

bananas. As these tall, fern-like plants are very weak, and the stems easily broken in a gale, many were tied together by cord, and others were propped up by square wooden frames.

After passing many villas standing in gardens filled with every description of rich fruit tree, a large native cemetery appears through the trees on the left-hand side of the road, shaded by groves of olive trees, lentisks and cacti. Here, every Friday, crowds of veiled Moorish women, more or less married, come to offer their devotions and to bewail the dead. In all cases, however, these lugubrious ceremonies are preceded and followed by gossiping and noisy merry-making. On these occasions it is not rare to see many Mauresques with uncovered faces.

In this place stands the famous koubba, or shrine, of the sainted Sidi-Mohammed-abd-er-Rhaman-Bou-Kobrin. This Marabout, who was a native of Algiers, flourished under Mustapha Pacha, at the beginning of this century. A little before his death he took up his abode among the Beni Ismaël, a central tribe of the country of the Guechtoula, the most powerful amongst the Confederation of the Bourni in the Kabyle country. He founded there a religious brotherhood which attained great success, as it was purely national, and did not depend, like other confraternities, on superiors living in distant countries. His compatriot disciples at Algiers, therefore, on hearing of his death, sent some of the cleverest and most resolute of the brethren to the Beni Ismaël. They succeeded in abstracting his body from the tomb in which it had been buried, and in re-interring it at Hammah, in the spot where the koubba is now placed, and where the saint probably resided before his departure for the Djurjura. When the Kabyles perceived that the tomb of their Marabout had been violated, and his remains stolen, they

were in a great rage, and hastened to Algiers to claim the restitution of their sacred treasure; but finding they could obtain no satisfaction, they hit on an ingenious device, and asserted that on their return to Kabylia, they had found the corpse miraculously placed in the grave, just as they had originally deposited it. The authenticity of the miracle was denied by the Algerians, who affirmed resolutely that the body was still reposing safely in their tomb. Neither side being willing to give way, they came to a mutual understanding that the two bodies of the Marabout were duplicates, one just as good as the other, and all jealousies were terminated as to which was the original and which the *replica*. To commemorate the miraculous multiplication of the holy man, he was given the surname of *Bou-Kobrin*, or the man with two tombs.

The religious Order of Sidi-Mohammed-ben-Abd-er-Rhaman enjoyed so great a reputation in the country, and possessed such immense political importance at the time of the French conquest, that the Emir Abd-el-Kader joined the Order at the time he hoped to induce the Kabyles to enter the great hostile confederation which he was organising against the invaders of his country. At certain periods of the year the Arabs perform pilgrimages in large numbers to the koubba of this holy man.

On the right-hand side of the road extends the immense plain used for military manœuvres and reviews, which runs up as far as the commencement of the suburbs of the town at the large barracks of Lower Mustapha. On this *Champ de manœuvres* races are held, generally in the month of September, where 'le sport' is seen in a style that would astonish our light-weight English jockeys. At the roadside on this common is erected one of those admirable lavatories so frequently met with near Algerian towns, covered with a large shady roof, and supplied by a never-failing fountain, in the large stone

troughs of which the poor can perform their laundry work free of charge.

When St. Marie visited the cavalry barracks at Mustapha Inférieur, he saw wild boars and other wild animals, as well as eagles, roaming about at large, which had been tamed by the officers, who were much attached to the chase; he also passed parties of officers near Hussein-Dey who were going to hunt wild boars on the banks of the Haratch, armed with Cossack lances and followed by large lion dogs. There is still boar-hunting at Algiers, which always takes place on Sunday, but almost all the estates for miles round are preserved from trespass, and boards with 'chasse réservée' painted on them confront the disgusted sportsman in every direction.

Behind the barracks, and away to the eastward, as far as the large prominent square building in the distance, towards Kabylia, stretch the heights of Mustapha, displaying all the richness of southern vegetation, and the remains of great luxury in Moorish architecture. The gardens of Mustapha Dey, mentioned before, were a favourite resort of the proprietor, who kept his harem there in summer, and sought repose from the cares of office in this shady retreat. The Algerians were partial to his rule, as he was remarkable for his justice and kindness. But these good qualities brought about his destruction by his Janissaries, who wanted a sterner ruler to keep their turbulent spirit in order. Having heard of their plot to murder him on his way from the Djenina Palace to the Mosque of Seida, since pulled down by the French, he fled with his Khaznadji or Finance Minister, to take refuge in the sanctuary of Sidi-Wadi-Dada. But the mutineers blocked up the way, clamouring for the head of the Pacha. The Khaznadji was instantly murdered, and the Dey shortly after shared the same

fate, being hacked to pieces by the yataghans of the Janissaries before he could reach the door of the koubba.

The eastern part of the Mustapha hills is crowned by an imposing-looking seminary for Catholic priests, which holds a lofty position above these beautiful heights.

Not far off is the villa of General Yusuf, a distinguished officer in the French service, who, I believe, is still living. He began life at Tunis, where the Bey took a fancy to him, he being a boy of great beauty. However, he fell in love with the daughter of his master, in whose presence he was discovered by one of the domestics of the court, and in order to prevent her disgrace he slew the intruder on the spot. He then thought it more prudent to fly the country, so deserted his Dido and her modern Carthage. He is reported to have had many romantic adventures afterwards amongst the fair sex at Paris, with whom he was always a special favourite and heart-breaker. He is said to have been the first to reduce the fierce Turco regiments into submission, on entering the service of France. After they had several times mutinied against, and murdered their commanders, he was sent to try and tame them. The first day on parade, when angry murmurings arose, he ordered any soldier having a real grievance to step forward to him out of the ranks. Speedily a hardy mutineer came forth, when Yusuf drew a pistol and shot him dead on the spot. Another was silly enough to march up to the General and begin to make complaints, whom Yusuf likewise pistolled. He then enquired if any other soldier wished for redress, but by that time the men had taken his measure, and none dared to move. They were thoroughly cowed, and gave him ever after unflinching obedience.

Mention was made above of the Khaznadji, or Finance Minister of the Dey of Algiers before the advent of the

French, I therefore feel this a good opportunity for giving some insight into the system of government in Algiers under the Turks.

Besides the functionary alluded to, there were the Kaja, who occasionally acted as Vice-Dey; the Rais, or Lord High Admiral; the Michelacci, or Minister for Foreign Affairs and the Marine; the Field Agha, or Commander-in-chief; the Horse Coggia, or Chief of Cavalry; and the Agha Baston, who superintended the process of inflicting the bastinado. There were four Hojas, or Secretaries of State, who registered the decrees of the Dey, and whose advice had much influence in forming his decision; also four inferior Hojas, or under secretaries, who acted as paymasters to the troops, and presided over the Customs' Department. The Doletri likewise were officials, heads of justice, who signed treaties. Besides these were the Mezoured, a warden attending to the police of the city; the Checkebeld, who looked after the slaves and punished ill-behaved Moorish women; the Pitremolgi, or public registrar of deaths, who looked after the property of deceased persons, and gave certificates of burial; and the Dragoman or Interpreter of the palace.

All these functions, as stated by Pananti in the third volume of his 'Avventure,' being unaccompanied by any fixed salary, these gentry were not over scrupulous about accepting bribes, and indulging in the grossest fraud and corruption.

CHAPTER XX.

Accommodation for Strangers in Algiers—French System of Drainage—The Kasbah—Revolt of Koulour'lis—Wholesale Execution—Rinaldo's Friend, the Philosopher, arrested for Sacrilege—Rinaldo's Interview with the Dey, seated on his Throne of Justice—The Chiaoux—Interior of the Kasbah—Decorations—Dark Passages and subterranean Caves—Treasury—Armoury—Mint—Menagerie—Harem—French Line of Circumvallation—Ponce de Balaguer plunging his Dagger into the Bal-el-Oued Gate—Criminals suspended Alive on Iron Hooks—Bureau Arabe—Sidi-Betka and his Brother Marabouts—The Patron-Saint of the Corsairs—Opera—Quarrel between two Singers—Abortive Shooting Excursion—The Metidja—Zephyrs, now Zouaves—Maison Carrée—The Beni-Omnium-Gatherum—Shoeblack Brigade in Algiers—Ball at the Governor-General's Palace.

THE Orient Hotel is the place where Britons most do congregate, and its central court is always full of our countrymen perusing the 'Times' or 'Standard,' according to their political tendencies, or else lounging about its entrance and under the colonnade outside facing the sea.

Every steamer that arrived was crowded with English, and, as there was no bedroom accommodation for them at the inns, they had to sleep on the floors of the *table-d'hôte* rooms until a location could be procured for them in the town. But lodgings were likewise difficult to obtain. I tried, yet could not find any comfortable place, the houses being chiefly dark and gloomy. I should decidedly recommend hotels in preference to lodgings, as in the latter there

is great difficulty about the commissariat department, and the evenings are so bitterly cold that it is dangerous to go out to dine at the hotels unless one is in good health. Along the Heights of Mustapha, villas can be rented which are replete with every comfort, and this is of course the most enjoyable way of passing the winter at Algiers for a family who can afford to keep a regular establishment. It is, however, very difficult to find good servants in Algeria, for there, as elsewhere, they are a bad class.

Wending my way up the precipitous alleys to the Kasba, through the throng of Jews, Moors, spectre-like veiled women, Kabyles, Arabs, Blacks, and stone-laden little donkeys, I was nearly overcome by the offensiveness of the bad odours from the defective drainage in this fever-breeding locality. Morell gives a long account of the French system of drainage in Algiers, which no doubt is very well carried out in the new part of the town, but the old portion is simply abominable. Morell, whose book was written many years ago, seems to entertain a much higher opinion of the drainage at Algiers than of the London drainage, but he had not then seen the wonderful pumping station at Plaistow Marshes in connection with the main-drainage-intercepting sewer, nor the one near Bow station on the North-London railway, great national works which would have excited his wonder. The latter is most beautifully decorated, and very little odour arises from the sewer tanks below. It is really one of the sights of London, and well deserves a visit.

The Kasba, as before mentioned, was the Viceregal palace under the two last Deys, the Court having been transferred there from the Djenina Palace in the lower town by the last Dey but one, Ali-Ben-Ahmed, called also Ali-Khodja, Meguer-Ali, and Ali-Loco, or the fool. The Kasba was the most ancient and the most powerful fortress that Selim-Ben-Eutemi possessed when he was

killed by the Barbarossas, and, on Bab-Aroudj becoming master of the place, he added many new works and greatly strengthened the fortifications. Under the Pachalic of Hussein Pacha, the Koulour'lis, or sons of the Turks by Moorish women, having revolted, they shut themselves up in the Kasba, where they were blown into the air, those who escaped being massacred and thrown into the sea. Under Mustapha Pacha, in the beginning of this century, a Chiaoux, named Tonbeurt, beheaded with his own hand in one day one hundred and thirty-two Arab deserters. He was still living in 1842.

Although the following incidents, related by Rinaldo, took place probably in the former palace of Djenina, they may with propriety be introduced here, as illustrative of Algerine life in the latter days of the Turkish Viceroys. In his Travels, Rinaldo says that he and his party had a letter from the Emperor of Morocco to the Dey, in consequence of which a dozen spahis were placed as a guard of honour at their door, and the Dey gave them permission to be admitted to his presence as often as they desired. It was not long before they had occasion to avail themselves of the privilege, and on very unpleasant business. A mufti accused one of the party of sacrilege in the Great Mosque, in consequence of which orders were at once issued for the arrest of the culprit. A Chiaoux was sent to take him to prison, and, as implicit obedience should be rendered to these terrible agents of the Dey's will, he was led off to jail, to take his trial the next morning. It was of importance to anticipate the sentence, as the accused had unconsciously compromised himself most seriously in the following manner:—Carried away by his zeal for antiquities, he had visited, the very day after his arrival, every curiosity of this description in the city. Having been told by some missionaries, who frequented Algiers to redeem slaves, that there were several Latin

inscriptions on the tower of the Great Mosque very difficult to decipher, he could not resist the temptation of trying to read them. Regardless of the consequences of his rashness, he went straight to the minaret, on the summit of which he sought for the precious inscriptions. To his intense joy he found them, but the letters were filled with lime, for the tower had been frequently whitewashed. In his enthusiasm he heedlessly took out his knife and began to scrape away the dirt, in order to make the writing more legible. Unhappily the mufti caught him in the very act, and called out, 'Sacrilege! profanation!' Hearing this angry exclamation, the misguided antiquary took to flight, but too late, for the Philistines were upon him and captured him. His companions accordingly took advantage of their right of *entrée*, and appeared before the Dey to explain his conduct and endeavour to procure his release from prison. They felt a shudder of dread, Rinaldo says, on entering the hall of judgment, in which the Dey inflicted so many arbitrary and severe sentences. They pleaded before the Viceroy that they were under the protection of the Emperor of Morocco, that the act of their friend proceeded merely from thoughtlessness, and that they threw themselves entirely on the nobleness and generosity of His Highness. But His Highness took six hours to consider his judgment, and then stated that, out of consideration for his ally, the Emperor of Morocco, he would pardon the hideous profanity of their comrade, but that the whole party must be out of Algiers in four-and-twenty hours.

Rinaldo asserts that the Dey never left his palace but on days of ceremony. The last Dey went outside the Kasba twice, only during his reign, to go to the gardens of Bab-el-Oued at the Djenina Palace.

It was in the Dey's palace that all the business of the State was transacted, and all the courts of justice held.

The Dey sat daily on a throne placed at the end of a large hall, hearing and judging the complaints of his subjects, and his decisions were put into execution without delay. The throne from which he dispensed justice was built partly of brick and partly of stone, and was spread over with a covering of lions' skins. On this judgment-seat he placed himself after the first prayer at daybreak and remained sitting until the second prayer at noon. After dinner, either alone or with some chosen intimates, he resumed his judicial functions until the prayer which is offered up all the year through at the approach of night. Four secretaries remained seated at a table while he acted as Judge, to register his decrees and execute his orders. The Chiaoux were obliged to be present likewise, while he occupied the throne of justice.

The Chiaoux were divided into two classes—the Chiaoux, properly so called, twelve powerful Turks, whose duties were merely confined to the control of the Turkish population; and Moorish Chiaoux, whose office it was to arrest Jews and Moors, contact with whom would be abhorrent to the higher grade of police functionaries. The Turkish Chiaoux wore a green dress with a red belt, and a white cap ending in a point. They were charged with all orders emanating from the Dey's own mouth, but were not allowed to carry any sort of weapon, not even a knife or a stick. Yet there is no instance of a Turk resisting a Chiaoux, though sure of impending death, and the most resolute and ferocious corsair was paralysed with terror when seized by these formidable agents of the Pacha. He walked unresistingly before the military Agha, who often had received instructions beforehand as to the kind of death he should inflict on the transgressor.

But to return to the Kasba. In 1830, at the time of the French invasion, the Kasba, the citadel of Algiers and the palace of the Deys, was surrounded by thick

brick walls, on which were mounted two hundred cannons and mortars, which threatened the town and the surrounding country.

There was only one entrance, which was of white marble, in an angle formed by the junction of two streets. On the left of this gate, inside, were seen a guard-house and likewise a vast aviary, enclosed by a wooden trellis-work, which was stocked with doves and white pigeons. In the middle of the wall above this, there projected from a loophole the mouth of a huge cannon, painted red, and placed so as to command the street in case of revolt.

After clearing this gate, one arrived in a dark vault, to the roof of which lanterns were suspended. At an angular turn in this vaulted passage a beautiful white marble fountain played, fed by a never-failing stream of water. Issuing thence, an open alley was reached, which led on the right to the Dey's palace and to several batteries, and on the left to the powder magazine and the batteries commanding the town.

The large court of the palace was paved with white marble, and surrounded—like all Moorish houses—with a covered gallery formed by a range of arcades supported by columns of white marble. A fountain, likewise of marble, and a plane tree of great beauty, supposed, according to tradition, to have been contemporaneous with Barbarossa, were the sole ornaments of this court. On the taking of Algiers, the right-hand side of this gallery, much more richly decorated than the others, was covered with mirrors of all forms and from all countries.

Merle, secretary to General Bourmont, says, that this gallery was furnished with Smyrna caskets; a buhl clock; a little lacquered cabinet, in the drawers of which were found a Koran, a Turkish calendar, and some boxes of perfumes; and an English barometer mounted in a mahogany table. Along the whole length of one side of

this gallery ran a daïs, spread over at one end with a scarlet covering bordered with a fringe of the same colour, and on this carpet sat the Dey when he held his divan to administer justice and give audience to foreign consuls, or to strangers of distinction. At the bottom of this gallery was the door of the treasury, protected by massive locks and by a strong iron wicket. Here was the entrance to long corridors, on which opened caves without windows and without ventilation, and which were divided in their length by partitions four-feet thick. In these subterranean chambers were thrown, in heaps, gold and silver money of all nations.

Above the treasury were the apartments of the Dey and likewise the harem. The portion of the palace looking towards the town was occupied by two halls filled with costly and richly-decorated arms, and another hall for the mint. The north face on the second storey, which did not look into the court, was set apart for the accommodation of the Dey's officers.

Finally, the palace was terminated by a terrace adorned with a wooden balustrade, painted red and green. It was there that the flagstaff stood, and also the enormous lantern which was lighted every night to guide ships into the harbour. The Pachas Ahmed and Hussein had an observatory on this spot.

The interior of the Kasba enclosed a mosque; a square hall with an octagonal dome leaning on elegant white marble columns; a hall of arms; baths; a menagerie with lions and tigers; gardens with ostriches; vine arbours; a vast powder magazine, the roof of which was rendered bomb-proof by a double covering of bales of wool; a large space for piling cannon-balls; pavilions for the Beys who came to render an account of their administration; stables; magazines and sundry other buildings—all of which were enclosed by walls forty feet high, terminated

by a platform with embrasures furnished with guns of all calibres.

The road El-Biar now intersects the Kasba, which has been turned into a huge barrack. Almost all the beautiful gardens which gave life to this agglomeration of houses have been swept away to make room for this thoroughfare. Where the route passes through the massive old gateway of the fortress, the black-grated mouth of the old prison is seen, a yawning cavern, from which few ever came forth who had once been thrust into its dismal dungeons.

The ruins of the old town walls adjoining the Kasba are interesting. They are built on the same principle, and are of the same colour, as the Alhambra—a sort of wholesale red brickwork in enormous masses of clay burned solid and faced with stone—through which the El-Biar and other modern roads have been driven.

Enormous earthworks faced with masonry, forming the French lines of circumvallation, run close outside the Kasba, descending on one side to the sea beyond the Bab-el-Oued gate, and on the other past the Bab-Azzoun and the Constantine gates, towards the sea at the Fort Bab-Azzoun. From the shore at both extremities, admirably engineered roads have been run up in zigzags to the Kasba, inside the fortifications, but outside the dense portion of the town.

The Kasba, though itself commanding the town, is in turn dominated by the Fort de l'Empereur higher up, so called by the Turks after the Emperor Charles V. This latter fortress is, in fact, the key of Algiers, and its fall gave the French speedy possession of the city, as the taking of the Malakoff did at Sebastopol.

Descending by the winding road marked out by General Berthezène in 1831, the Constantine gate is reached,

and thence the rue d'Isly leads to where stood the old gate of Bab-Azzoun in the square Bresson.

It was into this gate that Ponce de Balaguer, also called Tavignac, plunged his dagger, during the disastrous expedition of Charles V., and here that he suffered death for his gallant temerity. The walls of this entrance used to be lined with human heads, and upon the iron hooks which projected from these walls criminals were precipitated from above, to remain there writhing in agony until death put an end to their sufferings.

Turkish culprits and refractory slaves suffered here in common the horrible tortures of impalement, practised, likewise, by the barbarous Russians at Inkermann, when they flung our soldiers, whom they had taken prisoners, up in the air and received them as they fell on the points of their bayonets. A college friend of mine suffered this dreadful death at their hands, and his dying yells of agony wrung the heart of many a sturdy warrior.

Down a short street, on the opposite side of the square Bresson, is the central Bureau Arabe, the governing power which rules the whole of Algeria under military despotism, and crushes the native population with an iron heel. Here are seen to enter and go out at all hours officers and soldiers of the various French corps in Africa, and natives from the humblest to the highest. Its court is always full of spahis, together with civilian Arabs and Kabyles squatted about on the ground; and the guard-rooms and waiting rooms are likewise crowded with the dependents of the office and those attending on business.

In front of the old Bureau stood the koubba of Sidi-Betka, wrongly called Sidi-Utica by Langier de Tassy. Assisted by his brother Marabouts, Ouali-Dada, and Bou-Gueddour, this saint is supposed by the credulous natives to have largely contributed to the defeat of

Charles V. in 1541. Betka and Ouali-Dada beat the sea with sticks while the Emperor's fleet lay at anchor close by, and Bou-Gueddour smashed a lot of crockery that had been unladen in the port. At each blow of the stick on the waves, and at the breaking of every earthenware utensil, a Spanish ship perished in the tempest which was raging at the time, The Marabouts of course, and not the tempest, destroyed the hostile fleet, so they were all held in great veneration ever after. The Algerine corsairs never sailed from the harbour without firing a salute to the koubba of Sidi-Betka, to invoke his intercession in favour of their accursed enterprises, just as the inhabitants of the isles on the Scottish coast were accustomed to pray for a good harvest of wrecks, or a 'good coast,' as they worded their infamous petitions. From this gate to the western gate of Bab-el-Oued one might fancy oneself in a French town, so thoroughly European in character are the houses and streets, were it not for the struggling crowds thronging the thoroughfares, composed of Turks, Moors, Jews, Negroes, and, above all, of veiled, trousered, white spectres, who gracelessly move about with slovenly gait, and look as if the removal of one pin would display all their charms, and leave them in the same condition as Phryne before her judges at the Areopagus.

The space between the two gates mentioned above, about a mile in length, was formerly occupied by the gardens of the Dey, and by a large Turkish cemetery, both of which have been removed to make room for the lower town. 'The fact is,' as Marshal de Castellan says in his 'Souvenirs of Military Life,' 'Mussulman Algiers is at an end, and is daily making room for its successor.' In his description of the mingled population thronging the streets, he mentions 'Biskris moving along with a rapid and cadenced step, carrying a heavy load on a long

pole; but this I never witnessed, not even at Biskra itself, whence these people come. But daily are seen exemplifications of what he says with reference to the fair sex:—'Occasionally a white phantom glides past you as you thread your way through the narrow streets, a door is seen to open mysteriously, and the apparition vanishes. It was a Moorish lady. The old spirit of the Deys seems still to brood over the native portion of the city.' 'The town of Algiers,' he observes, 'combines the gaiety of Paris and the enchantment of the "Arabian Nights." You go out on the flat roofs of its houses when the oppressive heat of the day is passed, and breathe the refreshing breeze, while you contemplate the sea, with its thousand scintillations. Above your head hang, apparently suspended in the air, the white walls of its mysterious dwellings. Then, surveying the Bay of Algiers, your eye rests on slopes covered with roses and verdure, and on the mountain outlines that fade and shade into the distant Djurjura, whose barren ridges cut sharply the blue canopy of the sky.'

There is a large theatre in the Place Bresson, where I went to hear the 'Rigoletto,' but the opera was not well performed. The two leading ladies were intensely jealous of each other, and showed it; one of them, an ugly Jewess, became so outrageous that she flounced off the stage in a passion, and it was some time before she could be induced to return.

After a few days devoted to sight-seeing, I took out my dog and gun, for a walk through the Metidja, having found a sporting *voiturier* who knew the points to drive me to; but after toiling the whole day through reeking, swampy ground, I only succeeded in getting one shot at a snipe. I saw large flocks of green plover, but here, as elsewhere, I found them difficult to approach. I also beat over a large tract of likely-looking ground, along

scrub-covered heights, in the hope of finding partridges or woodcocks; but neither there, nor in a large clump of tall reeds in the middle of a marshy plain, where my coachman assured me there were little mounds on which the woodcocks sat, could I find a single bird. All I got was a sound ducking, having fallen into the water up to the middle. Just as I had fired both barrels at a plover, over some low scrub in the centre of this vast plain, which stretches away to the distant Atlas Mountains, several Arabs dashed towards me out of the bush close by, and I felt persuaded that they intended to rob me of my gun. In these days of breech-loading, it is not so easy to get surprised in that way, and I was loaded and ready for them when they came up. But all they wanted was to offer me a blackbird for sale, which they had killed, and this had no doubt caused their headlong advance. It is, however, always advisable to carry a revolver when amongst such gentry, for, before temptation, their flesh is weak, and with them the spirit is ever willing to appropriate a neighbour's goods. These fellows, and all the idlers from Algiers, are for ever pottering about the Metidja, which is the only part of the country where the *chasse* is not *reservée*, therefore it is not surprising that no game is to be met with. And yet this oozy, unwholesome waste once teemed with life and fertility, in the days when these regions were the granary of Imperial Rome!

Dawson Borrer describes this part of the Metidja as 'in one place cultivated with care, in another striking out into wide expanses of brushwood and coarse grass, or vast marshes, producing forests of lofty reeds, where it offers in some parts a fine covert for the wild boar and panther.' Of wild boars there are several in the neighbourhood, as I shall presently narrate, but in order to

find a panther one must now go much farther away from the haunts of men.

The Metidja is said to have been occupied by hundreds of industrious Turkish colonists at the advent of the French, but I do not believe that the lower part I am now writing about has been under cultivation for centuries, judging by its inhospitable appearance. Higher up, where, after a hard struggle with the deadly fever, the French have established several colonies, cultivation had doubtless been carried on long before, as also in the province of Oran, where the Turkish inhabitants, through the labour of their slaves, had reclaimed vast plains by a stupendous system of irrigation; but on the sequestration of this property by the victors, all their fertile lands were desolated, and the French are now but recovering lost ground.

In driving out to the Metidja, I went past Mustapha Inférieur until I arrived at the loftily-situated koubba; and in the fortified camp erected here by the French after the conquest were formed the first native battalions of Zouaves, at that time called Zephyrs, which have since become so famous.

These fortified camps were universal when the French first came, and they extended all round Algiers. St. Marie speaks of coming to where the road ran through an immense ditch, which the Government at one time proposed to carry, as a vast moat, round the town in a circuit of ten miles; for the purpose of enclosing a portion of the Metidja and the heights near the capital.

The Romans often employed this description of defence to keep off savage tribes; for instance, the great earthworks between the Rhine and the Danube, and the walls of Antoninus Pius, from Edinburgh to Glasgow, and of Severus, from Newcastle-on-Tyne to Carlisle, in Great Britain, which were banks, though called walls.

After the *chasse* I have described, my coachman, who was throughout the day in a state of enthusiastic anxiety for the success of the expedition, took me back to the city by the Maison Carrée. Here the road again crosses the Haratch, which St. Marie, by an unaccountable mistake, calls the Chelif, a river that runs at the other side of the Atlas, from the seventy fountains in the desert to the sea at Mostaganem. This bridge over the Haratch is of Moorish construction, though by some supposed to be Roman; but the error of this statement is proved by the fact that Charles V., in his disastrous retreat from before Algiers, found no bridge here, and was obliged to throw a temporary one over the river for the passage of the troops. Besides, all doubt is removed by the Arabic inscription, which states that it was built in 1736 by Pacha Ibrahim-ben-Ramadhan. During its construction, everyone who passed towards Algiers was obliged on his return, if he had beasts of burden, to fetch a load of sand, mortar, brick, or stone. Those who refused were forced to work on the bridge as common labourers, and when they asked for food after this severe toil, they were bastinadoed. The bridge consists of ten arches, but when St. Marie was there the water flowed through one only. When I visited the spot the river was full, and not long before it had overflowed its high banks, and flooded the surrounding plains for miles, causing frightful destruction of property. A zigzag road winds up a steep hill from the bridge to the Maison Carrée, or Maison Rouge, as it is sometimes called. This building is now a barrack, commanding, as of old, the passage of the river from the Kabyle country. Indeed it is the key to Algiers from the eastward. St. Marie says that he could obtain no information as to when this Moorish fort was commenced, but Piesse says that it was begun by Pacha Abdi in 1724, and that it was then called

Bordj-el-Kantra (fort of the bridge), Drâa-el-Harrach (the mound of Haratch), Bordj-el-Agha (the fort of the Agha), or Bordj-Zahhia (the fort of Zahhia). Under the Turks it was a stronghold from which the Agha used to pounce out suddenly to punish the tribes, or to levy the Government impost. After 1830 the military engineers took possession of it to command the passage of the river, and to watch the eastern portion of the Bay of Algiers.

The Maison Carrée is a fortified barrack, rather than a fort; all the walls are loopholed, and are twelve feet high. The place holds about twelve hundred men. It is built on an eminence so lofty that it is seen from all parts round Algiers, but, although so high, it is extremely unhealthy. On that account it was garrisoned for a long time by native troops in French pay, but now, owing to the developments of agriculture, and the partial drainage of the marshes, it has become more salubrious. A good-sized village is springing up below at the water-side, near the bridge, but the dense mists that rise in early morning from the vast swamps adjoining must be prejudicial to health.

During fifteen years this neighbourhood was the scene of frequent attacks and heroic defences between the natives and the French.

According to Morell, a native tribe called the Aribs, driven from the province of Constantine by a powerful tribe who dispossessed them of their lands, have been stationed for some years in the eastern part of the Metidja, beyond the Haratch. They settled at Hamza and Rassauta, until the Polish Prince Mir received a grant of the territory. He came to an arrangement with the Aribs to compensate them for the violation of their fixity of tenure, and they still remain, though in an inferior position. Many of them, in addition to their occupation as shepherds, are Makhzan, or irregular horsemen.

and their chief bears the name of Ben-Zekri, professing to be descended from the great Granadan family of that name. Near the Haratch bridge the Government attempted to establish a mixed colony of Kabyles, Arabs, and Franks from all parts of Algeria, but it naturally proved a failure, as the several elements could never amalgamate sufficiently to manage their affairs in common. The soldiers called these colonists in jest the 'Beni-Ramassez,' or Beni-Omnium-Gatherum.

There is a good deal of cultivation about here towards Algiers, and large fields of artichokes are grown for exportation to the Paris market by the Mahonnais colonists.

In Algiers there is a regular brigade of shoeblacks, as also in all the chief towns throughout the country. They hover in detachments round the entrances of the principal hotels and other places of general resort, and are employed by the hotel-keepers to clean all the boots and shoes of the establishment, which saves keeping a regular 'boots,' whose occupation at a foreign inn is on a very limited scale. Our worthy continental friends, 'ask but little' in the clothes-brushing department, a rub of their own hand down their coat sleeves and fronts being generally considered sufficient preparation for the day, except among particular exquisites. These shoeblacks, many of whom are themselves black, have large carved arm-chairs stationed all along under the extensive colonnades that line the principal French streets. These chairs are generally covered with faded green or maroon velvet, and in them they deposit their customers during the process of plastering on the blacking. They never commence by cleaning the boots, but work away with the blacking-brush over mud, dust, or whatever comes in their way, piling on until the proper tint is attained.

A ball at the Governor-General's palace is well worth attending. The effect of the hundreds of bright and gay

costumes floating about through the old Moorish halls is quite 'ravishing,' as the French express themselves, and reminds one of the tales in the fine old 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments.' La Maréchale, or the Field Marshal-ess, as the Duchess was styled by the French, did the honours as only French women know how, and made the scene all sunshine and gaiety.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Martyr Geronimo—Fort of the Four-and-twenty Hours—Female Marabout—Koubba of Sidi-Yakoub, the Favourite of the Ladies—St. Eugène—Fountains of the Genii—The Soudan Blacks—Heathen Sacrifices to Evil Spirits—The Feast of Beans—Sidi-Belal—Lella Haoua—The Djedeb—Strange Scenes at the Derdebas—Caravans in the Sahara—Question of Slavery—Religious Rite of Circumcision—Interior of Moorish House—Earthquakes—Veiled Figures—Feast—Painful Ceremony—Demonstrations of the Women—Consultation with Mohammed about starting Inland.

At the foot of the Marengo gardens, and opposite to the Lyceum, once stood the Fort of Four-and-twenty Hours, probably so called from the fact of the Christian Martyr Geronimo having been thrown alive into a pit filled with quick lime which stood on this spot, whence, after remaining twenty-four hours, he was removed for interment. The sculptor of the fine plaster cast of Geronimo in the Museum of Algiers, where the martyr is represented as coming out with his body contorted by agony, and his flesh eaten away by the lime, carries out this view. Berbrugger and Piesse think that the name arose from the martyr having been kept for twenty-four hours, between the passing of his sentence and his execution by Ali-Pachi in 1569,—rather a forced derivation. It is remarkable that no notice had been taken of this converted Moor until Berbrugger found an account of his martyrdom, when translating Haëdo's history of Algiers, accompanied by the following prophecy by Haëdo:—'The day will come

when the Divine Goodness shall cause Geronimo to be taken out of this spot, and his body to be re-united to those of other sainted martyrs, whose blood and happy deaths have consecrated this country; in order that all these holy saints may be deposited in a more commodious and more honourable place, for the glory of God, who has left among us, unhappy captives, such saints and such examples.'

On the discovery of this prognostication, Geronimo's skeleton was at once found, and carried with great pomp and ceremony to the cathedral, Haëdo's prophecy being thus literally fulfilled.

Strange to say, this brave martyr, who suffered such a horrible death for the cause of Christianity, has never received the honours of canonization. The Catholic Church in Africa is said to feel much mortified at this omission by the Holy See.

The Arabic name of the fort is Bordj-Sitti-Takelilt, which means 'the fort of the female Marabout Takelilt,' or of our Lady the Negress, according to Piesse. On entering the fort, previous to its demolition, there stood to the right, under a vestibule, a bank of masonry which extended beneath a small arch surmounted at one side by a little niche hollowed out of the wall. According to tradition, this niche indicated the spot where rested the head of the female Marabout, whose body was interred in the bank beneath. But when this koubba or hermitage was pulled down and destroyed, no bones of Sitti-Takelilt were found in the bank, nor was her ebony head in the niche. 'Probably,' observes Piesse, 'they were removed before the French took possession of the city.'

Close outside the gate Bab-el-Oued, beyond the site where this fort stood, there is a bifurcation of roads—one leading up to the Bou-Zareah heights, by which we shall presently descend from these charming hills; the second

leading along the western shore to St. Eugène. On the right-hand side is the large military hospital, built where formerly the gardens of the Bey stretched along the sunny banks of the Mediterranean.

This is a favourite spot for the fishermen to draw for sardines and other small fry, which they catch in thousands.

A little further away, the Catholic cemetery comes in sight, lying beneath the loftily-placed church of Notre Dame de l'Afrique.

Opposite the cemetery is the Fort des Anglais; why so called I cannot discover; but, probably an English vessel was wrecked and plundered, and the crew murdered on the rocks below.

Further along the road to Point de Pescade stood the Koubba or Marabout of Sidi-Yakoub, now transformed into a French cabaret. Father Haëdo calls the saint El-hel-Desi, and asserts that he went mad towards the end of his life. It was not to be wondered at that his head became turned, as he was a vast favourite with the Algerine ladies, although the holy man was wont to beat heartily those of the fair sex who came to kiss his hands, in the most approved St.-Kevin-style. But worthy Father Haëdo slyly insinuates that the Moorish ladies, notwithstanding his rude habits in public, did not scruple to invite him and his like to visit them in private at their houses, hoping that their prayers for offspring might be blessed, and that the good man might put them in the way of bringing forth young saints by the aid of his valued prayers and intercession. To this system, strange to say, jealous parents and husbands raised no objection, regarding it a high privilege to have their female relations noticed by a man of such unimpeachable sanctity.

Beside this cabaret a steep path winds down to the shore, which here has a sloping beach, and from one part

a ledge of black rocks runs into the sea. This is a mysterious spot.

Here are the Ayoun-Beni-Menad, or Fountains of the Genii, seven springs which issue out of the hill-side and trickle down the shingle, and here it is that the blacks from Soudan offer heathen sacrifices to those Evil Spirits —foul rites, in which the Moorish and Jewish women largely participate. These religious mysteries date long before Mahommedanism, or even Christianity.

Father Haëdo mentions having been present at one of these ceremonials, which took place on this spot at the Ain-el-Kedrack, or green fountain, in 1637, on which occasion he saw live fowls sacrificed to the Genii.

Being most anxious to witness the ceremonial of these benighted pagans, I repaired to the place at nine o'clock in the morning, the hour at which their proceedings commence every Wednesday. On the way I overtook many negresses, with massive sphinx-like features, robed in blue, striped burnouses, and carrying in their hands chickens tied by the legs. These birds were for sacrifice.

Descending the steep path to the sea-shore, I watched the strange scene of old-world paganism before me. It was as though the curtain of time had been lifted up, and the scenes of bygone ages were passing in review.

I feared I was an intruder where I stood in the midst, but no comment was made either by word or look, so I remained to be able to note all that took place.

Seated on the ledge of rocks I have described, with their feet overhanging the water, were placed a band of black musicians, who kept up the most dreary and monotonous noise with a sort of flageolet and an old cracked drum, to attract the attention of the Genii to what was going on in their honour. Meanwhile the sacrificial process was taking place. The fowls to be killed were first sprinkled with water from the fountains, resembling the

mouths of drains, that bubbled out from the rock: this was to cleanse them. Then they were singed slightly over a fire of incense, to purify them, after which their throats were cut half across, and they were thrown down to struggle about on the shelving beach. This was the trying moment of the sacrifice, for if the bird in its death-throes fluttered down into the water, then they knew that the sacrifice had been agreeable to the Genii to whom it was offered. The white, green, or blue Genii are benevolent; the red, yellow, brown, and black are malevolent. These all haunt the spring called after them.

If, instead of rolling into the sea, the chicken remains jumping about on the spot where it falls, the Genii are showing their displeasure, and everything must be begun over again with a fresh victim.

As soon as the fowls are dead they are taken out of the water and plucked, the entrails and feathers thrown on the ground, and the bird itself put into a basket and taken home to be eaten. There are French women in waiting who pick up the disgusting garbage the sacrificers throw away, wash it, and carry it off, no doubt to be cooked and devoured.

While this heathenism is going on, the Moorish, Jewish, and Negro women are fumigated by priestesses who are seated opposite small fires of incense; one priestess in particular—a fat, flabby Mauresque, unveiled—being a special favourite. The priestess holds the hands of the devotee over a small censer filled with burning incense from the chafing-dish at her fire; then one foot, and afterwards the other, is lifted up over the vapours, the worshipper leaning on the shoulder of the priestess. The latter next takes the censer and puts it up under the clothes of the worshipper, back and front, and also to her mouth, that she may inhale the smoke. The ceremony is then complete, and if the omens derived from the offerings

have been favourable, the offerer departs rejoicing, and firmly believing that she will be cured of her malady, or that her prayer, whatever it may have been, will be granted.

I took special notice of a richly-dressed Moorish lady, who came in a carriage, attended by two negresses bearing her offerings for sacrifice, and also by a Moorish woman-servant. She was the first I had seen without the hideous papouche slipper fitting quite close to the foot. Instead of this she wore pretty embroidered slippers. While performing her ceremonial rites she gave me no opportunity of beholding her face, but as she passed me she drew aside her burnous and allowed me to have a full view of her charms. I cannot own to appreciating the great compliment, for, although doubtless young, she looked horribly flabby and unwholesome.

Morell mentions that young girls are stripped naked on these occasions, and fumigated behind screens formed of the long veils worn by the women in the streets, but this I much doubt. All I saw operated on by the priestess kept on their trousers and their prettily-embroidered zouave jackets—the burnouses even were not removed, but merely opened and lifted sufficiently to admit the smoking censer.

The great religious festival of the Blacks does not, however, take place at this spot. The Hammah, on the eastern side of Algiers, along the sea-shore, and between the sea and the Jardin d'Essai, is where their principal heathenish sacrifices are offered. This festival is called the Aïd-el Foul, or Feast of Beans, from its being held every year when the bean crop is first fit for eating, and when the stem of the plant begins to blacken. Before this time, which is called Nizam, the Blacks forbear to eat this vegetable. The feast is held in honour of Sidi-

Belal, supposed to be the ancient Baal or Belial, whose koubba is close by, partly covered by the sands.

Some writers assert that the celebration is in honour of Belal, the freed slave of the Prophet, who was the first Black to embrace Mahommedanism. 'But,' as Piesse truly remarks, 'the sacrifices and ceremonies of this festival coincide little with the honours that would be accorded to any mortal, however holy,' for the Mahometans abjure idolatry. Besides, the negroes are not Mahometans. In their own country they are altogether given up to idolatry; therefore, in reproducing at Algiers a feast which must recall to them their native land, it is highly improbable that they would go out of their way to glorify the early days of Islamism—a religion that was forced upon them by the sword. Another proof is, that, under the Turkish rule, when the Mahometan festivals were kept with rigid observance, the negroes never celebrated the festival of Sidi-Belal—so Piesse states—and it was under the French Government, which wisely tolerates all religious worship, that these observances have been indulged in. The Sidi-Belal in question cannot therefore be the Mahometan Saint.

The manner of sacrifice so much resembles that of the ancients that one cannot but lean to the conclusion of its being held in honour of a false god, and the name, Belal, points at once to Baal, Belus, Bel, or Belial, the famous Deity held in such repute by the Phœnicians, who in all probability introduced his worship into Africa at the time they established so many commercial settlements on these shores.

In this ceremonial the only part distinct from heathenism is at the commencement, when Peisse says the Fatha, or opening prayer of the Koran, is read. The sacrificing priest proceeds to slay the ox, the sheep, or the fowls selected for offerings, amidst dances and songs. The

fowls are sacrificed in the same manner as at St. Eugène, but the four-footed animals are offered differently. The ox destined for sacrifice is covered with flowers, and its head is decorated with ribbons, just as in the ancient days of mythology. Before the animal receives its death-blow, the sacrificers perform long dances, in which they turn seven times in one direction, and seven times in the opposite. The manner in which the victim dies—whether it falls dead instantaneously, or whether it struggles about on the sand in long and painful agonies—is the subject of favourable or unfavourable prognostications, which the black augurs quickly interpret to their eager votaries.

After the sacrifice is completed, a negro dance commences. All the Soudan negroes move towards a square basin filled with water, and consecrated to Lella Haoua, a female Saint held in great veneration by them, and fling themselves into all sorts of wild and grotesque attitudes. After a short time both men and women become seized with the violent, frenzied, trembling convulsions called *djedeb*, and reeking with perspiration, they fling themselves into the sea, from which they are often with difficulty rescued by their equally-excited colleagues. In another part, under tents erected for the occasion, negresses are busy cooking beans, the first that the negroes are allowed to eat, and which serve as a relish to the mutton and kouskoussou that form the basis of the feast.

All the rest of the day is devoted to dances and to songs, accompanied by the horrible, monotonous, drumming music so beloved by the negroes, and also by the Moors. This hideous music, far from enlivening, seems more calculated to drown the dismal, wailing chant of the singers, which, however, cannot be as bad as it appears, for it often draws forth shouts of hearty merriment.

As I was not in Algeria at the time of the bean harvest in spring, and therefore could not witness these curious ancient practices, I have drawn largely on De Rouzé and others for the foregoing description of the Feast of Beans.

The new railway across the Metidja to Blida has greatly curtailed the ground available for these annual commemorations, as it runs right through the spot formerly set apart for this purpose.

I am told that derdebas, or private *fêtes*, are held by the negro tribes in their houses in the *rue du Darfour*, and the *rue Kattarondjil*, close to the Kasba. There, to the noise of the outlandish squalling and tom-tomming before described, the negresses, throwing off their blue vestments, appear clad in gauze and silk, embroidered with gold and silver, and commence one of those dances of which the invariable theme is some love poem. At first their movements are slow and measured, but presently, intoxicated, wrapt and frenzied with excitement, they fling themselves into the most incredible dislocations and contortions. On these occasions, as Piesse observes, 'it is difficult to know whether most to admire the courage of the musicians, the ardour of the dancers, or the patience of the audience;' and he adds—'These negresses are sorceresses, fabricators of love-philters, assistants in conducting intrigues, and fortune-tellers.'

Morell so amusingly describes the inspired frenzy of these people that I must extract the passage *verbatim*. 'The most remarkable of their magical processes is called *djelep*, whose object is to make the devil enter the patient's belly, whereby he foresees futurity. Those who wish to obtain prevision consult el-Kait-lans-fan, the chief of the negroes, ask him when the *djelep* will take place, and pay him a consideration to be present—a favour never accorded Jew or Christian.

'The process can only take place on forty days in the year, which are fixed by the Kait-lans-fan. The period begins generally at Rhamadan; and the night before, the intended patients, mostly women, resort, in common with an old man and woman, to a house set apart for negro superstitious practices. They are put into a room furnished with cushions and carpets, and concealed by a curtain. The old folks, with the help of some people, make a kind of hell-broth of gum-arabic, an essence called sambel, and some pieces of wood called calcari, having previously killed four hens, with whose blood they anoint the joints of the patients. They then perfume them with the hell-broth, and dress them variously, in long caftans extending to the heels, belts, and caps, decorated with shells that rattle together on dancing. That night, or next morning, twenty or thirty musicians arrive with negro instruments, who crouch down under the gallery on the ground-floor, and place a carpet to receive money in front of them. The court of the house is swept, but no mats are placed on it, and it must be passed over barefooted. Those who have asked to be present are brought in one after the other, and one, or at most two, of the possessed, accompanied by several negresses dressed like them, are conducted into the court, where they are perfumed, and then left to their own devices.

'The musicians then strike up a terrific din, and the possessed begins to dance, at first gently, keeping the measure, and imitated by the other negresses. But the movements of the chief dancer soon become quicker, and soon furious. He or she emits screams and displays contortions. This is the moment when the devil enters the body. Those present who wish to participate in the advantages, now step forward, and throw down money, tapers, &c. The music becomes stunning, the dancer is

more and more excited, till he falls down in a swoon. Then the old folks advance to perfume him, like the bottle-holders refreshing our prize-fighters. The music ceases during this interlude; but, recovering presently, the dancer launches forth again, the music recommences, and the same scene is repeated till our Taglioni is utterly worn out, when the devil is supposed to have effected an entrance, and comfortably established himself.

'Such is a ballet-dance among the negroes, which would slightly astonish the coulisses at the Opera, or the lecture-room of a philosophical institution. When thus excited,' he adds, 'religious enthusiasm leads them not only to eat the thorny leaves of the Barbary fig, or prickly pear, but also to devour the most filthy and revolting garbage to satisfy their depraved appetites. Many of these curious superstitions and phenomena will remind the reader of the convulsionaries of St. Medard, of St. Vitus' dance in the Dark Ages, of the Cevennes fanatics, and other disorders of the nervous system wrought by fanaticism and sympathy, proving the uniformity in the psychological and physiological development of man in all phases of time and space.' The wild ravings of Cassandra, and the mysterious utterances of the oracle at Delphi, and that of Jupiter Ammon in the Libyan Desert, where Alexander the Great was nearly lost, as well as those of the Sibyl, may all be traced to the same source—an impressionable and excitable imagination worked upon by external influences.

None of the Moorish or Jewish men of any respectability take part in these festivities, but the women of both races, excited by the glowing descriptions of their negress servants, flock there in crowds.

These Blacks are such a distinct and peculiar race, that some remarks about them seem called for here.

Morell states, in accordance with what I always heard

in Algiers, that they came originally from Soudan and Timbuctoo, brought as slaves to the Turks by caravans from the south of the Sahara; and Piesse names Zouzou, Haoussa, Katchna, Somvi, Tombou, Bambara, Gourma, and Bornou as the principal towns from which they arrived. But they themselves know nothing of their origin. I asked several, intelligent enough, and all acknowledged profound ignorance on the subject, beyond having heard that their father or grandfather had belonged to a country a great many days' journey away.

The caravans which fetched them—for they arrived as slaves in large numbers from the south at Tripoli and Tunis, but more especially in Morocco and Algiers, where slavery was abolished in 1848 by a decree of the Government—started chiefly from Metlili, close to R'ardaïa, the capital of M'Zab, a most interesting oasis in the Sahara, to which I shall again refer.

At this city the traders collect the supply of merchandise for taking south with them, which consists of cotton goods, Tunisian caps, cloves, silk, coral, hardware, common arms, benzoin, &c. Formed there into caravans, the merchants start for Touat, a most desolate country, and traverse Timinoum, Aoulef, Insala the capital of Touat, and finally Ar'abli, where all the caravans *rendezvous*.

The Saharà is a vast sand-sea scoured by its pirates, the terrible Touaregs with veiled faces, and swept by its tempests of Simoom. Woe to those who travel in insufficient force! Their bones would become landmarks to point out the road to Haoussa.

The merchants bestow their presents on the native chiefs at Ar'abli, Haoussa, or Katchna, and arrange a place of meeting where they exchange the merchandise brought from R'ardaïa for ostrich feathers, ox and buck skins, ivory, gold-dust, carbonate of soda, blue cotton goods, manufactured in the country, gum, resin, and

formerly slaves. The latter were taken chiefly by the Touaregs, whose sole subsistence is gained by thieving and kidnapping. They often waylaid and caught their victims when gathering salt at the chots or sebkas, which are great salt-lakes in the desert, and where the salt is deposited when the water is carried off by evaporation in summer. These captives sold, on an average, without distinction of age or sex, for four camels' loads of dates each, or the equivalent in merchandise, the amount of which in the Sahara is only sixteen francs; but when the slave reached his destination he would probably have cost a couple of pounds sterling. After seventeen days' march through the desert, the M'Zabite oases, and a further long journey to Medeah, which used to be the slave market for Algiers until 1830, the serviceable men were sold for 14*l.* to 16*l.* a-head, and the women for 8*l.* or 9*l.*

Baron Baude does not think that bondage was a curse to these people, as they would have fared much worse in their own country, the treatment of the natives by the chiefs of Central Africa being brutal in the extreme. Twenty men are readily given as the price of a good horse. Human sacrifices are constantly required by the blood-stained priesthood for religious ceremonies, or to do honour to the funeral of a prince; and the wretched inhabitants are ground down and sent into slavery for the slightest misdemeanor. They are, besides, always liable to be taken as prisoners of war, and subjected to horrid cruelties; so it is rather a happy release to escape from such terrors, and in the bazaars they used to show no signs of pain or shame at their debased position.

In Mussulman countries also no sense of degradation accompanies slavery, nor is the lot of the slave a hard one. If he becomes a Mussulman he is at once considered as one of the household, and the negress often

marries her master, and sees her children on a perfect equality with those of his other wives.

Marriage emancipates the negress. The men also were often freed in Algiers by their Turkish masters, when, unless they married in their owner's service, they joined those of their countrymen who had come free to the country, or were manumitted like themselves, and formed one of the corporations of Berranis, or foreigners. The Koran recommends manumission, as being of greater efficacy for the salvation of souls than pilgrimages or fastings.

Some assert that the negroes of Algiers made excellent slaves, but were worthless when liberated, and that out of the large numbers of slaves in Algiers at the period of general enfranchisement in 1848, only three hundred and forty-four took advantage of the privilege, the remainder preferring to remain in bondage with their masters.

The negroes—in addition to their habitual callings as lime-sellers, white-washers, makers of grass mats, and occasionally as labourers, paviours, and porters—have a remarkable mission for clatter and noise. At Mussulman festivals, and at French public fêtes, they gambol and gesticulate to the deafening sound of tom-tom and iron castanet, whirling round and beating time to the music, while they flourish long sticks above their heads.

Meeting my friend Mahmoud, the Turkish guide, at his usual station close to the Orient Hotel, he took me, with a large party of English and French, to witness the painful ceremony by which a little Moorish boy was to be admitted into the Moslem Faith by circumcision—a ceremony that corresponds among the Jews and Mahometans to the baptismal rite of Christianity.

I was very glad to have an opportunity of going inside a Moorish house, as those dwellings look so gloomy and mysterious from the street, showing none of their

interior to the wondering passer-by, unlike the lovely abodes of happy Seville, where the bright central courts with their gay occupants gladden the eye of the beholder.

Madame Prus thinks that the houses are constructed so low, and join each other so often across the narrow streets, to afford safety and mutual support in case of earthquakes —a visitation common in this part of Africa in all ages, and by which so many Roman cities have been destroyed. The earthquake which occurred in 1717 lasted for nine months, and destroyed three-fourths of Algiers. Again, in 1825, an earthquake destroyed Oran and Blida, while in Algiers fifty-three distinct shocks were felt during a fortnight. But all Orientally-built cities are similarly planned, the houses projecting or joining at the top for the sake of the grateful shade they thus afford during the scorching heats of the mid-day sun.

Entering by the narrow and dark street-door, our party mounted an unlighted staircase to the first floor, where we emerged on to a pretty gallery that ran along the four sides of the hollow square, round which the house rose. Here, in small rooms opening on to the galleries, the family dwelt, the ground floor being set apart for the lodging of the domestics, and for cookery. On the flat roof above stood a crowd of white-veiled spectres, surveying with wonder the abhorred Giaours below.

The first act in the drama was the production of a vast bowl of kouskoussou made of finely granulated corn and milk, with pieces of boiled mutton ranged on the top. The speciality of this dish is that there must be no adherence of the grains, which result is obtained by cooking it over steam. A little square frame on legs with a hole in the centre served as a table to hold the kouskoussou bowl, and beside it was placed a dish full of wooden spoons with which the precious mess was to be eaten. A

few spoonfuls go a long way, although the compound is not at all unpalatable, but the idea of eating out of the same dish with the mob of dirty natives who crowded around, and of pressing down the mess to get one's spoon filled with the juice beneath, where these creatures had done the same before, was far from agreeable. The Moors however, especially Mahmoud, who created an enormous vacuum in the bowl, made up for the shortcomings of the Giaours, and seemed to eat it with much gladness and singleness of heart. Two villainous drinks were then brought up from the dark regions below; the basis of one seemed to be bad honey, and the other was disgustingly sour milk—an abomination for which I entertain a deadly hatred. Before tasting it I asked an Englishman, who had just before taken some, whether the milk was sweet, and he said it was. He seemed amused at my disgust on finding he had deceived me, but I stopped his mirth by saying, 'You made a statement to me which I believed, relying on your word. That statement was not true. What shall I call it?'

We were next handed orange *sucrée*, unpalatable millet-seed cake, and some excellent *café noir*, the grand finale being lollipops and capital conserves of fruits.

This entertainment was supposed to be given gratis, but on these occasions strangers are always expected to contribute.

All this time we had been sitting on the floor, being the nearest approach we could command to the oriental squatting posture of the Moors.

The great event of the day now came off, and we were hurried away into the operating chamber, to get a good place for witnessing the ceremony.

Presently the victim came in. He was a very pretty boy of about ten or twelve years of age, dressed in loose white nether garments, a blue brocaded zouave jacket,

with a red sash round his waist. He was crying bitterly and looking horribly frightened, but his elder brother and the Imaum tried to soothe and comfort him, and the women on the roof kept up a rising and swelling cadence of *lou lou, lou lou,* which had a singularly wild effect.

The little fellow was at once laid on the bed with his head placed between his brother's knees, who sat cross-legged behind him. Then the Imaum produced a pair of pincers and a sharp razor, and the deed was done in a moment, followed by a loud cry of pain from the little sufferer. On learning from this signal that the ceremony was completed, enthusiastic *lou lous* broke forth afresh from the ghostly houris above.

On the way down the town I had a long consultation with Mahmoud about starring it through the provinces, as it was getting well into the month of February, and there was so much ground to traverse that I felt it was necessary to start soon if I wanted to get my tour over before the commencement of the hot weather in May. There had been some very cold weather at Algiers, colder than was ever remembered by the original 'oldest inhabitant,' which had also been the case in the Riviera and all over Europe—indeed I had not found one day that was warm enough to discard my overcoat. Even when the early part of the day was warm, the bitter icy cold which I noticed everywhere along the shores of the Mediterranean at the setting of the sun, sent a deadly chill into the bones; and here, as on the opposite French coast, medical men all advise their patients to remain indoors for two or three hours at this trying period of the day. But now the weather was improving, and the snow on the lower peaks of the Little Atlas above Blida, as well as on the Zakkar-Chergui above Milianah, was rapidly disappearing, and I felt convinced that the temperature there and at Medeah, beyond Blida, could

not be so low as was represented by the shivering Algerians, for I could see the highest of these mountains from the Sahel Heights, and could form a good opinion as to what I had to expect. As Medeah and Milianah were the localities I had decided upon visiting first, I determined to make a start shortly, and was joined by Mahmoud in laughing at the apprehensions of the French, who appeared to think they would be frozen to death in the inhospitable solitudes above. To such an extent do they carry this ridiculous notion, that they shrink with shudderings from the two hours' journey by rail to Blida, because it is in reality a couple of hundred feet higher than Algiers, though across the flat Metidja plain it appears to be on the same level.

CHAPTER XXII.

Jewish Synagogue—Legends of the Jews—Miracle—Jews' Costumes—Agha under Surveillance—Fort de l'Empereur—Jealous Rage of a Negress—A whole Battalion slain at the Bivac des Indigènes—Panoramic View of Cheraga—Battle of Sidi-Kralef—Trappist Monastery of Staouéli—Group of Palms—Habits of the Brethren—Essence of Geranium—Visit of the Emperor to Staouéli—Sidi-Ferruch—Miracle performed by the Saint—Arab Prophecy—Intense Cold—Pointe de Pescade—Mirs-el-Debban—Castle of a Pirate Chief.

THE few remaining days of my stay in the capital were chiefly devoted to sight-seeing, and taking pleasant excursions in the environs. One Saturday, a party was made to attend service at the Jews' Synagogue, a fine place of worship newly erected. To our disappointment, the ladies and gentlemen were separated, as in ritualistic churches, the women being sent up to a gallery, while the lords of creation ranged themselves in open pews below. The service chiefly consisted of some ceremonial observances, and marks of honour paid to a fine copy of the Law, preserved in a splendid case of open-work silver, from which the Rabbi, who was second in rank, read portions of Holy Writ, the Chief Rabbi not officiating, although present in plain clothes, in the part answering to our chancel, where the sacred volume is kept, and whither it was restored with much ceremony after having been used.

Piesse thinks that the Jews came to Africa in the reign of Adrian, about the year 135, when they were

dispersed by that Emperor; and Ibn Khaldoun says that part of the Berber race, especially the tribe of Djaroua, inhabiting the Great Atlas mountains, embraced Judaism at an early date.

The Mahometans, in speaking of the Jews, call them Djifa-ben-Djifa, that is to say, 'carrion son of carrion,' and the following is the reason of the epithet. In consequence of an insult offered by some Jews to a caravan conveying the annual presents for the sacred shrine at Mecca, the Almighty struck with death all the men and male children of this sacrilegious race; but the Jews having prayed that their nation should not be exterminated, God permitted the men to come to life again for one night in order that the race might be perpetuated, after which they were again to return to their condition of corpses. Another legend, regarded by the Jews of Algiers as an article of faith, thus accounts for their advent to the city. When the Mussulmans were expelled from Spain, the Jews whom they had always treated with kindness, were persecuted on account of their riches; and towards the end of the thirteenth century, Ben-Smia, the Chief Rabbi, and the chiefs of all the Jewish trading families, had been thrown into prison, and were on the point of being executed, when they were saved by the following remarkable miracle. Ben-Smia appeared submissive and reconciled to his fate, but he slyly drew on the wall of the prison, with a piece of charcoal, a representation of a ship, and turning towards his brethren in misfortune, he desired all who believed in the power of God, and who wished to escape, to place their fingers beside his on the drawing. All obeyed him, on which the picture turned into a real ship, which transported them instantaneously to the port of Algiers, where the Mussulmans granted them the same privileges they had enjoyed when in Spain.

Under the rule of the Turks, the Jews were much persecuted, and were subjected to the grossest indignities. For suffering a real or fancied insult from a Jew, a Mahommedan might assassinate him with impunity by payment of a moderate fine to the Government; and for comparatively trifling offences they were bastinadoed, or even roasted, to death.

Many Jews are to be met with among the Arab tribes of Algeria. Baron Aucapitaine says that 'they are very numerous in the town of Bou-Sada, where, as elsewhere, the Jewish population gives itself up exclusively to trade. The greatest number are jewellers and goldsmiths. They are seen squatted down in little smoky stalls resembling caves, puffing into their blow-pipes, like the alchymists of the Middle Ages, to make some mysterious alloy.'

Many of the Jews in Algeria are fine men. Their dress is cut like that of the Moors, and is usually of a sombre, rather than a gay hue, being invariably of only one colour. In the days of Moslem sway, they could wear nothing but black attire; however, they now use brown, grey, purple, black, and fawn colours. In Tunis, the Israelites appear clad in the brightest tints.

The Jewesses are very simple in their dress, being generally clothed in black. They are remarkable for their black silk head-dresses, and for the singular manner in which they tie their jaws up in white or black kerchiefs, with only the end of the chin visible, which makes them resemble corpses, or the model British warrior of thirty years ago, hiding behind his regulation military stock.

Sidi-Ferruch, where the French Expedition effected a landing, is a pleasant drive, and occupies the greater part of the day. I went by way of Staoueli, and returned along the sea by Cape Caxine, Point de Pescade, and

St. Eugène. Going from the gate of the Kasba to the Sahel gate in the outer fortifications, I met a noble-looking Arab, mounted on a handsome white horse, who had once been a powerful Agha in the province of Constantine. A little farther on I passed his residence, where he is under the constant supervision of the gendarmes, as he was a formidable foe, and might perhaps be dangerous again, if at liberty.

The French hold on Algeria is weak. They merely keep possession of the country as we do of India, by the sword and the strong arm. Since their settlement in the country the necessaries of life have become dear, but before their arrival, wheat and barley sold for about sixpence-halfpenny a bushel, an ox for sixteen shillings, a sheep for two shillings, and eggs for elevenpence a hundred.

The Fort de l'Empéreur stands in a commanding position above the road; and it was here that General de Bourmont received the capitulation of the Dey, when on the point of bombarding Algiers. It stands nearly seven hundred feet above the sea. Close to this is the Fort de l'Etoile, or the Fort of the Tagarins, which also commanded Algiers, and the taking of which tended considerably to make the Turks surrender to the French, for, although in ruins, it was on this spot that the batteries were being erected for attacking the town. The Fort was blown up in 1830 by a negress, who, through jealousy, fired the powder magazine, and perished with her lover in the explosion.

The consulate of Sweden stood near this spot in 1854, and in the lovely views from its artistically-arranged grounds might still be seen the traces of war, in the remains of the noble trees felled to clear an open space for the artillerists.

Beneath the road on the right, after passing the Fort de l'Empéreur, lies a most lovely valley, filled with

picturesque, flat-roofed villas, luxuriant corn and bean-fields, and shady groves and gardens.

The excellent wide road continues to wind up the Sahel heights as far as the village of El-Biar, where there is a large Magdalen Asylum and a vast number of Moorish-built villas, occupied by native Moors and by foreigners. Here roads branch off for the Colonne Virol on the Mustapha hills on the left, and for Bou-Zareah and the Frais Vallon on the right, the two opposite extremities of the Sahel range.

As the drive to Sidi-Ferruch and back occupies a long day, I deferred my visit to the Frais Vallon and Bou-Zareah, and shall therefore also defer my description of those interesting spots.

A little beyond El-Biar, at a place called the Bivac des Indigènes, opposite to an old tumble-down koubba which overhangs the road, there is a square watering-place for cattle, which recalls a melancholy event in the war of conquest, when a whole battalion was surprised here and slaughtered in cold blood while they were resting, the commander having neglected to keep a proper look-out.

Cheraga is soon reached, a village called after an ancient native tribe, formerly settled on its site. Before entering this village—the French in Algeria, with but few exceptions, live in villages—a magnificent panoramic view is obtained of the fine bay stretching from Sidi-Ferruch to the lofty Djebel Chenoua, behind which lies Cherchel. Along this sweeping, curved shore are situated the villages of Fouka, Bou-Ismael, Castiglione, and Tipasa, and likewise the famous Koubba-er-Roumia, or Tomb of the Christian, crowning the lofty sea-washed hill which bears it as proudly as it has done for ages—a gigantic landmark from sea and land—a worthy mausoleum for a haughty dynasty of kings.

About Cheraga there is fine cultivation, and it boasts

of perfume distilleries, corn-mills, and oil-mills. Fine weeping-willows adorn the entrance of the place, while hedges of aloe, cactus, and olives border the roads.

A road branches off here for Guyotville on the shore, where there are some ruins, and half-way between Cheraga and Guyotville there is a large cemetery of Dolmens, the only Druidical remains in Algeria, except those at Djelfa.

Five days after the victory of Staouéli, at the koubba of Sidi-Khralef, a little beyond Cheraga, was fought the battle which opened to the French the way to Algiers.

About three miles on, the highly-interesting agricultural monastery of La Trappe is reached. It is situated in the centre of the battle-field of Staouéli, where the Turks suffered their first defeat. Under the grand old group of palm stems springing from one root, a foundation of balls and shells, picked up on the field of battle, received the first stone that was laid of the monastery of Staouéli. These palms now decorate the outer court, and beneath their shade, before the fight, were pitched the luxurious tents of Ibraham, son-in-law of Husseïn-Dey, and of the Beys of Oran and Constantine.

At that time all this part of the country was a vast down, such as may still be seen in some parts between El-Biar and Cheraga, and was frequented from time immemorial, during the grazing season, by shepherds and their flocks. Now, thanks to the hard-working monks, this dreary waste has been turned into a smiling garden, and the experiment of establishing a settlement of this Order to act as pioneers of civilisation has proved a great success, for they carry on their agricultural labours on a scale, and with an amount of intelligence, that is too rare among the ordinary settlers in the colony.

For some distance before reaching the Abbey, a high park-like wall runs along the road and forms the boun-

dary of that portion of the estate which the monks first brought under cultivation, and which extends in a rectangular figure far away to the right. They now farm, in addition, a large part outside of the two thousand acres granted to them by the Government, and every year they extend their vineyards and arable land. Their wealth consists chiefly in cattle, sheep, corn, vineyards, orchards, and geranium plantations for making perfume and for flavouring their famous liqueur, which is known to the wine trade as trapista. I passed several fields of these sweet-scented shrubs, many acres in extent, but, being winter-time, there were only a few pink flowers on the plants. When these fragrant plains are a mass of blossom, the effect must be lovely.

The grant of this property was made to the Trappists in 1843, and in the summer of the same year they came and pitched their tents under the wonderful palm group, where they performed Mass on an altar of turf, in memory of those brave men who had fallen in battle on that same spot thirteen years before. They then placed under the palm-trees a statue of the Virgin, which they called Our Lady of Staouéli.

Francis Régis, the first Abbot, had many serious obstacles to encounter at the commencement, especially with respect to finances for carrying on the works, but now all difficulties have been removed, and the brethren are about to construct a very handsome new chapel, the existing one not being thought sufficiently imposing.

All the brethren are obliged to work hard, either at household and religious duties, or else in the fields, and, with the exception of the lay brothers, who are appointed to show visitors round, they are forbidden to speak to each other or to strangers, on any pretext whatever. They are also precluded by their vows from partaking of animal

food of any kind, even fish being prohibited, and they live entirely on vegetable diet.

Women are strictly forbidden to enter farther than into a little room, like a porter's lodge, outside the entrance gates, the way by which visitors are admitted. No woman ever passed beyond, except the Marshaless-Duchess de MacMahon, who procured a special Bull from the Pope giving her the privilege of *entrée*. After waiting a few minutes in the exterior room, in which glass cases were ranged containing bottles of the geranium essence and the liqueur, also small articles connected with Catholic worship for sale, a lay brother presented himself and led the way through a small door in the wall to the court with the splendid old palms. Here the monk talked freely, but on entering the interior court he told me that it would be contrary to his vow to open his lips, and begged that I would not ask any questions nor make any remarks except by signs, when he would endeavour to answer me thus. The centre of this court is occupied by a pretty garden filled with flowers and shrubs, with a fountain, containing large numbers of gold fish, playing in the middle.

Cloisters, the work of an Italian artist, encircle this court, and around them are the chapel, the refectory, and the chapter-house. On the first floor are placed the infirmary and the dormitories.

The good, simple brother was evidently much put out at my not performing the proper Catholic observances on entering the chapel, and wished to enquire the reason of my omission, but he was tongue-tied, and I did not appear to understand him. In the refectory their humble fare of bread, and wine mingled with water, was laid out for the monks on long tables, in battered, but clean, tin plates and cups.

The dormitories, in which there is accommodation for a

hundred monks, are plain, but well kept, and the little cells—like the wooden boxes at an old London tavern—are ranged in two rows up the middle of the long room, separated from each other by wooden partitions, but open at the top.

Passing through the infirmary, where only two or three patients lay, and also through the small library, containing a number of books on religious subjects and many others full of useful information, we descended and issued from the regions of silence. The moment we had passed the gate, my guide chatted freely again. He showed me the large stills in which the essence of geranium is made three times in the year, for the supply of which and of their liqueur they have a contract with a French merchant.

I also saw the fine cattle, the cow-houses, the barns, the stores of hay and straw, and, above all, the enormous cellars filled with excellent wine made from the produce of the large vineyards on the abbey lands.

They have two very fair paintings done by a brother, one of which represents the visit of the Emperor to the abbey, surrounded by his brilliant staff and by the dignitaries of the African Church. The other portrays the burial of one of the Order in the cemetery, who is dropped into the ground without any coffin, simply covered in his ecclesiastical attire. The brethren are standing round the grave in full dress, the Abbot wearing his mitre.

Among numerous inscriptions upon the walls inside the building is the following: 'If it is sad to live at La Trappe, how sweet is it to die!' That may be true, but they certainly have not a pleasant way of being buried. Under such difficulties, Ruth would scarcely have kept her promise of dying and being buried with Naomi.

On returning to the entrance-room I found, as I had anticipated, a refection of bread and fruits laid out for me, besides butter, honey, excellent conserves, and a

bottle of the wonderful trapista. The latter had a strong taste of what one would imagine to be geranium flavour, judging by the smell emitted by the pressed leaves of that plant; but the monk who was doing the honours assured me that no geranium essence was employed, and that I merely tasted the pure flavour of the grape. He was a very simple man, and had never been in the great world. He had in his glass case a shilling copy of the Madonna della Seggiola, and asked me if I did not think it a lovely work of art. I told him I had seen the original at Florence, whereupon he innocently enquired if it were any better than his.

While partaking of my frugal meal, a man of a very different stamp entered, a clergyman attached to the cathedral in Algiers, who wore a very long beard, as the clergy of the African Church are permitted to do. He was much puzzled about the Anglican Church, of which he had heard so many different accounts. Catholics he knew we were not, but were we Lutherans, or Calvinists, or Presbyterians, or Methodists, all of which sects he knew about? I told him that our Church professed to have a broad basis, so as to combine all phases of religious opinions within her pale, by reason of which she contained a very powerful Catholic party, and likewise several strong bodies who preferred following, more or less, the teaching of one or other of the great Protestant reformers. In fact the policy of the English Established Church was to please all. 'And you please none,' he replied. 'No, no, that system will never work. You will have struggles for the mastery. Human nature against all the world. You English never managed your armies and your navies like that, leaving every regiment and every ship to regulate its own internal affairs, and arrange its own discipline on any footing it chose. You have military and naval systems to which all must conform. Why not have uniformity likewise in your Church matters?'

I told him that there appeared to be great apathy shown in the matter, and that things were left to drift along as best they might.

'Well, then,' he rejoined, jestingly, 'carry out your principle fully. Get some self-torturing and self-immolating Brahmins, some serpent-eating and fire-eating Arabs, some dancing Dervishes, and a sprinkling of Devil-worshippers. Then you will be perfect.'

Seeing this savoured of an Anglophobian sneer, I brought the conversation to a close, when we turned to a more pleasing topic—the morality and high religious principles of the Irish Catholics, as compared with his own countrymen; and we both hoped that a bright future was in store for Ireland, now that the gross wrongs of centuries have been removed, and her sons placed on an equality with their English fellow-countrymen.

Along the little lane that led from the monastery gates to the high road were ranged a number of convicts, under trees, taking their dinners on the ground, and guarded by warders with loaded guns and fixed bayonets, as at our convict stations in England. These prisoners are lent to the Trappists to labour on the farm, and, while the buildings were in course of erection, a hundred and fifty of these felons were employed on the works.

Farther along the Sidi-Ferruch road the monks and convicts were working together, as I drove past, at new vineyards that were in course of formation. They were scooping out deep trenches, like gigantic celery pits, in the rich black and red loams, for which the African soil is famous, and which make it so marvellously fertile. These trenches were to receive the young vines.

From here the road makes a steep descent through brushwood and wild uncultivated ground. All at once the coachman turned, pointed to my gun, and gently stopped the carriage at the same time. I at once saw

that his attention had been attracted by a grey plover, which was feeding on a small piece of wet ground, about forty yards off, and I quickly potted him, to the fellow's great delight.

Shooting from a carriage was a luxury I had never hoped to indulge in, though I know that in Scotland it is not uncommon to shoot from off Highland ponies. I have met old people, too, who saw the old King of Naples shoot deer and wild boars, when seated in a velvet arm-chair, as they were driven past him.

At the bottom of the long hill, the roads for Sidi-Ferruch and Koleah bifurcate. That to Sidi-Ferruch on the right runs through a dense *broussaille* of pines, lentisk, laurestinas, wild olive, tall heather, myrtle, palmetto, and arbutus, waggon loads of which were being conveyed to Algiers for firewood.

On arriving at the large pine forests near Sidi-Ferruch, where the under-cover was not thick, my coachman told me I should be certain to get some shots at woodcocks and partridges, and undoubtedly the ground looked likely enough. I beat about for more than an hour without seeing anything, and I was going further, but, hearing a loud rustling in the under-cover, I thought it prudent to get my dog away, as the guide-books erroneously state that panthers haunt this spot. Although wild animals will not volunteer to attack man, they will not scruple to snap up a dog, even when a person is near at hand. My Jehu informed me, however, that a M. Martin, who was the owner of all the land about, would gladly let me take a turn over the sand-hills by the sea, where there were plenty of rabbits; so, after driving up into the large fort, built on the promontory to command the spot where the French landed, in order to prevent anyone else following their example, I put up the horses at a little cabaret, and crossed the road to

M. Martin's house, to ask for permission to try for a rabbit along the dunes. I found M. Martin, his brother, and also his nephew, most courteous and obliging, and only too happy to oblige a foreigner. They took me into the pretty villa they had built, and showed me some excellent views they had taken all over Algeria. One oil-painting of the cemetery of Boú-Zareah was admirable, and they begged me on no account to miss the lovely prospect from that lofty elevation. They had also a picture of the Iron Gates on the road to Constantine, through which Pass they strongly recommended me to travel, as it was highly picturesque and wild.

The elder M. Martin was extremely bitter against the French system of governing Algeria, and said he had lost a large sum of money in a sardine fishery he had established at Guyotville, through the protectionist policy of the mother-country, which charges a high differential duty on Algerian produce, for the purpose of keeping up prices in France. He built twenty cottages for the fishermen, bought nets and boats, and had fairly started the undertaking, as he thought, by exporting a large consignment of sardines to Marseilles; but, to his chagrin, he found that so high a duty was charged on them that he had no profit, so he broke up the fishing station, and left the houses he had erected to fall into decay.

At the back of the villa M. Martin had made a pretty palm-tree walk; fountains which discharged their waters in the Moorish fashion down the garden through conduit-channels of coloured enamelled tiles; and a large fish tank, in which he used to keep some kinds of Mediterranean fish that throve in fresh water. But he has relinquished this experiment, and I suspect that it was a failure. There was also a trelissed walk down the centre, between the rows of palms, covered with vines trained

along the top, which must form a delicious, cool retreat in summer. On either side were little groves of bananas, and beds of strawberries, copiously irrigated from the fountains above. They, in their turn, were fed from a deep well, made also by Martin, and worked by an ox or a horse which walks round in a circle, and draws up the water in small buckets, attached to a long leathern strap, running over pulleys above and below—on the same principle, in short, as the dredges employed in rivers and harbours.

I was told that plenty of wild boars were to be found in the woods close by, which I believe to be true, and was advised to make friends with the 'forest guardian,' or woodranger, employed by the Government to preserve the forests, as he would let me know when a *chasse* was to come off. I should have tried this, had not other plans interfered. Besides, my later African experience taught me to attach little importance to these extemporised affairs, which generally end in anything but smoke, for not a shot is fired.

On returning to the auberge I atoned for my want of success by making a capital luncheon, inside the carriage, off some good things I had prudently taken with me from Algiers; and while I was engaged in the laudable ceremony of self-preservation, my host brought up a common artillery gunner, who swaggered as though he had a great opinion of his own importanc , and whom he introduced with much ceremony as 'the Commandant' of the adjoining large fort. This was literally true, for the great man was the only occupant, so that he was Commandant and garrison as well. This little incident gives a capital insight into the French character—they are lively and very pleasant companions, but *au fond* there is a large vein of brag and bunkum. The Commandant vouchsafed some kind advice about my setter, who was,

he said, too handsome to be lost and thrown away. 'Why had he not been taught to chase the rabbit? What was to prevent his hunting in the English fashion, and in the French as well? He might easily be taught both ways. When you say "Toho," (he seemed unspeakably proud of knowing this word) chien d'arret; and when you say "bow wow," chien de chasse.'

Before taking leave of this worthy, who insisted on standing bad brandy and water all round on the strength of France and England having fought together in the Crimea, I must make a few remarks about Sidi-Ferruch. This fortress-crowned promontory is called after Sidi-Ferruch, or Sidi-Ferredj, who was a Marabout, and was held in great veneration by the Algerians. Among numerous miracles he performed, tradition has preserved the following:—A Spanish sailor, having taken the Saint prisoner by surprise, wanted to carry him in his ship to Spain; but he was astonished to find, after one day's sail, that his vessel was still in sight of the promontory.

'Put me safe on shore,' said Sidi-Ferruch, 'and your ship can go on her course.' The Marabout was therefore sent on shore, but still the vessel did not move. It turned out that he had forgotten his papouches, or slippers, when on board, which the Spaniard hastened to send to the owner as soon as he perceived them: the ship then began at once to move off to sea in the direction of Spain, whither her course lay. The Spaniard, on seeing this, was so awe-struck that he disembarked and begged to be allowed to remain with the holy man as his servant. He became a fervent Mussulman, living and dying in the service of Sidi-Ferruch. They were buried together in the koubba which occupied the site of the present fort, and inside it was a shrine ornamented with flags, which covered their joint tomb. All has disappeared, except one column of the koubba, which is carefully preserved by M. Martin in his grounds.

Like all men of intelligence, M. Martin expressed great shame and regret at the manner in which the French military authorities had ruthlessly destroyed every interesting work of antiquity throughout Algeria, and he warned me how disappointed I should be during my tour, by finding that most of the remains enumerated in the guide-books had disappeared.

Baron Baudé says that, long before the French conquest, a prophecy was current, to the effect that the French would enter Algeria by Sidi-Ferruch, and leave it by the Isser. There are two rivers of this name, one of which falls into the sea near Dellys, at Cape Djinet, while the other debouches at Rachgoun, in the province of Oran, after joining the Oued-Isly.

Returning near to the Trappist settlement, I turned off along the sea road to Algiers, through the village of Staouéli. From there to Guyotville the country is wild, scrubby, and hilly, and abounds in tall heather, which Martin told me would be a mass of white blossom later in the spring. In many parts there were high dunes covered with herbage, on which flocks were feeding.

Here, half-way up a hill, I saw a bordelais—a long, narrow, covered cart on two wheels, and drawn by any number of horses, according to the weight of the load, and the state of the road—which was in difficulties, owing to the jaded and steaming horses not being able to drag it up.

I could not get any information at Guyotville about the Druid burial-place in the hills between there and Cheraga, any more than at the latter village, the unintelligent inhabitants having never heard of such a place. 'It must be those stones opposite that Monsieur desires,' they said, pointing to some ordinary rocks in a field. That failing, they no doubt thought me mad, as the French invariably sum up Englishmen, when asked about anything they do not understand.

However, I was glad to see the ruins a little farther on, which consisted of a few arches of an aqueduct, and of some remains of walls, but they were not of much importance. The only information I could obtain about this place was that the Archbishop of Algiers was supposed to have found there a stone with 'Casæ Favensis' cut on it, from which it was inferred that such had been the Latin name of the town.

By this time the cold was intense, and a biting north-easterly wind, blowing with great force, assisted to lower the normal evening temperature still more, so that I was forced to put up the hood of the carriage and muffle myself in coats and rugs, which I had fortunately taken with me.

Cape Caxine was soon reached, on which a magnificent lighthouse has been built, square in form. From there to Pointe de Pescade, a finely-engineered road runs along the sea, in some parts beneath overhanging precipices, in other parts above wild rocky points and picturesque little sandy coves.

This pretty village of Pointe de Pescade nestles beneath the high Bou-Zareah hills, along the sea. It is a great resort for the Algerians, who go to dine at its capital restaurant in the arbour-like recesses hanging over the water. Beside this inn are two great gate-piers placed alone in a tract of waste ground, twelve or fourteen feet high, built as if for the entrance to a palace, but which lead nowhere. As usual, no one could give any account of their origin, their incongruous position never having struck people as at all remarkable.

Here a fine bold point runs out into the sea, surmounted by the ruins of a castle, the situation and shape of which reminded me much of Dunluce Castle on the north coast of Ireland. Dunluce is, however, much smaller than it used to be, for the whole of the kitchens and the

servants' apartments, together with the cooks and the other domestics, as well as half the huge cliff on which the castle was built, fell one evening with a loud crash into the sea, and all were smothered in the waters.

The castle of Pointe de Pescade, or Mirs-ed-Debban, was built at the end of the seventeenth century by Hadj-Ali-Agha, to repel the attacks of the Christians, who were constantly making hostile demonstrations, in revenge for the piracies of the Corsairs.

The road winds through the village between two old Turkish forts built to command the passage, and the one on the side next the sea commands also the approach to the promontory of Pescade, which is along a narrow raised causeway.

From here to St. Eugéne you drive parallel to the Mediterranean along a hilly road, with hedges of roses, aloes, cactus, olives, lentisks and lofty reeds on the right, the Mediterranean being on the left. The ruin of a Pirate Chief's fine old castellated residence is also passed under the hill-side.

All along there are tracks up the heights into the wooded valleys of Bou-Zareah, which well repay the trouble of exploring.

After passing St. Eugéne and its fountain of the Genii, I soon re-entered Algiers, glad to escape out of the bitter night air, and to warm myself at a blazing wood-fire.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Karakouch—Disgraceful scenes—Round Tower on the Peñon—Village of Isly—Lovely Valleys—Grove of Palms and Plantation of Aloes—Spanish Expedition under O'Reilly—Excursion to the old Roman City of Rusgunia at Cape Matifou—Mahonese Settlers living amongst the Ruins—Explorations for Treasures—Scene of the Seven Sleepers—Park of Artillery in Grief—Kabyles and their Camels.

I RETURNED to the hotel to dinner, and went afterwards to the Boulevard de l'Impératrice, where there is a café chantant, the Café de la Pérle; but it is a low affair, and the singing indifferent.

The great attraction for the natives during the Rhamadan is Karakouch, the same as Garagousse, so well described by Theophilus Gautier in his 'Voyage to Constantinople.' 'The court,' he says, 'was filled with people, children, and, above all, little girls of eight and nine years abounded. With their beautiful delighted eyes, distended like black flowers, they gazed eagerly upon Garagousse giving himself up to his saturnalian impurities, and defiling everything by his monstrous caprices. Each love exploit drew from these little angels, prematurely corrupted, bursts of silvery laughter, and endless clapping of hands. Propriety forbids a description of these satirical follies, where the lascivious scenes of Aristophanes combine with the absurd dreams of Rabelais.

'Imagine Jupiter dressed as a Turk, and sent across the harems, the bazaars, the slave-markets, the cafés, in

the thousand imbroglios of Oriental life, and whirling through the midst of his victims, impudent, cynical, and joyfully ferocious.' One could not push further the libertinism of an obscene imagination.'

'This Garagousse or Karakouch, meaning foul blackbird, was no other than Boha-ed-din, Governor of Cairo under Salah-ed-din.' He had caused a lot of mosques and koubbas to be demolished, in order to erect a fortress upon the site, and the inhabitants revenged themselves upon him by christening him Garagousse, and by making him the scapegoat for all the lecheries so common in the East.'

A walk out on the Peñon is interesting. There are large fortifications, and a considerable number of houses. The entrance is along large vaulted passages, which in old times were easily defended. The fish market is held here, and deserves a visit, as many of the Mediterranean fishes are so beautiful in colour. Some of them, especially the tunny-fish, are also excellent for eating.

On the sea-front of the Peñon, ready for being run down to the end of the new Mole to finish it, are numbers of those large square blocks of concrete with which the French now make their piers. The little island batteries, covered with verdure, which defend the entrance to the harbour, and fill up the open space between this mole and the one running out on the east from Bab-Azzoun, shone beautifully bright in the morning sun. Over the entrance-door to the old round tower are several Roman inscriptions on tablets inserted in the wall, and also several Moorish tombstones, covered with Arabic writing. The former were dug up where stood the ancient Icosium, and the latter came from the great Mussulman cemetery that stretched along from the Djenina to Bab-el-Oued.

There is a lovely drive, by a newly-made road, from the village of Isly, round the heads of beautiful luxuriant

valleys out on to the Mustapha Road, close above the Convent of the Sacré-Cœur. These valleys are filled with almond and orange trees, eucalypti, and every sort of lovely tree. A rich purple-flowering creeper, which I was told was a kind of runner-bean, covers all the flat-roofed Oriental villas with a dense mass of blossom, even in February.

A friend had told me of a paved way that ran up the Mustapha steeps across the road, and which he thought had every appearance of being Roman. I therefore explored it until I got out on to a cross-lane leading to the Fort de l'Empéreur, close to which I emerged from this shady way. I found the path very steep—too steep, I think, even for the Romans, who mounted such wondrous heights in their light war-chariots. At the same time the steep gradients bear evident signs of paving in many places, and the road, though exceedingly narrow, is of uniform width throughout, parts being cut out of the hard rock, and parts near the top being raised on a high embankment. It might just have admitted the passage of a Roman chariot. Another argument in favour of this being a Roman way, is that the foundations of a Roman villa were found close by the summit in the garden of the Swedish Consul. But it never could have been a *via* or main-road, for a leading thoroughfare would doubtless have wound round the Mustapha hills to the eastward, where the acclivities are more gradual. The walk up this old Roman or Turkish lane was deliciously umbrageous and cool, being shaded by fine olive and other trees, and bordered with laurestinas in abundance. That it is very ancient is evident from the manner in which deep hollows had been worn in the rocks by the frequent passing of feet.

Another long day's excursion was to Cape Matifou and the ruins of the Roman city of Rusgunia. Although

apparently only a short way from Algiers, across the bay, the distance in reality is very great, being quite four-and-twenty miles by road.

As far as the Maison Carrée, the road runs parallel with, and near to, the railway to Blida, and to the line of coast. Close to the spot for celebrating the Pagan rites of the negroes, and opposite to the back entrance to the Jardin d'Essai, there is a large grove of fine date-palms, which extends to the sea, and beneath, whose shade a small Café maure is erected. Adjoining, is a large plantation of aloes, with their twenty-feet-long flowers, the production of which proves fatal to the parent plant, though from its dead root numbers of young offshoots spring forth to take its place. These aloes were planted with the intention of converting the fibre into paper, but the undertaking has been discontinued.

The large tobacco factory at Husseïn-Dey was formerly a country residence of Husseïn, the last Dey of Algiers, after whom the village is called. Near this is the public *abattoir*, and all meat killed there is marked with a stamp, as a guarantee that, if the meat is not first class, it is at least fit for human food.

Around this village are luxuriant market gardens, filled with lettuces, and every description of vegetable, cultivated by Mahonese colonists, but, farther on, high sand-hills shut out all view of the bright blue sea.

Here landed an expedition of Spaniards, led by the son of Selim-ben-Eutemi, whom the Barbarossas had slain, and who came to avenge his father's treacherous assassination; but a large portion of the army were killed, and the rest were lost in a storm, after having been driven back into their ships.

A few hundred yards farther, a Turkish cemetery and a small battery mark the spot where O'Reilly's Spanish expedition disembarked, twenty-three thousand strong.

It was as unsuccessful as the former invasions, for the forces of the Dey, the Bey of Constantine, and the Bey of Titteri closed in on them in a semicircle, from Cape Matifou to Algiers—the army of Titteri fighting behind a living rampart of five hundred camels—and drove them into the sea with great loss of life and war material.

As far as the railway station of the Maison Carrée the country is wild and woody. A few green plover were feeding on an open bank close to some scrub, which I tried to stalk, but they were too wary. I had taken out my gun at the suggestion of the coachman, expecting to have some shots from the carriage, a new kind of sporting made easy. Crossing the rail and the Haratch, the road strikes through the village, and up the steep hill, to the Maison Carrée. Beyond that fort, after passing along a well-cultivated country which overlooks the vast Metidja, with its swamps and its clumps of scrub and gigantic reeds stretching off to the distant snowy mountains, and intersected by the Haratch, the Fort de l'Eau is reached, so called from the sweet water—that rarity in Africa—which is found there. This fort was built by Djafar Pacha, and is called in Arabic the Bordj-el-Kifan. There is here a large settlement formed of colonists from Port Mahon in Minorca. The inhabitants of the Balearic Isles are much given to emigration, and make admirable settlers, being very different from their lazy masters, the Spaniards. All through Algeria they thrive well, being the best market-gardeners in the country, and they prove what may be done in Algeria by steady industry.

A mile farther is Rassauta, the ancient Haras of the Deys, where, as before stated, the Prince de Mir, and subsequently the Arib tribe from Constantine, settled. Splendid crops of rich young grass-corn and of beans covered the country in the neighbourhood of this fine

farmstead, as well as large fields of flax and hemp, the first I had seen in Africa.

Shortly after, the country became wild and uncultivated. Here I saw two large kites soaring, but was unable to get nearer them than a hundred and fifty yards. The swamps and tracts of scrub extended on the left as far as the sea.

On the road I met a large train of artillery taking their guns to the fort of Oued Khremis, doubtless to mount them on the walls. This fort stands on the shore at the mouth of the small river Oued Khremis, which flows from the Little Atlas, and, like all mountain-streams, comes down sometimes in a violent torrent after rain.

My destination was Rusgunia, an old Roman city, about two miles off, but my coachman did not know the way, and the commanding officer of the battery of artillery, with that ignorance of the country which is so general among the French, told us that the only way was along the wretched, rutty road by which he was going to the fort, after which we could drive along the sands to the ruins, as the water in the Oued Khremis was low. We followed his advice and attempted the passage of the swamp, but soon the wheels sank up to near the axle, and the horses could not drag the carriage any farther. The driver continued to flog the animals mercilessly, but I saw that success was hopeless, as there appeared to be a full mile of the same kind of ground before us. I therefore persuaded him to turn back, and see if he could not find some better road to the little village near Rusgunia, as I felt certain there must be one.

I found the continuation of the route I had travelled by was excellent, running parallel to an older road, doubtless the Roman road from Rusgunia to Icosium, and I presently arrived at a fine new stone bridge over the Oued Khremis,

from which a narrow way between walls, like an Irish *boreen*, led up to the ancient town. This road was rough and circuitous, but continued up to the very centre of the ruins still remaining.

I pulled up at the door of a cottage belonging to one of the Mahonese colonists, who had obtained a concession of the whole site of the city of Rusgunia, besides a large extent of land, which was being rapidly brought under cultivation.

These settlers had no horses, as they bought oxen to do their ploughing when necessary, and sold them again for food in Algiers as soon as their field work was over.

The house was constructed against the wall of the principal ruin, and, though simple, was clean inside. This ruin is supposed to be a part of the old baths, for close behind the cottage are many vaulted chambers beneath the level of the ground, and all the buildings above are pierced with square, flue-like apertures, which probably were air-passages for heating the sudatory chambers. I picked up a small piece of blue and white mosaic, part of the original flooring, which I was glad to keep as a memento of my visit.

After partaking of an *al-fresco* luncheon in my carriage, I set off with my dog and gun to explore the ruins, which extend nearly a mile along the low cliffs by the shore, and also to try for a partridge or a rabbit, of which I had heard there were plenty. As usual, however, I saw nothing; but on the site of another old Roman city, Aquæ Calidæ, at Hammam Rira, I was more fortunate, having shot a brace and a half of birds among the ruins, and wounded one which took refuge in an old cellar, where no doubt many a good cask of wine had been stowed away and emptied by Romans.

Rusgunia served as a quarry for building Algiers. The Turks, after they had destroyed all trace of the

Roman Icosium or Jomnium, as Panante incorrectly names Algiers, proceeded to demolish this other Roman city for the sake of its building materials, which they shipped across the bay.

In the time of Charles V. considerable vestiges of the old town remained, but now the whole of the vast space once occupied by the city is broken up into small mounds and hollows, exactly similar in form, being the remains of the Turkish explorations for the large, square, hammered stones which the Romans had employed in their buildings. The Arabs also made many explorations for treasures, under the impression that vast riches were concealed underneath, and, doubtless many valuable and interesting works of art lie buried there. The daughter of the owner told me she had picked up a sculptured stone lately, which she had thrown away again, thinking it worthless.

Several inscriptions have been found, which are mentioned by Berbrugger, Karstensen, and Renaudot, and which establish the fact of this having been the site on which Rusgunia stood.

One inscription in particular, naming the distance from Rusgunia to Icosium, on a monumental stone erected by public subscription to Lucius Tadius Rogatus, was found by Berbrugger set into the wall of a vault, as he asserts, at the wine magazine on the Pecherie, or Peñon, at Algiers. An old Moor, who was with him at the time he copied it, observed that he was present when it was placed there, and remembered well a discussion amongst the Mussulman workmen and the Christian slaves as to whether the writing should be turned inwards or outwards, the Turks wanting to hide it, while some men of intelligence among the captives wished to let it remain as a memento of their work.

This may easily be true, as most of these magazines

were built after Lord Exmouth's bombardment, but Berbrugger is an enthusiastic antiquarian, and I suspect apt to fall into raptures over some unintelligible writing which he works up into what he wishes, like the Pickwick Club over the parish boundary stone. *Quod volumus, facile credimus.*

Rusgunia is called Medina-Takious by the natives, and they make it the scene of the Seven Sleepers, mentioned in the eighteenth chapter of the Koran. Several other places in Mahometan countries dispute the privilege of having been the locality alluded to in this legend.

While scrambling among the ruins, I came upon one of the old city drains running towards the edge of the cliffs, and also on a large reservoir with a deeply-sunk well close by, which the Mahonese farmer still makes use of for watering his cattle. After partaking of some excellent *café noir* which they had prepared for me, and which they were surprised to see me take without being heavily loaded with sugar, and after a hearty shaking of hands all round, I took my leave of these simple, worthy people.

On my way back, near the turn of the bog-road to the Fort de l'Oued Khremis, and just as I expected, I found the artillery stuck in the middle of the quagmire from which my light carriage could scarcely be extricated. What chance, therefore, could heavy guns have of traversing such ground after wet weather? It was towards evening that I saw them in this dilemma, so some of them must have remained all night on the inhospitable marsh, supperless and bedless.

After getting out again near the Maison Carrée, on the high road leading to the Kabyle country, I met many Kabyles with their camels coming from Algiers, who would probably pass the night in the Cafés maures at the Maison Carrée, and I overtook others going towards

the city. In the morning I had met many bound thither, their camels laden with pig-skins of oil, sacks of corn, dates from the Desert, dried figs from Kabylia, charcoal, firewood, dried skins, live fowls slung heads downwards to the wooden frame on the camel's back that supported the loads, and sometimes a live sheep, besides sundry minor articles of commerce. On the return voyage the camels were usually unladen, but sometimes bore loads of mixed merchandise.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Off for the Interior—Boufarik—Francs-Tireurs—Volunteer Ball—Fair at Boufarik—Jews and M'Zabites—Small Mountain Cattle—Oil Vendors—Blida—Lovely Situation—Groves of Oranges and Lemons—Blida, the beautiful 'little Rose,' a Centre of shameless Depravity—Towns walled generally in Algeria—The Hadjoutes—Sacred Grove—Hussar Regiment on native Horses—Convict Station—Gorge of the Chiffa—Ruisseau des Singes—Alpine Pass—Mines.

And now the time had arrived when, in spite of the kind remonstrances of many delusion-stricken friends, I resolved to commence my tour by visiting what they believed to be the frozen and withering regions of Medeah, Milianah, and Teniet-el-Hâad.

Mahmoud, whom I had consulted, and whose useful information on all subjects connected with Algiers I had preserved in writing, advised me strongly to hasten to the latter place for partridge-shooting before the season closed, as I should find plenty of sport, he having seen numbers there in the autumn.

Accordingly, about the middle of February I left one Sunday by the evening train for Boufarik on the Blida railway, in order to see the highly-interesting weekly fair held there every Monday morning, which is frequented by all the wild Berber and Arab tribes from the mountains.

Numbers of smart young fellows dressed in loose trousers and blouse-shaped coats of blue cloth fastened in at the waist with a belt, and wearing cock's plumes in

their wide-awake hats—got up, in short like Italian Bersaglieri—thronged into the train, and left with me for Boufarik. These fellows puzzled me much, being totally different from any French soldiers or National Guards I had ever seen, and yet they were evidently military, as they carried side-arms.

At Boufarik a crowd of native lads surrounded me at the station, wanting to carry my luggage to the town, but the railway official insisted on my waiting for the omnibus, and thrashed away the crowd of juvenile porters with a big stick. After waiting half-an-hour, I became impatient for my dinner, and rebelled against further delay, so I gave over my baggage to the jabbering crew, and walked off after them to the auberge.

Arrived there, I soon learned all about my fellow-travellers, for my landlord was one of their number. They formed a corps, like our admirable Volunteer Regiments in England, called the Borderers or Francs-Tireurs. There are three companies: one for Algiers, one for Boufarik, and one for Blida. My landlord was a serjeant in the Boufarik company, and was immensely proud of the honour. He informed me that the gathering of his comrades in arms was in consequence of a grand ball which would take place later in the evening, and to which he would be too happy to procure me an invitation, if I would condescend to go. Of course I condescended, being particularly anxious to witness such a novelty.

Two gallant Borderers with their innamoratas were seated round a table close to mine, and I was most anxious to get into conversation with them about the constitution and management of their corps, but both they and their lasses seemed in such thorough enjoyment of their holiday that I could not find it in my heart to interrupt their merriment.

At the appointed hour mine host appeared, to conduct

me to the festive scene, which was held in the corn-market, the roof being gaily adorned with flags and festoons of flowers. A seat of honour was extemporised for me in front of the benches set apart for the accommodation of the ladies, and, in spite of all my protestations that I had given up dancing, the nicest girls in the room were brought up and introduced to me. In the intervals between their gyrations, they seized every opportunity of airing any little information they possessed about England, and asked me the most ridiculous and primitive questions as to our manners and institutions.

In about a couple of hours the room became clouded with dust, which rose up from the ground below, between the boards of the flooring, and was so intolerable for any but an enthusiastic dancer that I vanished from the festive scene.

Here I first tried the experiment of letting Jack sleep in my room, and he behaved himself so quietly and well that I ever afterwards kept him with me day and night, and in many out-of-the-way places I am convinced he was often a great protection.

Next morning I was up early to walk to the Fair outside the town. After passing through a fine grove of lofty plane-trees, which must form a grateful shade for the townspeople in summer, I entered upon a long and good gravel walk, bordered with orange-trees, and about a mile in length, which led to the ground.

Here a sight presented itself which fully came up to my anticipation. On a large muddy open space, which at home would be honoured with the name of a Fair-green, crowds of natives were squatting on the ground, varying singularly in expression, but all clad alike in the everlasting haïks and burnouses, with a rope of camels' hair wound round their heads over a portion of the haïk pulled up for the purpose, which gives them the appearance of

wearing an old woman's mob-cap. Everyone who has visited the picture gallery at Versailles must be familiar with this costume, which figures so largely in Horace Vernet's great paintings of the African campaigns.

Kabyles were there in great numbers, selling olive oil out of wild-boar skins, from which they pressed the liquid treasure, and Arabs also, disposing of their sheep and herds. Little *Cafés maures* were extemporised *al fresco* in every direction, at which excellent coffee was concocted over braziers of charcoal fire. Many tents too were pitched, in which the M'Zabites and Jews offered for sale all descriptions of merchandise—chiefly European cotton goods, and native woollen wares. Sahara dates and dried figs from Kabylia also figured largely. The cattle were very peculiar, like the Irish Kerry breed, small and strong, as are all mountain cows. Many of the oxen were sold in pairs for ploughing, and I was much amused at one team that fairly ran off with a wild, yelling Arab, who was trying to guide them with a rope. These animals are exceedingly fat in the month of May, and many Marseilles buyers attend the Boufarik Fair at that time, to purchase them for the home markets.

At one extremity of the market there is a large caravanseraï, and also a mosque. Until lately, Boufarik was a signally unhealthy locality. After the Monday Fairs, which were always held there, the natives used to leave the pestilential spot by the few paths which then intersected the plain, and return before night-fall to their tents on the hills, as the approach of evening was dreaded by every prudent man.

In 1830 the plain around was filled with wild boars and savage beasts, and in a small mound in the centre of this wilderness was a well overshadowed by three trees, from which hung short pieces of rope. These trees were the gibbets erected by the Kaïds, where the malefactors

were executed, and sometimes on each of these ropes a human being might be seen suspended, and twirling about in the breeze. This was the site of Boufarik.

The first military post in advance of the Sahel hills was established here in 1835, and the camp was strongly fortified. Some years afterwards Marshal Clauzel traced out the town, which he surrounded with strong bastions and fosses. All the inhabitants, however, were seized with fever as fast as they arrived, and hundreds died. Three successions of immigrants followed, who shared the same fate, but these men had acted as pioneers of health, and through constant cultivation, had rendered salubrious the poisonous soil on which the town was placed, and where, according to the Arab saying, not even a snail could live. Now, all is changed, the town prospers, and the terrible fevers have vanished.

Half-way between Boufarik and Blida, stands Beni-Mered, the scene of a sanguinary attack by an ambuscade of three hundred mounted Arabs upon a small party of eighteen French, all of whom except five were killed. These men were rescued by a party of dragoons from Boufarik, who had heard the firing while watering their horses, and had galloped to the aid of their comrades.

I was strongly recommended to turn off to the left and visit El-Arba in the Metidja, a place described as an earthly paradise, embosomed in delightful groves of oranges, lemons, and pomegranates; but as the guide-books only mention the unwholesomeness of the river water there, and as the weekly Fair would not take place for some days, I declined to lose a day by going.

Blida is beautifully situated at the foot of the Atlas range, which is close behind it to the south; and a fort called the Mimiche occupies an imposing position up the actual side of the mountain. These lofty mountains are covered with immense forests of stunted growth, from

which, here and there, Kabyle corn-fields peep through the vistas up to the very summit, for these hardy Highlanders always inhabit the most elevated positions, as in the times of old, when they were driven there from the low-lands by the successive tides of invasion that swept over their fertile lands. From the lofty mountain heights pour down sparkling streams, which feed the fountains, and irrigate the groves of oranges and lemons for which Blida has always been famed. But though many of these shady gardens remain, the greater part were destroyed by the French during their three separate attacks, when the town was taken after an obstinate resistance.

The Atlas Mountains are full of wild boars, smaller and less fierce than those seen in Europe. I learned from Mahmoud that Fondouk is the best place for hunting them, and that a chasse would be organised there by the time of my return to Algiers. Lamping, in his work called 'The French in Algeria,' says 'the natives believe that the Spaniards brought these unclean animals into Africa out of spite, because swine are an abomination to the Moslem.'

Blida, or El-Boleida, was by some supposed to be the Bida Colonia of the Romans, and by others, the ancient Sufasar; but Piesse thinks, and with justice, that 'Blida, the city of white sparkling walls, smiled on by the sun, in the midst of verdant bowers of oranges and citrons, the perfume of whose blossoms reveals her from afar,' came into existence at a later period. He says that no trace, not even a coin, leads to the conclusion that the Romans had an establishment here, but he omits to state, in favour of his argument, that a Roman town did exist only eight miles distant, near Mouzaïaville, called El-Hadjeb, at the spot where the ancient road for Medeah, by the Col and mines of Mouzaïa, and also that to Milianah, branched off. Close to El-Hadjeb is a village,

called Bou-Roumi, which, judging by its name, was also of Roman origin.

De Slane, quoting the Berber historian, Ibn-Kaldoun, says that a town called Metidja was situated where Blida now is, and El-Bekhri asserts that this site was also occupied by a town called Hazrouna. It may be that the three towns existed simultaneously in this neighbourhood, and were destroyed, as Piesse suggests, by the Zenatian tribes from the Desert, who in the thirteenth century committed frightful devastations in 'Central Marreb, and 'laid waste its cities so that many remained utterly destitute, without a fire to illumine a single hearth, or a cock to crow in their silent streets.'

St. Marie states that when he and his party were at Blida, they came outside the walls to a perfect forest of oranges and lemons, intersected by beautiful walks along the margins of streams, formed by conduits from the river, which were fringed with thick bushes of the oleander, so common by the water-courses of Africa. They were in full bloom, and the scented groves around gave out a most delicious perfume. So strong is this fragrant odour, that, according to native writers, persons sleeping beneath these trees have been suffocated through inhaling the powerful aroma. An imperfect idea only can be formed of the terrestrial paradise once surrounding this second Damascus, so many of these delicious retreats having been swept away through the exigencies of war. Still, even in their present state, St. Marie thinks, that, fenced in by their hedges of aloes and Barbary fig, the Blida orange-groves surpass in beauty and in perfume those of Malta and Ceylon, so justly celebrated for their scent-laden breezes.

The Marabout-traveller, Mohammed-ben-Yussef of Milianah, apostrophising Blida, exclaims, 'They call you a little town, but I call you a little rose.'

The lovely fragrant Blida, however, was a sink of vice and corruption in its palmy days, and was, in consequence, given the opprobrious name of Kaba, to indicate the depravity of its inhabitants—depravity so outrageous that Mahommed-el-Blida, an aged Marabout, threatened the city with speedy destruction for its crimes. By a singular coincidence, a few years later, in 1825, a great earthquake destroyed the larger portion of the town, and buried 7,000 of the inhabitants beneath the ruins.

Several of the survivors were desirous of abandoning Blida, and of building the town about a mile distant, where some vestiges of walls then made still remain; but the majority refused to leave the scene of their pleasures, and reconstructed their former haunts.

Blida, like all the older French towns in Algeria, is surrounded with a strong wall—in the form of a square, of course. Inside is the usual square 'Place,' round which run colonnades, and all the streets are rectangular. In the eyes of the French, this arrangement is immeasurably superior to the pretty Moorish houses of one storey, with a court in the centre planted with vines and oranges, round which run trelissed galleries—superior also to the winding lanes lined with shops and cafés, shaded from the sun's rays by trellis-work, above which shoot up graceful and delicate minarets into the azure sky. All these picturesque features have been ruthlessly destroyed, and rectangularism and Frenchified architecture reign in their stead.

Although these French towns are so strongly fortified, the gates are never closed at night, as is usual in fortress-towns, for no danger of a surprise by the natives is anticipated; and of any general rising, timely warning would be given by spies. Still there they are—rods in pickle, when wanted—and no doubt they produce a salutary effect upon the chafing Arab, by demonstrating

how hopeless insurrection would be against the conqueror. But were France in difficulties, then would be their time. The necessity of France would be their opportunity, and I doubt whether, beyond losing prestige and sacrificing individual interests, France would be any the worse for giving up the unprofitable speculation of Algerine colonisation.

In Blida, the women are more strictly veiled than at Algiers, nothing of the face being visible save one eye peering out knowingly from a corner of the burnous.

At the public lavatories the French and native women work at separate reservoirs. The native washing tank, which is supplied with clear running water, is inside an archway, probably for greater privacy, as they could not well work with their haïks over their faces. I could see their features quite plainly in the distance, and some of the young girls were very nice-looking.

From Blida there is a fine panoramic view of the southern face of the Sahel heights, bearing the towns of Koleah and Douera, and that mighty landmark, the Koubba-er-Roumia, or Tomb of the Christian. The 'terrible Hadjoutes' inhabited the western portion of this hilly country near Koleah, and, according to Lamping, were the most ruffianly race in Africa, keeping the whole country round, up to the gates of Algiers and Blida, in constant terror during their stay in the country. No crime came amiss to them. They kidnapped and ravished unprotected females, and ripped open or beheaded any stray soldier or colonist they could lay hands on. Happily this nefarious tribe is now extinct.

The only object of antiquarian interest about Blida is the Bois Sacré, which, as its name indicates, as well as its appearance, was formerly a Sacred Grove for mythological worship. It consists of an extensive cluster of magnificent old olive-trees, which throw a dark gloomy shade over some

Koubbas or Marabouts standing at the intersections of the wide walks that run through this mysterious retreat. It reminded me much of a Druidical sacred grove of yews on a large mound, encircled by a deep ditch, which I saw many years ago near Mold in Wales.

As I was leaving the sacred grove, a regiment of hussars were going along the road, riding the smart little native horses on which the French light cavalry are generally mounted. These horses are capable of enduring incredible fatigue, and are wonderfully wiry and active, but they look over-weighted with a dragoon and all his accoutrements on their backs.

As I expected, the temperature at Blida was the same as at Algiers, although the tops of the Atlas peaks above were sprinkled with patches of snow. But it was rapidly vanishing, and there was too little to exercise any perceptible effect on the temperature of the air.

From Blida, across the thirty miles of level plain to the Sahel, cultivation abounds, and also away eastward past Boufarik; but the upper portion of the Metidja is only here and there reclaimed, many large tracks being given up to swamp and to a stunted growth of the little palmetto. This district lies low, and is subject to inundations from the river Chiffa, but stout embankments would easily remedy this evil. Much advantage has been derived from the drainage of Lake Haloula higher up, whose head waters were a constant source of danger to the crops of the Metidjian colonist.

Seating myself in the narrow, cramped coupé of the diligence, I rattled off for Medeah, drawn by eight-in-hand, which drew the rumbling old vehicle in dashing style up the steep ascents of the Chiffa Pass.

Outside Blida, a bordelais was lying overturned in one of the square ditches which the cantoniers, or road-men, scoop out as a gutter at the side of the Imperial highways.

Those routes, as in the mother country, are kept in admirable order by the cantonier, who removes with his pick-axe all the weeds and dirt at the side, flinging this rubbish on the banks by the road-side, which are planted with rows of trees." In the house provided for him by Government his wife generally carries on a little trade in spirits, while her husband is at his work.

Presently, descending from the Metidja into a small wooded ravine, filled with oleanders, down which a small stream flowed, and where the old road leading to a ford was plainly marked, I came to the fine new stone bridge lately built over the Chiffa river, dashing down here through the grand Gorge of the Chiffa. This bridge, the approaches to which are hedged with young aloes, replaces an old wooden one adjoining, which is being pulled down. From here the Chiffa Pass looks very grand, as you can see far up the narrow chasm which cuts the Atlas range in two. To the right there is a fine railway viaduct on the line to Milianah. Soon after crossing the Chiffa, the Medeah road turns sharply away from the route to Milianah.

Before arriving at the Gorge, I passed a large convict station surrounded by palisading. The convicts were at work in the lands adjoining, making a plantation of orange and other fruit trees. They are principally employed—as also the prisoners at another station near El-Affroun—splitting up the large fibrous leaves of the palmetto for paper-making in England and France. They are a ruffianly-looking lot, and no doubt richly deserve their fate, particularly the Arabs, of whom there are plenty, and who must fume and chafe at being forced to abandon their national garb, and wear the prison-dress of the oppressor.

Soon after, the Gorge is entered, and well does it deserve the names given to it by General Castellane of 'one of the wonders of Africa,' and 'one of the wonders of the

World.' 'Though much inferior to the Simplon Pass at Gondo, it is in many parts on a very grand scale, and the road, crossing and recrossing the stream, often scooped out of the mountain, and often overhanging a dizzy abyss, is a marvellous triumph of engineering skill.' Round these precipices, with only a low mud-bank for protection, the eight-in-hand diligence charges full gallop on the return journey—a foolish practice, especially for the night service; for should any accident occur while going round the sharp corners, nothing could hinder the lumbering machine from rolling straight forward into the yawning chasm. This pass is twenty-five miles in length, and in many parts great difficulties were met with, especially in a spot called the 'Roche pourrie,' where, in wet weather, large blocks continually rolled into the glen beneath, and often blocked up the road. The engineer might have thrown a gallery across above the road, as is done in Switzerland at places subject to the fall of avalanches, but luckily, for him, this labour was rendered unnecessary, as the greater portion of the dangerous mass of decomposed rock was hurled down by a great flood from the mountains, and the remainder was blasted away by the discharge of a mine, which blew down a hundred thousand cubic yards of stone and earth at one explosion. These wild precipices were covered with luxuriant maiden-hair fern, lichens, and wonderfully verdant, and long weeping-grasses, wherever a spring or a stream trickled down the rugged rocks or scattered refreshing spray through the air. The lofty summits of the Djebel Nador on the left and the Djebel Mouzaïa on the right, were crowned with boundless forests, which in some parts reached to the water-side, consisting of chestnut, ilex, and myrtle, together with arbutus and other evergreen shrubs in endless variety. When Tristram passed here in the month of November, these beetling cliffs were overhung with yellow jasmine, several species of mimosa, and many other rare and beautiful plants, but

conspicuous among them all, he says, was the caper, with its singular-looking blossoms.

The rock swallows, of which there are such thousands at Constantine, here skim sportively about the crags, while eagles, kites, falcons, buzzards, and ravens soar aloft in the azure sky, and the tame black and blue thrushes dip along from spray to spray, as if keeping the traveller company. A little flock of water wagtails, too, kept in front of the diligence for a long distance, which I thought remarkable, never having previously seen more than two of those birds together. We likewise passed numbers of jail-birds (*garotta communis*), *i.e.* Arab ruffians.

A long distance up the glen is a very prettily-situated auberge, called the Ruisseau des Singes on account of the monkeys that frequent a torrent which dashes down a picturesque woody glen past the door. These animals seldom exhibit themselves now, or make the quaint jabberings overheard at the approach of man which I heard at the Djurjura end of the Atlas, for here they have become familiar with passers-by.

At the time Tristram visited this spot, they were more indignant at their solitude being intruded upon. 'We saw,' he says, 'disporting themselves among the woods on the opposite side of the Gorge, troops of monkeys. These creatures, which are of the same species as those on the rock of Gibraltar, descend in the morning and evening to drink in the streams, and at the approach of wheels they may be seen scrambling promiscuously up the mountain side, mothers carrying their young, some on their back, some in their arms, and frequently turning, rushing up a tree, and, after a hasty glance at a traveller, chattering and grinning as monkeys know how. Now and then one fellow, older and bolder than the rest, will remain ensconced among the branches of a chestnut tree, and reconnoitre the intruders.'

Tourists who fear ascending the whole way to Medeah, on account of its lower temperature, should drive up to this little inn from Blida, as they will get a very good idea of the grandeur of the Pass, and a carriage with a wild native coachman can be hired for twelve francs.

But it is not until the Ruisseau des Singes is passed that the finest scenery commences—'truly grand' as Tristram enthusiastically says, 'and more Alpine than Pyrenean. Sometimes the traveller finds himself directly in face of a tremendous precipice, its top generally veiled in mist. As he is apparently advancing up a cul-de-sac, on a sudden the road turns, and he finds himself winding in another direction, but still as completely closed in as before.'

When St. Marie went through this gorge, where the furious Chiffa has worn itself a bed out of the mighty Atlas, parties of soldiers occupied at intervals camps containing six tents each, to protect the road from surprises by the wild tribes in the mountains. He describes the Pass as deliciously cool in summer, for the sun can only penetrate in a few places, the intervening parts being constantly shaded. These towering rocks are of whinstone in parts, and in others have the appearance of being petrified black mud with strata of small white stones, eight or ten inches thick, running through it.

A large amphitheatre-like valley is crossed higher up, in which is an auberge. Here was one of the military encampments when the thoroughfare was first opened. The next was at the Camp des Chênes, another carrier station, where the diligence changes horses before ascending the great hill to Medeah.

There are iron and copper mines here, but they are not in working order, and people hope that some Englishmen will come over and re-open them.

CHAPTER XXV.

Summit of the Pass—Medeah—Cold Hotel—History of Medeah—Officers' Mess—Lake full of Leeches—Fighting on the Heights of Mouzaïa—Origin of the Chiffa Gorge—Ruins of Velisci—Review of Spahis—War-harness of their Steeds.

Turning round the Djebel Nador, and ascending a mountain slope that, at a distance, looked impracticable, the top of the Pass was at length reached, and an extensive view obtained of the southerly sides of the Atlas, clothed in forests. A short descent from the summit led to Medeah, but night had fallen for some time, and the approach to the town was made in darkness.

The inn here, like that at Blida, is built on the Moorish plan, with a hollow court in the centre, and balconies all round at each storey, on to which all the rooms open. In summer this is an excellent arrangement, but in winter, at nearly three thousand feet above the level of the sea, with doors displaying large spaces between themselves and the floor that had to be stuffed with rugs, and with cold, tiled, uncarpeted floors, faith in this poetical Oriental architecture begins to waver, and a snug, cheerful, blazing fire is the consequence. Still, the cold up here was not as severe as I had felt it at Marseilles, Corsica, Nice, and all along the French southern shores, where I had large fires in my rooms every evening.

Medeah, or El-Mediah, called by the natives Lemdia, is supposed by McCarthy to be the old Roman station

of Mediæ or Ad Medias, so called from being placed halfway between Tirinadi and Sufasar.

That Medeah was of Roman origin is almost a certainty, for the rampart, to the north-east of the town, and the hospital were constructed upon Roman foundations, and the existing large aqueduct of two tiers of arches was probably originally built by that nation, and subsequently repaired. It certainly is massively put together, and is thought by St. Marie to be entirely ancient; but this is doubtful, as frequent earthquakes have committed great havoc here, and no inscriptions have been found throwing any authentic light on the ancient name of the town.

In the tenth century of our era, Medeah was rebuilt by Bologguin Youssef, under the name of Lemdïa, and in the twelfth century, the Moorish Sultan, Youssuf-ben-Tachefin, repaired the aqueduct.

In the thirteenth century Osman-beñ-Yar'moracen, Sultan of Tlemcen, took Medeah, and his dynasty, with some intervals, kept possession of it until Abou-Zian overthrew his cousin Abou-Ammon, the reigning Sultan. Throughout the bloody wars which have in all ages devastated Northern Africa under the Mahometan Governments, Medeah has always borne a conspicuous part.

When the two Barbarossas, Bab-Aroudj and Kheir-ed-din usurped the Government of Algiers, Medeah became the capital of the semi-independent Beylik of Tittery. It was of these potentates that Virgil wrote, as every schoolboy knows:—

'Tityre tu patulæ, recubans sub tegmine fagi!'

Marshal Clauzel defeated the Bey in the bloody engagements of the Col de Mouzaïa, over which ran the ancient road from Algiers to Medeah, and placed the Bey Omar at the head of the Government. But the

guard of Frenchmen left to protect it were beaten, and Omar driven away.

A new Bey, Mohammed-ben-Hussein, was then nominated by Clauzel, but, at the end of a month, El-Berkani, the Khalifa or Lieutenant of Abd-el-Kader, took him prisoner and sent him to the Emir with all his riches. After another series of brilliant engagements on the Mouzaïa heights, Medeah was again taken, and occupied permanently by the French.

On arriving at the hotel, I made enquiries about an American lady who had started from Algiers just before I had, to take a tour down to Laghouat, in the Sahara, three days' journey beyond Medeah, with the intention of making sketches of the scenery and people of the Desert, but I found that she had abandoned her plans, and had returned that morning to Algiers.

The principal hotels at all these garrison towns are much frequented by the officers, who always take their two daily meals at them, the French military never having a regimental mess; and even at the hotels they do not dine together at one table, for the field-officers will not sit down with the captains, nor will the captains sit down with the subalterns. Still, all are obliged to mess every day with those of their own grade, or at least pay for their board.

The morning was very wet and raw—nothing for England, but a novelty in Africa after Algiers, though even there a fire was often most welcome at night. However, in spite of the rain, I managed to get as far as the fine old aqueduct at the outskirts of the town, and to look out of the town gate towards the Desert, but the first view of the steppes of the Sahara, stretching away in the dim distance to the south, resembled any other wide range of broken undulated country, there being no appearance of the vast sandy plains I anticipated. At

Biskra I experienced a similar disappointment, and I was forced to ride on a camel for a long distance to arrive at sand totally without vegetation. There is a belt of country, in short, between the Tell and the actual Desert; which belongs to neither, though partaking of the characteristics of both. It is included nominally in the Sahara, but is, like the Marches between England and Scotland in former times, a sort of debateable land in a geographical sense.

Jumping into a calèche, in spite of the chilling drizzle, I went to visit the copper-mines of Mouzaïa, which are rich in ore. Owing to the scarcity of fuel, the ore is not smelted on the spot, but is despatched in a half-roasted state to Algiers, and thence to Swansea, as is also the produce of our mines in Cornwall.

In the Mouzaïa mines are found traces of tin. There are lead mines also, but they are worked by the natives in a very slovenly manner.

At the mines there is a strong alkaline gaseous spring, much resembling the Seltzer and Saint Galmier waters, and it is thought to be a preventive against fever—a considerable blessing in Africa.

Near the summit of the Col de Mouzaïa is a mountain tarn. It is never dry, even in the hottest summer, and abounds in leeches, which are an article of commerce. This lake is often the resort of widgeon, teal, nyroca duck, and other kinds of water-fowl, but I saw none there.

The Pass below, beneath some quarries of gypsum, is famous for many engagements between the French and natives; and the forcing of the Mouzaïa, being the most brilliant exploit of the French arms, was selected for the subject of a bas-relief on the statue of the Duke of Orleans at Algiers.

When Lamping marched to Medeah with his battalion,

he crossed this Col, the road through the Chiffa not having then been made, and he describes the ascent as most difficult and fatiguing. He speaks of a spot on the Col called the Fountain of the Cross, which takes its name from a huge cross which is cut into the living rock, the work, he thinks, of the Spaniards, as a pious memorial of their conquest. This, however, is merely an *ipse dixit*, for it may just as probably be a monument of ancient Christianity, and of the African Church under the Roman Empire. Lamping was greatly delighted with the beauties of Medeah, and describes pitching his tent 'outside the town by a brook, where,' he says, 'exquisite oranges, out of a garden close by, offered us some compensation for the fatigue we had undergone through the mountains of Mouzaïa.'

A story is told of a French *savant* who accompanied a military expedition through this country in the Djendel, the wild mountainous district which separates Medeah from Milianah, for the purpose of naturalising, and who, hearing some firing close by at the head of the column, observed to an officer:—'*On chasse ici.*' '*Oui, mon cher,*' replied his friend, '*et nous autres sommes le gibier.*'

The tribe of Mouzaïa, which inhabits this region, is supposed to have migrated from the Riff chain of the Atlas Mountains, in Morocco, which bound the view of Africa from Gibraltar, conducted hither by Sidi-Ahmed-ben-Ali. But after defending their territory for centuries against the attacks of annexation-loving neighbours, this tribe was on the point of being exterminated, 'none amongst them having hair on lip or chin,' when an aged white-bearded Saint, named Sidi-Mohammed-Bou-Chakour, appeared, striding from the west over the crests of the mountains, and stepping across the valleys from peak to peak.

By his will and his divine power, this holy man brought

together, at the foot of the mountain, all the enemies of the Mouzaïa tribe, and conducted the latter into the midst of the assembly. At the sound of his voice all animosity disappeared, and as a reward for the general submission to his wishes, Sidi-Mohammed undertook to fertilise their countries. Taking his hatchet, he cleft the Atlas in twain, when an impetuous torrent rushed through the aperture, inundating the Metidja, but draining the lands above, and this river was, in consequence, called Oued Chefa, or The River of Healing, because the animosities of the combatants were healed through its agency. Hence the term Chiffa.

When he returned among the Highlanders, after accomplishing this miracle, the wild mountaineers insisted that he should perform a miracle of equal value in their favour by fertilising their mountain slopes. He therefore ordered them to fetch him every morning a pitcher of water from the Col of Mouzaïa, with which water he irrigated the whole hill-side, and produced marvellous fertility.

The Saint's koubba is on the top of the hill where he had so highly distinguished himself, and the tribe still make pilgrimages to his tomb, and present pitchers as a holy work—a rare instance of gratitude for past favours. Perhaps, however, the sly fellows think that they may get something more out of him yet.

Among the Mouzaïa tribe, the priests are remarkable for their scientific attainments, and the women for their beauty.

Storks are said to be very plentiful at Medeah, where they frequent the house-tops. They are much venerated by the inhabitants, and with good reason, as they destroy quantities of rats, mice, and serpents. However, I saw none.

The palace of the Bey of Tittery was inside the town,

and has been converted into the residence of the Commandant; but the country residence of this Turkish chief was about a mile distant, which was surrounded by pretty gardens, and commanded a fine view of the plain beneath. Five miles off, the vestiges of a Roman citadel, with two Roman *viæ* leading from it, are said to exist. Perhaps these may be the ruins of Velisci, a Roman city, supposed by some to have been situated at the Mouzaïa mines.

A review of the Spahis and the Goum on the mountains, and in the Desert wastes, sometimes takes place; and it is said to be a wonderfully fine sight to behold those wild horsemen charging, and indulging in the yells and antics of their untutored nature. The Spahis are Irregulars on permanent service, while the Goum are only a reserve; but both forces are exclusively composed of natives, the Spahis being chiefly officered by Europeans, on the same footing as our native troops in India. These wild horsemen, clad in their red bournouses floating in the wind, and in their white under-bournouses and haïks fastened round their temples with camel's hair ropes, their saddles high-peaked in back and in front, and with their huge shovel-like stirrups, must present a wonderful appearance as they pass the General at the saluting point. They go past at full gallop, waving their matchlocks in the air, which they fire off with a loud howl as they ride by; then slinging them behind their backs, in a moment their scimitars glitter in the sun. All order and discipline seem to be at an end, as the excited cavaliers gallop hither and thither with flashing eyes, until the whole scene becomes to spectators a vivid picture of an Oriental battle, without plan or tactics, and where every man does what he thinks best, as in the days of chivalry.

And the war 'harness' borne by the fleet little steeds of the Aghas and Kaïds who rule these children of the

Desert partakes largely of the costly trappings of the Middle Ages. The horses have blinkers on, and huge bits with cruel bars attached, instead of curbs, which are thickly plated with silver. The bridles, also, are laid over with either silver or gold, and strung with medallions, amulets, and precious ornaments. The saddle is likewise richly embroidered with bullion all over, while the entire body of the horse is concealed by silk or satin clothing, ornamented in the same costly manner.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Journey to Laghouat — Battle won by counting Beads—Boghar—Commanding Position—The River Chelif—Saneg—Religious Peculiarities of the Kabyles—Policy of the Carthaginians and Romans towards the Numidian and Mauritanian Kings—Great central Roman Road from Carthage to Tangiers—Aspect of the Sahara—The Sahara formerly an Arm of the Mediterranean—Caravanseraïs—Salt Mountain—Smala of Abd-el-Kader—Falconry in the Desert — Nomad Tribes — Roman Station of Djelfa—Celtic Monuments—The Oulad-Naïl—Rare Species of Rat—Two-horned Vipers at Sidi-Makrlouf—Laghouat—Twenty-five Thousand Palms—Animal Life—Wondrous Vegetation—Miraculous Production of Date Palms—Subterranean River — General Marguerite — His daring Bravery—Terror of the Natives.

My intention in going to Medeah was to continue my journey as far as Laghouat in the Desert, but the weather was so dreadfully raw that I felt a considerable inclination to follow suit after my American friend, and beat a retreat to the sunnier skies of the Sahel. A survey of the wretched char-à-bancs, with only loose curtains to keep out the cold and rain, in which I should have to take a three days' journey, tended considerably to assist in making my courage evaporate, which was further shaken by hearing a description of the caravanseraïs I should have to sleep in at night, and which were well provided with patent ventilators (fissures) in all the windows and doors, rendering them delightful in summer but martyrdom in winter. Besides, I had determined on

going to Biskra, in the province of Constantine, by which route the Desert is comfortably reached in good diligences after a journey of only two days. 'What is the advantage, then,' I argued to myself, 'of taking this tiresome expedition to Laghouat? Is not once sufficient to see such inhospitable regions?'

However, feeling that a man should not let himself be beaten and put off what he once undertakes, I plunged '*in medias res*' (no pun on Medeah), and booked myself for the road, and right glad I was afterwards that I had persevered.

As the days were short, and there was a twelve hours' drive in prospect over indifferent roads, we started early in the morning.

After passing Damietta, or Aïn-Chellaba, an old aërian telegraph station, named Ben-Chikao, came in sight, which is out of use now, as the electric telegraph keeps up communication between the capital and all parts of the colony. The wires are often carried from height to height across wide valleys, describing almost a semicircle as they sink down in the centre.

At Ben-Chikao, the highest elevation in the journey to Boghar is reached, the road passing over a rocky ridge clothed with gnarled and twisted Aleppo pines, just like the larch trees in form which grow next the snow on the Gemmi Pass in Switzerland.

A little farther on is the mountain Djebel-Hassein-ben-Ali, inhabited by Kabyles, and clothed with rich forests, the adjoining valleys being carefully cultivated.

At a distance of eight miles on the road the plain of Berouaguïa is entered, called after the *berouack*, or jonquilles, which grow there in masses, as they do also in other parts of Algeria. Here, a strong spring spreads fertility over a large tract of ground, and not far off are warm springs possessing alkaline and ferruginous pro-

perties. Near the road on the left-hand side are foundations of the Roman station of Tanaramusa Castra, named in the Itinerary of Antoninus, which stood upon the route between Calama in Mauritania and Rusucurrum.

The territory round Berouaguïa belongs to a tribe called the Chorfa, concerning whom Monsieur Pharaon gives the following particulars:—"If you accept the hospitality of a Chorfa, he will relate to you how the famous Marabout Sidi-Yahya-Helfa went into battle with no arms, carrying only his chaplet. He constantly counted his beads, and as each bead passed through his fingers, an enemy fell dead. With sorrow he arrived at the end, the chaplet consisting of but ninety-nine beads, for he felt then that his powers of destruction were exhausted. However, what he had done was sufficient to terrify his enemies, who fled in the utmost precipitation when they beheld the havoc he had made in their ranks. This chaplet is still preserved, and hangs from the roof of the shrine that is dedicated to the Saint in his koubba near the town.

Boghar, a town founded by merchants from Laghouat, who built in true Saharian style with flat roofs, is situated on an eminence above the valley of the Chelif, the ancient Cenalaph or Chinalaph, which is the largest river in the north of Africa, next to the Nile.

The town is situated four thousand two hundred feet above the sea-level, and is extremely healthy for Europeans. In winter there is often severe weather, accompanied by rain and sometimes even snow in small quantities, though Boghar is so far south. Its commanding position was taken advantage of by the Romans, who had a settlement here, as appears from the vallum and fosse that could be traced formerly, but which are now no longer visible, having had to give way to the

usual stiff ugly streets. It is supposed to have been Castellum Mauritanum.

To its present owners Boghar is likewise valuable as a military post, for it commands the northern portion of the Sahara, and serves for a look-out to watch the movements of the wild nomad tribes below. It is situated in the territory of the Oulad Anteur who, although mountaineers, disclaim the appellation of Kabyles, Berbers, or Gætulians, maintaining that their ancestors came from the East with Antar, a great chief, whose heroic deeds they perpetuate in Arabic poems, and whose battle-fields they point out with pride.

A fine mule-track over the mountains, and through vast forests of oaks and pines, leads hither direct from Medeah, and another easy day's journey is by a pathway of the same description from Boghar to Teniet-et-Hâad, south of Milianah.

On the opposite bank of the Chelif, Abd-el-Kader built a fort as a depôt, where he kept large stores of corn, ovens, workshops for repairs, and war material of various kinds, guarded by a strong force. On the approach of the conquerors, the Arabs set the whole establishment in flames, to prevent its falling into the enemy's hands.

Here are beautifully-cultivated gardens, watered by copious streams, but the country at large is too sterile to admit of much cultivation of cereals. Firs, junipers, and thuyas, however, of great size grow in abundance on the rocky soil.

At Saneg in the Oulad Mokhtar country, off the road to the south-east, are found the ruins of the large Roman city of Usinaza, surrounded by a wall seven feet thick, parts of which I heard can still be traced.

An interesting temple existed here until a few years ago, with dwellings for the priests attached to it, which was built in three compartments.

Among the ruins are the remains of two old Arab villages, now uninhabited.

An inscription was discovered at Sâneg, which is now built into the wall of the Commandant's house, and from which the name of the city and its Roman origin are established. This town constituted a bishopric in the fourth and fifth centuries, under the name of Usinadis. Indeed every Roman town of any note in Africa seems to have been a bishop's see, and as the native Berbers and Gætulians embraced Christianity, there were probably rural clergy stationed around amongst them, under the bishop's jurisdiction.

General Daumas, in 'La Grande Kabylie,' thinks that the more you dive into the mysteries of Kabyle life and society, the more traces you find amongst the descendants of the Berbers of the ancient Christianity of the Roman era. One of the strongest evidences of this fact is found in their usages and customs, which have the force of law, although on many important points, such as the repression of murder, theft, and other crimes, they differ materially from the precepts of the Koran. All other Mussulmans over the whole globe look upon the Koran as the only complete and universal code, embracing the life of man, and regulating the smallest details of public and private life. The Kabyles, on the contrary, observe particular statutes called canons, which they say are derived from their ancestors, and which they themselves attribute to a pre-Saracenic period, before the religion of Mahomet was forced upon them by their Arab conquerors. Marshal Castellane and Baron Baude concur with General Daumas in attaching great importance to the circumstance of the sign of the Cross being tattooed on the faces of the women in many parts of Kabylia.

Usinaza having been the last Roman town to the

southward, if we except the independent station at Djelfa, erected to protect the salt-works, this will be a good opportunity to take a general survey of the military lines of roads and defences with which the Romans kept in check the wild inhabitants of this portion of Africa.

The reason the Romans had no military posts in the south of the Sahara was, that the Gætulians inhabiting those parts were always dependent on the Tell for provisions, and were forced to obey whoever was master of that food-producing region. The Carthaginians never appear to have penetrated far beyond the coast-line, finding alliances with the Numidian and Mauritanian kings, and the tribute willingly paid by them and their Gætulian subjects, more profitable than establishing a military organisation throughout the land.

The southern nomads say of themselves: 'We are the slaves of our stomachs. The land of the Tell is our mother, and is married to our father.'

Some writers maintain that the Romans had three lines, or zones, of strongholds and roads to keep their African provinces in subjection—namely, one along the coast, one through the centre of the Tell at the south of the Lesser Atlas, and a third through the Sahara. My experience of the country leads me to doubt this triple chain having been carried out without any break.

That one long line of communication stretched like a dorsal bone through the heart of Algeria, between Carthage and Tangiers, is undoubted; but I think that then, as now, many of the stations and towns on the coast on one side and in the Desert on the other, were reached by branch roads off this great central *via*. Indeed, the ruins I passed during my journeys prove this. Still, other thoroughfares may doubtless have connected all these places, as happened in many instances; but, without further explorations, the theory of continuous and un-

broken direct intercourse between them by three distinct routes cannot be satisfactorily established.

The great central line from Carthage to Tangiers passed through Constantine, Orléansville, Tlemcen, and endless intermediate stations, many of which are alluded to in the following pages.

After leaving Boghar, which from the south looks like the cities on the hill-sides of Judea, the road for Laghouat runs up along the valley of the Chelif. This valley is described by Fromentin in his 'Summer in the Sahara,' as 'most striking to a stranger by reason of its uneven and flinty surface—a valley of arid clay and rock, smooth as pottery, bare, and so dry that it seems to have been baked with fire. Here, not a blade of grass, not a thistle, grows. The hills take fantastic, serrated shapes, and the parched plain partakes of the tawny hue of the lion. In the time of the highest floods even, the Chelif does not water this parched valley, and only a few drooping, dusty oleanders grow along its sterile banks. Yet, though so desolate in appearance, large flocks of rooks were flying lazily through the air, and thousands of whitish birds, having long pointed wings, with the flight and cry of curlews. Eagles also and vultures were soaring aloft, scanning the wilderness in vain hope of food.' I found Fromentin's description much exaggerated, like too many descriptions by men of poetical, imaginative temperaments; still, it presents before the eye vividly portions of this strange country, and errs chiefly in degree, the 'utter desolation' he speaks of being by no means universal. For instance, on leaving Boghar, the soil for some considerable distance was a deep rich alluvium, on which fine crops of barley were growing, that would be ready to cut at the end of March or the beginning of April. Here corn is sown in November and is reaped before the summer heats commence, which burn

up everything green, except under the influence of irrigation—that wonder of the Desert in the oases. Under the shade of the palm groves a second crop of grain is often raised in summer, which arrives rapidly at maturity.

Again, when fairly launched into the apparently boundless plain, instead of there being nothing but baked-looking clay and rock, there was a fair sprinkling of coarse grass, on which thousands of sheep and large herds of camels browsed, watched by their lazy masters, lolling idly on the ground by the side of their black camels'-hair tents. Indeed these nomad Bedouins were clearly descried from the heights of Boghar.

A succession of hills closely resembling each other mark the extreme southerly limit of the Tell, and are thought by *savants* to present the appearance of the coast-line of some great and gradually receding inland bay or sea which formerly occupied the place of the Sahara, and which is supposed, on the elevation of the mountain ranges of the north, to have been dissipated by evaporation, leaving its briny sediment precipitated in its former bed, when its communication with the Mediterranean by the Gulf of Cabes in Tunis was thus interrupted.

This ancient coast-line is marked by water-worn caverns, and it is singular that all these apparent sea-shores round the Sahara show traces of having been washed on their northern sides only, the southern banks being generally impressed by the character of a gently-sloping inland plain.

After crossing these hills, we emerged by a narrow defile on the first plain of the south. This plain is immense, stretching away for twenty-five leagues of unbroken ground, and having the appearance of being perfectly level. But through a dreamy haze were perceptible the Djebel Sahari—a line of mountains parallel

to the left, with seven prominent peaks, which give rise to their name of Sebâ-Rous—another Sieben gebirge, though without the lovely Rhine. After a long and fatiguing journey in a rough conveyance over a bad road, we at length arrived at the caravanseraï of Aïn-Ousera, where we were to halt for the night—an inn not by any means so bad as I had expected, for I got very fair food and a comfortable bed, luxuries incompatible with one's preconceived ideas of caravanseraïs. But caravanseraïs in Algeria resemble forts more than places of 'entertainment for man and horse.' They ordinarily consist of a large hollow square yard, with loopholed towers at the four corners, and a gateway in the solid stone walls, to be shut at night, so as to prevent a surprise by the natives. During the first years of the French occupation, these precautions were necessary, but now the tribes know their masters and submit.

Aïn-Ousera was formerly a swampy, unhealthy spot, but the marshes have latterly been drained.

The morning was delightful at starting, but decidedly cold for the Sahara. Passing the caravanseraï of Guelt-el-Stel, or Citerne du Seau—a so-so place—and the mountains of the Seven Sisters, or Sebâ-Rous, we arrived at the Hadjera-el-Mêhl, or Rocher de Sel, one of the five Salt Mountains mentioned by Herodotus as occurring in the interior of Libya at intervals of about ten days' journey, between the Oasis of Ammon and the Atlantic Ocean—a description which modern scientific investigation has proved to be tolerably correct, though long believed to be erroneous.

At the Hadjera-el-Mêhl salt is very abundant, and i forms abrupt slopes on the hill-side a hundred feet i height, which could be worked in the open face of th rock on a great scale for many years. This salt is ordi narily of a bluish grey, unstratified, and in many parts

covered with a mixed flinty rock of varying colours, whose component parts are united by a greyish cement of clay and small crystals of gypsum.

The dissolution of this mass of salt by subterranean waters causes great sinkings of the surface, and great interior cavities, which produce, on the surface, large 'crevasses' and funnel-shaped hollows.

From the Rocher de Sel many springs gush forth, strongly impregnated with marine salt, and fall into the Oued-Mêlah, whose banks are encrusted with the saline matter deposited by evaporation. This salt is made use of by the French, but the Arabs take in preference the rock-salt cut from the quarry, though naturally adulterated with clay and other impurities. The incrustations along the stream often assume fantastic forms, and attain to a foot in thickness. The same coating covers the adjoining ground, and were it not for the bright and genial sun above, the illusion of a half-frozen river, running through a country covered with a slight fall of snow, would be complete.

Large quantities of saltpetre are made by the natives from this deposit, and sold to the Kabyles for fabricating coarse gunpowder. The Government only allow the natives to buy half-a-pound of powder each in the year, a regulation which is stringently enforced, so these warlike mountaineers and sportsmen do a little in the manufacturing line for themselves.

The rock-salt here has the same bitter taste as that from the quarry of El-Outaïa, near Biskra, another of the Salt Mountains alluded to by Herodotus, which unpleasant flavour was noticed by Shaw.

Near the Rocher de Sel is the spot where the Duke d'Aumale took the Smala, or Fort of Abd-el-Kader.

At six miles from the salt rocks the Oulad-Goumrini and the Oulad-Sidi-Ahmed, two native tribes, have

dammed up a large reservoir of the Oued-Mêlâh water, which gives the means of irrigation to between three and four thousand acres of arable land. It is marvellous how the mere action of water, without a particle of manure, produces crops of such fertility in this arid soil.

Not far off, the road runs between the Zahrez Chotts, or Great Salt Lakes, two of the chain of lakes stretching past here from Tunis to Morocco. These vast chotts, or sebkhas, are studded with myriads of flamingoes, but not with so many other varieties of fowl as there are on a small sebkha some way off the road, near Aïn-Ouséra. There the flamingoes stand in such multitudes in the shallow water that they look like a line of foam along the shore, until they are disturbed, when they change into a pink cloud floating over the deep blue sky, the rosy tints on their backs and wings coming then into sight. Wild ducks of all varieties are also there in great abundance, as well as white-winged black terns, pink-legged stilts, water-hens, purple gallinules, sedge warblers, collared pratincoles, groups of Kentish plover, and numberless species of aquatic and other birds.

Falconry is much resorted to as a pastime by the native Aghas and Kaïds in these vast plains, and the sport is carried on with the same skill, ceremony, and enthusiasm as among the natives of Europe in the olden time. The Houbara bustard and the sand-grouse are the game usually hunted, except when the gazelle is chased by the great Sakk'r falcon.

When the bustard is hard pressed by the hawk, it descends to the ground, and runs along at so rapid a pace that the fleetest Arab courser can scarcely keep up with it; and as the falcon sweeps down at it, it ejects from its mouth a slimy fluid, which daubs the pursuer all over, and impedes his flight. A well-trained falcon, however, will keep just out of reach, and exhaust the bustard's store of moisture, when he becomes an easy prey.

The pursuit of the gazelle is highly dangerous for the hawks, who often, in their eagerness to strike, impale themselves on the horns of their quarry.

The sheep belonging to the many Bedouin tribes that passed me on the road, and that lay encamped on the plain at a short distance off, were generally horned, and had long flapping ears like tame rabbits. They were mostly piebald, brown and white, being seldom of only one colour. In the desert below Constantine, I frequently noticed the sheep of these nomads had two pairs of horns.

It is a curious sight to pass on the road a patriarchal migratory expedition of these singular, homeless people. Their approach is indicated by the camels, like ships in full sail on the distant horizon, which carry the young women and favourites of the tribe in large semicircular canopies, like tents, constructed on the animal's back, and in which two women and three or four small children can squat comfortably. Some of these tents are enclosed by curtains, from behind which the light of the harem peeps wonderingly at the passing stranger; but often the young women ride astride on the wooden frame or straddle which the camel carries, with their feet thrust into panniers on either side; and many ride mules and donkeys in the same fashion. Most of them are unveiled, and stare unblushingly at the other sex. Country beauties are far less punctilious about unveiling than the belles of the town.

The Sheik and the aristocrats lead the van on horseback, armed; indeed, the natives throughout Algeria are almost universally armed to the teeth when travelling; and then come the *oi polloi*, taking precedence according to their rank and position in the social scale, who are in charge of the baggage camels laden with tents and household chattels, and of the immense flocks of goats and sheep which bring up the rear.

Djelfa is three thousand four hundred feet above the sea-level, and is situated just above the remains of the old Roman station erected here to guard the salt-works from the Gætulians of the southern oases.

The Roman ruins are remarkable as being so unlike the usual structure of the conquerors of the world, who mostly built 'for eternity.' This Post must have consisted of a large oblong courtyard in the style of the French caravanseraïs, surrounded by small square dwellings, whose walls were only about two feet thick, and were built without mortar or cement. Some of the greatest monuments of Roman masonry, however, were constructed without mortar, as, for example, the splendid amphitheatre at Nîmes, where the light is visible between the enormous masses of stone. On an inscription found here, among other Roman remains, occurs the word Zaresis, which is thought to have been the name of this fort, a name still apparently preserved in the modern names of the adjacent salt lakes of Zarez.

But far more interesting than even these ruins are the groups of cromlechs, or Celtic tombs, on the road to the forest, in which Celtic stone-objects have been found, clearly proving the origin of these memorials of the dead. The cemetery filled with cromlechs near Algiers is of the same character, but on the sea-board these vestiges of the Celtic race are more readily accounted for, by some prehistoric colony having been founded near at hand, than thus far away in the depths of the Desert. Celtic, however, they are, beyond dispute, being constructed similarly to the Druids' altars of Ireland and the dolmens in Brittany and in the north of Great Britain. Doubtless they belonged to the same Britannic cohort that was stationed at Algiers.

But it may be objected that the stone arrow-heads and hatchets dug up here point to the age of stone rather

than to the age of bronze or iron, of which metals the Roman arms were composed. At first sight this seems a just argument, but, on the other hand, we know that the Romans always employed their mercenary legions to fight with the weapons of their own country, so that their armies might possess troops fit to embark in any kind of warfare. Thus the natives of the Balearic Isles were always armed with their slings for hurling stones, and most probably the Britons took their peculiar weapons with them on service.

Be that as it may, any other explanation of these burying-grounds is beset with insuperable difficulties.

The Oulad-Naïl, or Beni-Naïl, of which Djelfa is the centre, is one of the most important and wealthy communities in the Desert, possessing numerous flocks of sheep and herds of camels, cultivating patches of corn where irrigation is possible, and conveying to the Tell ostrich feathers, dates, and woollen fabrics from the depths of the Sahara. Rare circumstance among Arabs—they possess four villages of about three hundred inhabitants each, which they use as depôts! Amra, one of these, has a desolate, burned appearance, but some well-watered gardens surround it.

Djelfa is the residence of the Agha of the Oulad-Naïl. These great men are styled Caliph, Kalifa, or Lieutenant of the supreme government. An Agha 'at home' is an important potentate, recalling to mind the feudal baron of the Middle Ages surrounded by his vassals and retainers. Reclining upon cushions, the great man listens with listless dignity to the satellites who humbly whisper into his ear. These tattered followers pass the day leaning against the outer white-washed walls of their chief's residence, holding the ends of their burnouses in their mouths to sift the dust borne on the scorching breeze. Oppressed with the lassitude and enervation which the intense heat

engenders, their impassable features and half-closed eyes give little indication of the fierce blood that courses through their veins.

At Aïn-Sidkar is a stream swarming with leeches.

A fertile alluvial deposit extends over the whole plain of Aïn-el-Ibel, stretching away over seventy or eighty millions of acres, all capable of producing by irrigation splendid cereal crops, but which is entirely given up to the feeding of sheep on its scanty herbage. The produce of the sheep is very great, however, and many chiefs are said to derive incomes of 500*l.* a-year from this source, cent. per cent. being realised by the wool and lambs. Occasional portions of the plain are covered with bent-like, tall, rank, reedy grass.

The *Macroscelides rozeti*, or long-snouted rats, are found in a ridge of rocks in this plain, which made such a sensation amongst the learned men in Paris, and which General de Vaillant's Zouaves copied so well by taking a piece off one common rat's tail and stitching it on to another's nose.

While crossing this plain, some gazelles were feeding in the distance, and apparently some bustards very far off.

At the Caravanserai of Aïn-el-Ibel, in the plain of that name, we stopped for the night.

At Sidi-Makhrlouf are some springs and palms. The koubba of the Saint who gives name to the spot is in a grove of palms and has a sugar-loaf top, like all those of the Sahara, instead of the rounded domes in the Tell. This is a chosen paradise for scorpions, and for lefâ, the famous bicornis, or two-horned viper, of the Desert, whose sting is so deadly. In the museum at Phillipeville I saw afterwards a fine specimen of the bicornis, whose horns were as long as those of the common snail, but not so thick—more like small thorns.

For thirty or forty miles before reaching Laghouat the plain is covered with brushwood, and is bounded by the Guern-el-Meilah, Djebel-Dakla, and Djebel-Zebecha mountains.

At length, after passing some mounds of yellow sand, Laghouat burst into sight, consisting of two steep peaks in an isolated ridge, with a tower on the top of each, and a large town glistening in the hollow between, the whole surrounded by walls and bastions. In front waved a splendid dark forest of twenty-five thousand palms, the glory and wealth of the Oasis.

Here are a couple of new French streets, but the remainder of the town consists of filthy Arab hovels built of mud and sun-dried bricks, possessing no windows, and having low doorways several steps below the level of the street, so as effectually to conceal everything inside from the inquisitive stranger. These houses were formerly of a dirty-brown colour, which in most cases has now given way to whitewash.

This town was besieged in 1852 by General Yusuf and Marshal Pelissier; and made a gallant defence, assisted by three guns obtained overland through Morocco from England, and by a valiant Bedouin heroine who distinguished herself by often leading on the men to attack the French.

At the storming of Laghouat by the French, General Bouscarin was killed, whose heart was preserved and forwarded to his sister in France.

A survey from the summit of the lofty cliffs above this strange town, so oriental, so different from anything yet seen in Algeria, impresses one with the conviction that the real unbroken desert of sand, and camels, and vultures is before one at last. But experience and near acquaintanceship dispel this allusion, for endless Dayats, or unimprovable Oases, extend for a considerable distance south,

often brown and parched up until rain falls, after which, in a few days they will be covered with the richest pasturage, especially under the shade of the terebinth and wild jujubes, which latter, the Zizyphus-Spina-Christi, flourishes all over the Southern Sahara.

In Laghouat, a large manufacture is carried on of haïks, blankets, and morocco leather. The latter is tanned by the inner bark of the pomegranate, which sells for an enormous price. The rind of the wild pomegranate is most in vogue, on account of its powerfully-astringent properties, and the dyers hire men to tear it with their teeth.

The palm groves of Laghouat are full of birds picking at the dates, amongst them many of our old English friends, such as the chiff-chaff, willow-wren, white shrike, and white throat. Swallows and martins devour the swarming mosquitoes. Hoopoes, doves, and the little booma owls, likewise abound.

At Biskra I saw a large fat species of lizard devouring the dates, but I did not notice any at Laghouat.

Troops of gazelles and antelopes browse on the terebinth and jujubiers of the Dayats, while golden eagles and kites prey on the sand-grouse, desert larks, hares, and bustards. The ravens on these Dayats are said by Tristram to fly in flocks, like English rooks.

The palm groves constitute the great riches of the inhabitants, and they are divided by low walls into endless little subdivisions, as under the 'rundale' system in Donegal, each piece belonging to a separate proprietor. Strange to say, here, as also at the Oases in the province of Constantine, I saw three crops being simultaneously raised. About Biskra the under crop was chiefly barley, but here all sorts of vegetables thrive admirably, when watered and protected from the burning rays of the sun. Above this rich undergrowth is a forest of peaches, quinces, almonds, trellised vines, and apricots, of which latter fruit

a quantity is exported, dried, under the name of '*hermez*.' Towering above this teeming mass of luxuriance are the lofty date palms, laden with their bright golden fruit-stems, contrasting so vividly with the dark green of the foliage.

Palm trees grow better by slips than by seed, and commence bearing at eight or ten years of age. They live for two hundred years, and bear for about half that time, after which they are felled for fuel and for building. A good tree should yield yearly from a hundred and twenty to two hundred pounds of dates. Each garden is entitled to two hours' water from the adjoining stream, which can be legally enforced. The fruit of one tree in each enclosure is set apart for the priests and the poor.

The origin of one of the species of date palms is thus accounted for by an Arab tradition:—A poor woman, named Touadjah, fervently sighed to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, and likewise to purchase herself a string of beads; but she was too poor to gratify either wish. So she went to pray at the Koubba of Sidi-Abd-el-Kader, and there made a chaplet of date stones, praying to the Prophet that her prayers might be accepted as though she had visited his own shrine, and had purchased orthodox beads. Her chaplet was interred with her at her death, and the spirit of Mahommed visited the tomb of the holy woman, when the tears of pity he shed caused the date stones to spring up instantly into a cluster of the sweetest kind of date that ever grew.

The wonderful fertility of Laghouat is consequent upon its unlimited supply of water, a phenomenon which long puzzled philosphers, as no mountainous ground is near. But it has now been discovered that a subterranean stream, the Oued-Djidi, passes under Laghouat from seventy miles to the north-west, until it meets the impervious ridge of hills on which Laghouat stands, when it is forced back, and striving to work back northwards, rises to the surface, forming the luxuriant oasis of Laghouat.

The formation of the bogs of Ireland is accounted for on the same principle.

A large additional tract of land is undergoing reclamation, and promises to add materially to the prosperity of the town. The system of ploughing is the same as in Spain, the inhabitants of both countries abhorring a straight line as much as nature abhors a vacuum, and being as superficial in their ideas of modern improvements as they are in their mode of scratching the soil with their one handed ploughs.

General Marguerite is a great lion at Laghouat, being the most thorough sportsman in the French army, besides being a distinguished soldier. The General's pavilion was famous for having its floors covered and its walls decorated with trophies of the chase—skins of lions, panthers, ostriches, and every variety of wild animal, which he had slain with his own hand. Here he gave dinners served quite *à l'Arabe*, which consisted of every Saharian delicacy, largely supplemented, of course, by kouskoussou.

Having learned on one occasion in the Desert, when almost unprotected by troops, that a powerful tribe was conspiring to take his life, the General galloped into the midst of the conclave, pistolled the two leading conspirators, and ordered the rest to come into camp the next morning and surrender. He then dashed off again, before his enemies had time to recover from their consternation. The superstitious savages were impressed with the belief that the plot had been revealed to him by supernatural agency, and were so terrified that on the morrow they surrendered the Marabout who was to have murdered him, together with the other principals in the conspiracy. He magnanimously spared their lives, on payment of a heavy money fine, and the tribe has ever since continued faithful to the French.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Beni M'Zab—Cities of the M'Zabites—Bribery and Corruption at Elections—Ostrich-hunting at Ouargla—Jews cheated by Natives—Robber Chieftain—Ice at Aïn-Ousera—Merchandise for the Harems at Algiers—Heroic Postilion—The Scrobæ of Pliny—Filthy Arab Gourbis near Medeah—The Numidian 'Magalia' of the Latin Writers—Insolence of the Diligence Conductor.

THERE is a most interesting excursion to the Oasis of the Beni-M'Zab, situated to the south of Laghouat, but it is dangerous to go so far unless accompanying a caravan, or a flying column of French troops in one of the military promenades which they make occasionally through these wild regions. Let no one be induced by the representations of the French officers, to consider a camel ride through the Desert as safe as a stroll in the Champs Elysées of Paris, or in the gay 'Leesastere Squarr' of London. As I before observed, the object of the Bureau-Arabe officers is to prove how safe are life and property in Algeria under their administration. Although putting implicit faith in them up to a certain point, and thankfully accepting their extreme kindness, every man ought to carry a good dose of powder, about with him, and keep it dry too. You may, and probably will, come safe through the ordeal, if you even travel unarmed and unguarded; but it is a tempting of Providence, and much resembles the foolhardiness of those silly men who crossed the Atlantic in a small open sailing-boat. The best proof

of the estimate they themselves take of the Arab character is that they advise travellers to conceal all jewelry, and never on any account to display a large store of money.

When touching upon the various component races which constitute the population of Algiers, I alluded to the M'Zabites, the inhabitants of the oasis of Beni M'Zab, and stated that by some they were supposed to be Moabites.

The M'Zabites are generally fair, with high narrow foreheads, impenetrable eyes, long noses, hooked like those of the Jews, small haughty lips shaded with slight moustaches, and pointed chins sprinkled with a few sparse hairs. Many amongst them have blue eyes and blond hair.

Their character is gentle; they are active, and their probity is proverbial at Algiers, of whose Government they were quite independent in the time of the Turks. Their privileges and commerce were protected by written covenants with the sanction of the Government, and in civil affairs at Algiers they only recognised the authority of their Amin. The benefits they acquired from the Dey were considerable, being the privileged agents of the commerce between Algiers and the interior of Africa.

They are Mahommedans, but deviate considerably from the law of the Koran, refusing to perform their religious ceremonies in the ordinary mosques at Algiers, and having one for their special use outside the town.

Berbrugger thinks, with their own wise men, that they came originally from Syria, having been driven out thence by the arms of the Prophet. It was one of their tribe, the Doctor Abd-er-Rahman-benou-Meldjoun, who slew the Caliph Ali. Berbrugger says that they at first settled in Barbary, to the west of Tripoli, and were driven from thence to their present inhospitable country on account of their heterodox opinions.

M'Carthy adds that they were chased out of the Tell in the eleventh century by the orthodox Arab populations, and took refuge at Ouargla, to the southward of their present settlement; but not finding that country favourable to the development of their industrial and commercial proclivities, they migrated to the spot they now occupy, which is rendered difficult of invasion, on account of the hilly ground which surrounds its secluded valleys.

Here they built seven towns, or Ksours, which are named—Berrian, R'rdeïa, Mellika, Bou-Noura, El-Ateuf, El-Guerâra, and Beni-Isguen.

Each town is governed by an assembly of twelve notables called the Djemâa, under the superior authority of the Chief of Religion, called the Chêkr-Baba; but his power is never exercised, except on great questions of general importance. In all ordinary matters the Djemâa is supreme, both in arranging the internal economy of its own town, and likewise its relations with the other towns of the M'Zabite confederacy. General Marguerite describes the strange complication introduced into their constitution by the large number of Arabs dwelling in these cities—in them, but not of them. These aliens, although occupying the humble positions of shepherds, labourers, horse-jobbers, messengers, &c., are organised into a solid and compact tribe, so powerful that in any emergency of moment, when divisions arise between different parties in the state, they sell their services to the highest bidder, and turn the scale.

Thus in the depths of the Sahara we see bribery, corruption, and intimidation flourishing as vigorously as under our glorious British constitution!

Those who enjoy hard work in a broiling sun should go on to Ouargla, which is still farther south, the capital of the Beni-Ouargla, where excellent sport may be had ostrich-hunting on horseback between the end of June

and the beginning of August, at which time the ostriches come up from the south to these parched regions for a little change of air. General Marguerite, who is an experienced sportsman, describes the excitement of riding them down as intense, for these birds, when at full speed, take strides of from twenty-two to twenty-eight feet in length.

Owing to the comparative scarcity of food, the North-African ostriches are less gregarious than those of the Cape, and are rarely found in flocks of more than six, which seldom stray more than twenty or thirty miles from their chief station, except during migratory expeditions.

When they are seen in the distance, some of the hunters' attendants start towards them at a canter, just keeping them in sight, without alarming them or making them run too fast, when they would soon be out of sight —just as Highlanders 'drive' deer, by letting them faintly scent the tainted gale.

The real hunters now start off at a right angle to the course followed by their retainers, knowing the habit the ostriches have of running round in a circular direction. They await for some hours on an eminence the expected approach of the fugitives, in the hope of cutting across their path; and should they be fortunate enough to intercept them, they give chase to the flock, who are by this time fatigued with the long flight, and generally succeed in running them down by hard riding. The only resistance an ostrich offers is to kick out sideways. The effort for the horses is so great that they often fall exhausted, and in all cases require great care after such fatiguing work in the noontide heat. They have to be regularly put into condition for ostrich-hunting, as our thorough-breds are for racing.

The skins of the ostrich are bought in the M'Zab by the natives, and by the Jews of Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli. The skin of the male bird is worth six or seven

pounds on the spot, that of the female only half the money; but the skins are usually stripped of many of their best feathers before reaching the warehouse of the merchant. The Mekhralif-el-Djereub, the Chamba, the Atalika and the Oulad-Saïah are the most famous tribes for following this sport, and before the French arrived were equally famous for pillaging caravans. The former are very clever at cheating the Jew dealers by making up the skins of female ostriches to look like skins of males, and take great pride and delight in this bit of pleasantry.

Ostrich eggs are said to make excellent omelettes, and the shells are so thick that the eggs will keep fresh for a fortnight or three weeks.

Between the Beni-M'Zab country and Ourgla lies the Oasis of Ngouça, inhabited by the Beni-Babia, where eighty thousand date palms are watered by twenty-five artesian wells. The inhabitants, who have the colour and features of negroes, cultivate rich crops of tobacco, cotton, lucerne, vegetables, and fruit.

An enterprising, well-armed party could take a fine tour through the Sahara from Biskra, in the province of Constantine, on the east of Algeria, to Tlemcen, in the province of Oran, on the west, passing through Laghouat and Géryville; but I candidly confess I do not think the result would repay the risk incurred. If the Arabs take it into their heads that the travellers are rich they will manage to secure them in some ambuscade, in spite of all preparations for defence, as I shall illustrate further on by the narration of two frightful tragedies.

The officer of the Bureau Arabe at Laghouat enlarged much on the merits of such a tour, but in the same breath informed me of a robber chieftain who roamed all over the southern districts of Algeria, with three or four hundred followers, mounted chiefly on camels, who

had plundered numerous caravans and done incalculable mischief. Flying columns had been sent in pursuit, but they never succeeded in coming up with the marauders, whose camels soon carried them south, where the troops dare not follow through the trackless wastes. It was thought that in the spring another effort would be made to catch this murderous band of ruffians, who were collected from all parts of Africa.

This officer was a man of considerable intelligence and information. He spoke English well, and was anxious to know all about our Reserve Forces in England. Our Militia and Volunteers, being partly under the civil and partly under the military authorities, fairly puzzled him, as he thought they ought to be both under the military authorities solely.

The French take great pride in their line of military posts down here, which extend so much further south than the Romans ventured to establish theirs, but it is doubtful whether the Romans were not wiser in their generation, for the expense of keeping up these large stations must be very great, and the tribute raised not larger than could be collected by a flying column. However, a traveller cannot but be thankful that their policy enables him to penetrate so far into the Sahara.

On rising in the morning at Aïn-Ousera, we were surprised to perceive a slight frost on the ground, and a thin coating of ice on a little piece of water near the caravanserai. Indeed a fur rug I had with me was very acceptable, and I found it a great boon all through Africa while travelling.

When re-packing ourselves into the little char-à-banc imperial mail at early morn, a M'Zabite merchant, or rather pedlar, got in likewise, and stuffed in a quantity of small boxes and parcels tied together, which cramped our feet and incommoded us so much that I complained

to the coachman, or postilion, as he is still called, though he no longer drives from the saddle, dressed in glazed hat, fringe, and jack-boots, but sits on his box in every-day clothes, like any ordinary mortal.

This functionary, a great believer in his own importance, like all Gallic functionaries, instead of removing the luggage of the M'Zabite quietly to a more convenient place, as I intended, swung them out on to the ground with a grand official flourish, by which some of the boxes were burst open and their contents strewn about in the dust. They contained jewelry and articles of attire for the ladies in the harems at Algiers, and although I was disgusted with the rudeness of the driver, I gladly took advantage of its results by surveying the marvels thereby displayed to view, which would so soon grace the lovely forms of the captive beauties. The calm oriental apathy with which the M'Zabite surveyed his insulter was grand—far more withering than any look of scorn or anger.

And yet this postilion was a sort of hero in his way. When the French first took possession of Laghouat, no one would venture to carry the mails there through the Desert from Algiers, until he undertook the duty, and for some years he travelled every day, carrying his life in his hand; but he escaped, as travellers do somehow manage to escape from among cut-throat savages, and now he has his reward.

On repassing Boghar I looked out for the numbers of silos or pits for storing corn into which the Bureau-Arabe officer told me his horse had often stumbled, but did not see one. These are the *scrobœ* mentioned by Pliny, which he says were called *siros*, and which in his time were used in Africa as well as in Spain, Thrace, and Cappadocia, having been previously lined with a coating

of a most disagreeable nature, to keep away insect intruders.

The M'Zabite turned out to be a most intelligent travelling companion, for he spoke French fluently, and with a perfect accent, and greatly relieved the tedium of the return journey. Indeed, he proved himself very superior to the arrogant driver who had treated him with such contempt.

At Boghar I took a last look at the upper part of the Chelif coming down from the Seven Fountains, in the mountains of Djebel Amour, near Laghouat, not to see the river again until I crossed it far to the westward, on my way to the cedar forest at Teniet-el-Hâad.

We reached Medeah in time for dinner at the hotel, and when leaving, in the morning, I saw the numbers of olive, orange, apple, pear, mulberry, and cherry trees which thrive here so well, notwithstanding the high elevation. There are also fine vineyards in the outskirts of the town, from which the Jews make a good white wine.

Descending the steep mountain side, I could see the gourbis, or hovels, made of reeds and straw interlaced at the sides—the Numidian 'magalia' of the Latin authors —where reside a tribe or clan of wild mountain Arabs. These foul habitations were perched among the almost inaccessible ridges on the left of the road.

Tristram says that 'those stationary Arab tribes are far more squalid and filthy than the less sophisticated nomads, and have adopted some of the customs of the Kabyles, without their industry and virtues. Their huts present the most wretched and miserable appearance, and are inconceivably filthy within. The cattle, goats, and dogs are usually admitted to the same poor shelter with their masters, and while they promote warmth during the chilly nights, do not aid in diminishing the insect population. Oh, the misery of a night in a gourbi! Dogs and

poultry gambolling over your prostrate body till morning; the unclean tail of a cow occasionally whisked across your cheeks; and, after sleepless hours of rubbing and scratching, to turn out in the morning with swollen eyelids, and find not an unpunctured spot in your skin whereon you could place a sixpence. Yet sturdy warriors are these foul and rugged mountaineers, and many a hard struggle with them do the annals of French conquest record.'

On issuing from the gorge of the Chiffa, which I admired as much as when I first saw it, the diligence, instead of turning to the right for Blida at the bridge of the Chiffa, went off to the left for the railway station at Mouzaïaville, for the evening trains from Bou-Medfa to Algiers stop there, instead of at Blida. At the station the conductor opened the door of the diligence with a swing, and ordered everybody to alight. I told him I should do nothing of the sort unless I knew the reason why, and then I must be asked in a more civil tone. The postilion now came forward and explained that the wheel was nearly on fire, and must be taken off to cool, which could not be done while the passengers were in the carriage. On this I at once alighted, taking care to let the conductor know that I would make a complaint at the office in Blida of his rude behaviour. I mention this as another instance of the insolent vulgarity of this class in the country.

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